

CORONET

AUGUST

25c



25c Story Action Photographs Taken Aboard Enemy Subs

THROUGH THE PERISCOPE by Fletcher Pratt

Also A MEMO TO MY SUCCESSOR by Harold L. Ickes



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Cover Girl The charmer on the cover was born on Friday the thirteenth, but it wasn't an unlucky omen for her. Named Louise Hart, she is called "Cherokee" by her friends, because she was raised among the Cherokee Indians in Oklahoma. She has appeared in several films, the most recent being *Arabian Nights* and *Powers Girl*. The photograph was taken by Maurine, who caught this fetching pose.

CORONET, AUGUST, 1943; VOL. 14, NO. 4; WHOLE NO. 82
 CORONET is published monthly by Esquire, Inc. David A. Smart, President; Arnold Gingrich, Vice-President; Alfred Smart, Secretary and Treasurer; A. L. Blinder, Circulation Director, Publication, Circulation and General Offices, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, on October 14, 1936, under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions for the United States and possessions, Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Central and South America, \$3.00 a year in advance; elsewhere \$4.00. Copyright under International Copyright Union. All Rights Reserved under Inter-American Copyright Union, Copyright, 1943, by Esquire, Inc., Title Registered U.S. Patent Office. Reproduction or use, without express permission, of editorial or pictorial content, in any manner is prohibited. Printed in U.S.A. Semi-annual index available on request.

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For a generous sample of the headaches and joys of a cabinet member, delve into this wily memo penned by Harold L. Ickes

A Memo to My Successor

by HAROLD L. ICKES

WHEN YOU COME to Washington don't let me forget to give you my collection of headache tablets. In time, of course, you will accumulate your own varieties to kill the pains that you will find endemic—and frequently epidemic—in your administration. But until you are better able to diagnose the causes of your headaches, perhaps my remedies will do. Try them. At least they are not intended to be lethal. If you are worth a damn you will soon find many another murderously disposed towards you.

My predecessor, Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, apparently wasn't susceptible to headaches. Or perhaps he was more adept than I in diverting them to others, for in cleaning out the desk that he used for four years, I found only a few loose pills rattling about. And these were not marked as being intended for any specific complaint. I have often thought that they couldn't

have been anything stronger than plain, ordinary bread pills. Conversely, I have had to put everything imaginable into mine—including bichloride of mercury, cyanide of potassium, and ratsbane.

You see, I have lived a very turbulent life here. Consequently I've required strong medicines.

You won't have any use for some of my medicaments. Among these are what were left of the ones that I always kept in my vest pocket while I was serving as the Federal Public Works Administrator. They are big, unsightly things that took a lot of gulping to down when local pressure groups used to swarm in on me. They would ask that the government finance a series of two-way coast-to-coast escalators moving at varying speeds; landing spots moored at intervals across the oceans for the convenience of fliers thirsting for a bottle of

pop or wanting to fill up the tank; or rockets to the moon for the advancement of human knowledge.

When I tell you that I approved approximately 35 thousand public works projects that cost about six billion dollars, you may well imagine how many pellets I had to swallow to overcome the headaches resulting from the thousands of applications that I turned down.

From the very beginning I have never been without a box filled with terrible tasting doses to be taken before and after reading certain newspapers. As in the case of two or three publications, I have never been able to swallow enough of any combination to give me more than momentary relief. Wait until they start sticking prying noses into your personal affairs like buzzards of a variety that, if it can't find offal, will constitute it.

What's more, you had better not report for official duty if there are any spots on your past that two or three thorough dry-cleanings will not take care of. Even so, I expect that at times you will wonder, as I often have, whether freedom of the press, at least in the hands of some individuals, is as good as it's cracked up to be.

There is another remedy, not pills but knock-out drops, that I have carried about with me to be taken only if I got caught in a trap some place and had to listen to the emanations of certain columnists and commentators. You will probably require different prescriptions because the newspapers and the columnists that have given me my most severe pains,

may not affect you as they have me.

On the other hand, various groups of columnists that I have been able to enjoy, or at least tolerate, may nauseate you. It all depends on what kind of constitution, particularly as to stomach, you have to start with. For your sake, I hope you have a strong one. Especially if—despite public clamor—you persist in hanging onto the job as long as I have. In this respect I have been quite fortunate.

There is one kind of medicine you will need plenty of. It is to be taken liberally, t. i. d.,* when representatives and senators climb on your neck. Which they will, just as they surely have on mine and on Dr. Wilbur's and on those of all who have gone before us. That's a favorite way they have of earning their 10 thousand dollar salaries. They complain about the way everyone else does his job, probably on the theory that by pulling someone else down they are enhancing their own stature beyond what God intended it to be. I predict that whoever you are, you will be made no exception. And you can't hit back in kind even if you would because you will have no Congressional immunity.

I have a special remedy, fortunately, for what is known as "investigatitis of subversive and un-American activities." My special mixture I plunge recklessly and liberally into the first vein that I can reach with a hypodermic that I got from a veterinary.

Since being put in charge of the

* Pharmaceutical abbreviation for three times a day. Ikes spent three years as an "assistant druggist's assistant" in his uncle's drug store.

nation's petroleum and coal problems, I have developed a chronic pain from which I have not since been quite free. I can only hope—again for your sake—that by the time you get here the fester will have been removed. One of the most paralyzing aches of them all comes from the "leader" who would jeopardize his country at war to gratify his egomania. I hope that *that* will be a thing of the past, too, by the time you reach Washington.

What's more, there are shooting pains that hit me every day from civilians who complain because they, not the soldiers, can't have the gasoline that they need to get to and from their summer lodges each weekend; from persons who are sure that everything that we do is to the advantage of the big oil companies and against the independent and the little fellow; from individuals who accuse us of being against the Florida barge canal because we are said to like to play with pipelines instead; from groups which maintain that we have enough petroleum in the ground so that there is no justification for all of the "silly" restrictions that have been imposed.

These are just a few of the varied

aches that you will suffer if the time comes that I have to turn the petroleum job over to you. I express again the hope that when you get here we will have been able to pass the buck of responsibility back to the oil and coal industries.

Recently I had to rush out and stock up with a new remedy to be taken when certain Puerto Rican interests decided that they didn't like the way we are administering that island's affairs. They are outraged at the suggestion that it would be a good thing for the Puerto Ricans, both personally and as American nationalists, to know how to write and speak English as well as Spanish. I fear I will have to hand this sinus pain on to you because so long as we have people we are going to have politics.

And speaking of politics, be sure that you come loaded with political remedies, a different kind for each faction of every party. Everything that you say or do will be caught up by someone and flaunted as reeking with sinister political implications. There will always be someone about to discover something ominous in your statements and acts—even your non-acts—both official and private. Make up your mind that, most of the time, you won't please either side—your own or the other fellow's. So my advice to you is "don't try!"

You will be charged with having lost your political sense, that is, assuming that you ever had any. And if you get here while the craze is raging, you will be bombarded as a "bureaucrat." The word "bureaucrat" that will buzz

Harold L. Ickes has served in the President's cabinet since 1933. During that period he has been confronted with internal problems arising from depression, reconstruction, and now, war. It was announced last May that the new wartime budget for the Department of the Interior would be cut to 60 per cent below the current fiscal year's funds—the lowest budget, Ickes said, that he has asked for in the 10 years he has filled that office. So perhaps he'll need another pill—to ease a financial headache!

about your head means one of three things—(1) a member of another political party; (2) a public official who will say "yes" before the request is out of your mouth; and (3) a "so-and-so" who has the unholly cheek to ask you what you want to do with the chunk of public property that you are asking for. A cold bath is all that one needs to overcome this malady.

There is a little pill to be taken when someone says that you have lost favor at the White House and are only being kept on the job because the unemployment problem is bad enough without making it any worse.

You will find in the medicine cabinet on the wall of the "Roman bath"—a constituent part of the luxurious suite placed at the pleasure of the Secretary of the Interior—a lot of unidentified oddments of medicines that you will simply have to take on a chance that they are for the pain from which you seek surcease.

I WOULD NOT HAVE you gather from what I have set down here that there is nothing but a headache or other sort of pain attached to this job. If you believed this, your prospective boss might have a hard time convincing you that you ought to take it. Don't let anything that I have said frighten you away from it. After all, what job that gave you no problems would be worth having? The prettiest rose sometimes scratches the hardest.

There are many compensations—and I am not just saying so to make you feel more encouraged and so more susceptible to entrapment. If there

were headaches resulting from the thousands of applications for funds that were denied by me as the Federal Public Works Administrator, there was also deep satisfaction in doing the 35 thousand other jobs that went into that battle with fear.

Some of the greatest engineering feats of our time were performed in the name of PWA. Bonneville and Grand Coulee Dams, the Tri-Borough Bridge and the traffic tunnels in New York, the Chicago subway which was dedicated recently, huge sewer systems in many of our metropolitan centers, slum clearance and low-rent housing projects, schools, waterworks, hospitals and bridges throughout the country, occur as a few typical examples. Naval construction and modernization of the Army with PWA funds gave this country the best preparation that it had for the war that is going to be won gloriously by the United Nations.

The contributions that we have found it possible to make to the winning of the war by stepping up the tempo of hydroelectric production to furnish power for the manufacture of aluminum; by sharply increasing the production of helium, that exclusively American non-inflammable gas that Hitler wanted so much to buy from us in large quantities; by pushing up the production and the distribution of petroleum products to all of the fighting fronts of the world, to say nothing of the home front—who says that these are not worthwhile?

I have named only a few of the things that have made this job one of

the best and most satisfying in the public service, and that have given me a memory book that I will always cherish. These compensations have more than made up for the irritations that I have suffered. I don't mind telling you that when I have to give over to you it will be with deep regret, for I have enjoyed every minute of it even when I have had a headache—or a heartache.

To build, to produce, and to fight has all been great fun and very satisfying, and it is my sincere hope that you will get the kick out of it that I have. (I also hope that you will remember that to get a good kick occa-

sionally you must be ready to administer one.) I believe that a majority of the people (unless they are strays or candidates for or holders of public office themselves) are willing to concede that most public officials are trying to do a good job. And there is some satisfaction in that.

My final bit of unsolicited advice to you is that you keep your chin up and surround yourself with men who are not afraid to disagree with you. Then go ahead and do what your conscience tells you is right no matter who differs with you or how hard they differ.

Even so, may God have mercy on your soul!

Wisdom of the Backwoods

¶ON THE AFTERNOON of his second day at a remote New England farm, a young vacationist was pretty eager for the sight of a paved street and a movie house, so he decided to get himself to town.

He walked down the road leading to the village, and in the middle of one particularly dusty stretch he met a farmer mowing the grass by the roadside. "How long will it take me to get to town?" asked the visitor.

The scythe stopped, the level glance came up: "How fast are you going to walk?"

¶EVEN THE GREAT money experts probably came no closer to the "root of all evil" than the sheep herder who was asked how much he got for the sheep he had just sold. Reducing the theory of money to its most human terms, he answered:

"Not as much as I figured I might, but I never thought I would."

¶A VISITOR in a small midwestern village had been asking a great many inquisitive questions of the local pharmacist, a somewhat dour and reserved man who took small delight in acting as an information bureau. After finding out about the climate, the number of miles above or below sea level, the stranger finally queried: "What is the death rate around here?"

Slowly and deliberately the pharmacist laid aside his mortar and pestle, and with five words put an end to the inquisition:

"About one to a person."

—KEITH JENNISON

*Meet Joel Kupperman, the lisping
lad of seven who makes even
the experts look to their laurels*



Superman Kupperman

by LARRY WOLTERS

HE'S NOT VERY TALL, and he's not very old, but he's a boy wonder in room 2-A of the Volta Public School, Chicago—and on the Quiz Kids' esoteric romp every Sunday evening. He's seven-year-old Joel Kupperman, the 49-inch human coil-spring in overalls who grins with a toothless grin as he casually answers the questions that stump experts.

This mighty mite of the mike, who lisps his astonishing words of wisdom to an incredulous audience, has black, sparkling eyes, and a brain that works like ack-ack. Almost a veteran on the Quiz Kids show, Joel first appeared on the program at the age of five, when he blitzed listeners with his lightning-like calculations.

But, like a good magician, Joel won't reveal the contents of his mental bag of tricks. Once, when he had solved a complicated mathematical problem, Quizmaster Joe Kelly asked

him how he did it. "That," said Joel, "is a sequit (secret)."

Even when he uses simple words, Joel's tongue has difficulty keeping up with his leaping brain. His mother recently cautioned him about taking up so much radio time with his long-winded explanations. The next Sunday he ended a response to a question abruptly. He explained: "That was only a synopsis. My mother told me I've been talking too much."

Although Joel grasps many words far beyond his years, he sometimes fails to comprehend one included in a question. For instance, Kelly once asked his proteges to name some prominent persons whose first names were Joe or Joel. There were several responses, and then Master Kupperman mentioned himself, to the chagrin of his mother. Later, when she explained to him the meaning of the word, he admitted "The joke's on me,

because I'm certainly not prominent."

Another time, when Fred Allen was a guest on the program, Kelly asked what was the most violent earthquake ever experienced in North America. Joel asked, "What does *violent* mean?" Noting a gleam in Allen's eye, Kelly turned the question over to the guest.

"You see, Joel," said Fred, "it is something new they use in machines—the violent ray."

Allen was paying Joel back for a strenuous encounter of the previous day, when the two had met in Radio City studio to pose for some informal pictures together. They chatted about this and that while a photographer stalked them. Later Allen asserted that he could remember nothing of this meeting except that Joel had left him with "a hazy recollection that I lost the argument."

"Engaging Joel in conversation," he explained, "is not unlike talking to a vine. Every time you turn around the vine has grown out of earshot. You say something and the next thing you know he has clambered up your vest front and down your spine."

Allen should know what he is talking about, for he's come out bottom man in more than one encounter with Kupperman. One of these mental skirmishes concerned a mathematical poser. The problem proposed that a man five and a half feet tall walk around the earth at the equator.

"How much further would the top of his head travel than the soles of his feet?" the Kids were asked. Jack Benny, another guest, and Kelly con-

jectured about the danger of the water-walking pedestrian losing his head. Then Joel came up with the answer—approximately 34 4/7 feet.

Later when Allen visited the Quiz Kids show in New York, he asserted that there was one point in Joel's explanation to Benny that had puzzled him. Joel hadn't taken into consideration the size of the earth.

"You'd have to know the circumference of the earth, wouldn't you?" asked Allen.

"I'm sorry, sir," said Joel, with just the faintest breath of disdain, "but the answer is 'No.'"

Weeks later this affair was apparently still preying on Allen's mind. He wrote Joel: "I think that the five-and-a-half-foot man who walked around the earth was crazy. If he had really done it he would have been on *We, the People.*"

THIS BABY Euclid began adding and subtracting when he was three and a half years old. His parents aren't sure how he learned it. His mother, who was a school teacher, disclaims all credit for his mathematical mind. Joel's father, a structural engineer and a graduate of the University of Illinois, is addicted to logarithms and such, but he had no part in Joel's first excursions into the realm of higher mathematics. At four Joel accompanied his mother to the store and astonished the clerk by totting the items faster than the adding machine. A few months later he caught the grocer short changing his mother.

At five he began discovering short

cuts in mathematics. In multiplying, for instance, he found that he could finish faster by working to the nearest zeros. Ask him to multiply 18 by 78 and he will come up in a second or two with 1404. If you ask him how he does it, he will explain that he multiplies 78 by 20 which gives him 1560; then he subtracts 156 (2 times 78) and that gives him the answer.

In first grade he appeared to enjoy his simple two plus two's, but on the side he indulged his passion for higher mathematics. A school board psychologist, looking over his shoulder one day, noted that he had finished his numbers and was quietly extracting the square root of fractions, just for fun. His I.Q. is so high that the school authorities still don't quite believe it. Unofficially, there are reports that it is the highest they have ever recorded for a youngster of his age. It's well above 200.

Joel pestered his kindergarten teacher persistently with problems. One day while the other kids were assembling blocks, Joel asked: "How much is $\frac{5}{6}$ of 3 plus 69 plus 12?" Before she could reply, Joel popped back with the answer.

"You should be a Quiz Kid," the teacher retorted in mild vexation.

"All right," said Joel. "I'll write them a letter." He did so—and was promptly tapped by the Quiz Kids' board. His first appearance was made on April 29, 1942. On October 11 he was invited back and this time he was an immediate hit.

When Kelly asked: "How much is two times two minus two divided by

two plus two?" several of the older Quiz Kids gave three as the answer. Joel said: "The correct answer is five. By the rules of algebra you must do the multiplication and division first; then the addition and subtraction."

Correct is an important word in the Kupperman vocabulary. In Philadelphia the Quiz Kids appeared at a War Bond rally in Convention Hall. Some 12 thousand seats had been allotted, and a reporter asked Joel to estimate the house.

"I don't make estimates," said Joel. "I calculate correctly."

ON THE AIR Joel has had no difficulty, without pencil and paper, in polishing off such problems as squaring 257; multiplying 999,999 by 999,-999; extracting the cube root of 474,-552 or figuring the normal tax on 2,650 dollars. One evening Richard, another Quiz Kid, and Joel were asked to put tough questions to one another. Richard asked: "If a bomb is dropped from 400 feet up, how long will it take to reach the ground?" Joel answered the question correctly. But he declined, perhaps wisely, to frame a question to stump Richard.

On another occasion Joel was counted wrong on a math question when he was actually right. The problem asked for the area of the smallest of five circles that could be inscribed inside equilateral triangles if the largest circle had a diameter of eight inches. The idea was that the circle inscribed inside the largest triangle should become the circumscribed circle of the next smaller triangle and

so on to the fifth innermost triangle and its inscribed circle. Joel ended up with the unwieldy fraction of $50 \frac{2}{7}$ over 256 square inches. Joe Kelly's answer card read 11/56. Hundreds of irate listeners wrote in, stating that these two fractions are the same thing. Figure it out for yourself.

But mathematics isn't Joel's only interest. Mythology, history, men and events are among his favorite subjects. He's an expert on explorers, and has read scores of volumes on Columbus, Drake, Magellan, De Gamma, Cabot and Hudson. But sometimes he makes a mistake. Once, when different subjects were pulled out of a hat for impromptu discussion, *Haiti* was the first drawn. Joel promptly recited that Columbus had discovered the island, adding other pertinent facts, and concluded with the statement that it belonged to Spain. He was stunned when informed that he was wrong. In history he has studied only up through the revolution.

But the history he *has* studied isn't a dry compilation of historical facts to Joel. When most boys are reading adventure tales, Joel delves into history books, and his heroes are drawn from their pages. Last Christmas he wanted a rubber knife in order to play his game of explorers. His mother took the position that all items made of rubber ought to go to the war effort.

"They'll get to the scrap heap a lot quicker if you buy them for me," Joel argued, "than just setting them on the store shelves."

Joel is keenly aware of the war. He reads the newspapers, and is at home

with the names of the military leaders of today. Kelly asked one evening what last name the first name "Chester" suggested. The Kupperman right arm shot up but another youngster was recognized first and popped: "Nimitz." But she identified him erroneously, and Joel said: "He's the leader of the ships in the Pacific."

Joel is confident of a United Nations victory. "The war will end, I think, in 1945," he prophesied. "I've had a hint. I hope it will end with Hitler dead. Most of the boys in my room want to kill him."

To JOEL, being a Quiz Kid is a wonderful game. He's always popping up like a Jack-in-the-box and getting out of range of the mike. He enjoys the broadcasts so much that he joins the studio audience in their applause even when they're cheering for him. He doesn't have the faintest idea that he is provoking the laughter.

Joel gets a lot of fan mail from elderly ladies who write and tell him that he reminds them of their sons when they were small boys. There is a sprinkling of mail, too, from bankers, mathematics instructors, and certified public accountants. The CPAs, who have plenty of trouble keeping other people's problems straightened out, get a vicarious thrill out of a youngster who can solve his own.

In spite of all this attention, Joel seems to be a completely normal, happy American youngster. His parents are determined to keep him so. He's never seen any of the newspaper clippings about himself, and he won't

until he's much older. He is all boy, and he's popular with his classmates.

After school he attends a gym class where he is the best wrestler among a group of eight-year-olds. He knows something about fighting, too.

"I don't pick a fight," he told his mother once, "but if a boy looks as if he's going to start one, I say, 'Look out: I'll hit you back first.'"

Recently, however, another lad beat him to the punch. When asked to explain an unsightly bruise, Joel said, "I was in a fight—the kind of fight one does not discuss."

Joel's mother has him in her keeping most of the time when he is not in school, but his father puts in a half hour study session with him every morning. Joel delights in these matutinal get-togethers with his papa. His father hopes that Joel may turn to research when he grows up (Joel says he expects to become a farmer). The algebraic exercises, Father Kup-

perman hopes, will help the boy to develop a logical, analytical mind. Numbers and percentages often enter into the human equation between Joel and his father.

"I'm very happy," he wrote Joel recently while in the East, "that most of the things I read and hear about you are nice. I feel 80 per cent proud of you. Sometime I know I will feel 100 per cent proud of you."

But with all his perspicacity Joel has encountered a problem for which he has not yet found a satisfactory solution. Lately he has been besieging the family for a pet. But he realizes that animals are problems.

"A cat would claw the furniture," he speculated. "A dog would jump at the windows and tear the curtains."

Then a friend suggested rabbits.

"Oh, no!" expostulated Joel. "They whelp too fast!"

You can never get him entirely away from higher mathematics.

Looking Forward

ON THEIR golden wedding anniversary, Mr. and Mrs. John N. Beaty of Jerseyville, Illinois, sliced a fruit cake made on their wedding day—saved a piece to eat on their diamond anniversary.

CENTENARIAN-CANDIDATE George Butterworth at the age of seventy reserved a room for 30 seasons in a St. Petersburg, Florida, hotel.

FEARLESS AND FARSIGHTED department store in Attleboro, Massachusetts, has scheduled an ad for the centennial issue of the *Attleboro Sun*—which comes up in 1989.

FOOD RATION cards issued by the Vichy government carry the dismal portent, "Valid until 1970."

A DALLAS store received a candle weighing two tons; plans to burn it annually from November 15th to Christmas Day for the next two centuries.

—DR. W. E. FARBERSTEIN



It's chuckle time with laugh-master Irving Hoffman, who gathers and edits the cream of the humor crop for your entertainment.

THE PHONE rang at three o'clock one morning in the home of Adam Gimbel, the department store mogul, rousing the butler from a deep sleep. The caller was a woman who insisted upon speaking to Mr. Gimbel on a matter so important that it would cost the butler his job if he failed to summon his employer to the phone. Sleepily, the merchant got on the wire.

"Oh, Mr. Gimbel," cooed the voice, "I want to tell you what a beautiful hat I bought at your store today. It's simply gorgeous!"

"I'm glad you like it," Gimbel replied, struggling to keep his temper in check. "But why call me about it in the middle of the night?"

"Because," answered the woman sweetly, "it was just delivered."

—STEVE HANNAGAN
Publicity Executive

A CERTAIN movie star did not care for men, and quite naturally was disturbed about it. Finally, at the suggestion of a friend, she went to a psychoanalyst and told him she was very eager to work up an interest in the opposite sex. The medico hypnotized her, and in soft, crooning tones, said, "I'm thinking of a beautiful hunk of man, six feet tall, black curly hair, fine straight teeth, great broad

shoulders, handsomely tailored suit, Homburg hat and a Malacca cane."

Then the doctor awakened the girl and asked if she desired anything.

"Oh myes," she gurgled, "I sure would love to have a Malacca cane!"

—MERVYN LE ROY
Motion Picture Director

AN ENGLISH visitor in New York was chatting amiably with the cabby who drove him from the station. As they neared the hotel, they were stopped by a traffic light, and during the long wait the driver turned to his passenger, "Say, Mister, here's a riddle I just heard. See if you can figure it out. My mother had a child. It wasn't my brother, it wasn't my sister, who was it?"

The Englishman pondered with knitted brow but finally gave up.

"It was me," laughed the taxi driver, enjoying his own cleverness.

"Haw, haw, haw," guffawed the Englishman. "That's jolly good. I'll have to remember to tell it to the chappies at the club when I get back to London."

In due time he arrived home and on the first night he remarked to his cronies, "I heard a deuced funny story in New York. See if you can fathom the thing. The mater gave birth to an offspring. It wasn't my sister and it wasn't my jolly old brother. Who do you suppose it was?"

The "chaps" scratched their heads

in bewildered amazement while the raconteur settled back in anticipation of the coup which was to come. Finally one of the men said, "I can't imagine, old top, who was it?"

Gleefully the storyteller rubbed his hands, "Why—some dashed taxi driver in New York City!"

—GEORGE LABELLE
Hartford, Conn.

SOME YEARS ago, Frank Case, host of New York's Hotel Algonquin, decided to campaign for some business from Manhattan-bound Southerners. He wrote his advertising agency asking them to plan a campaign that would stress the homelike atmosphere of his establishment. To illustrate, he enclosed a hastily scribbled sample of the sort of ad copy he wanted. But, in a couple of places, the peach-dandy words of the trained copywriter eluded him and he inserted dummy terms for the agency to replace with the real thing. Someone missed the point, however, for here's how the ad appeared:

"A gentleman of the South, his wife

and family, will find all the hooey and whatzis of a refined home at the Hotel Algonquin."

Business at Case's hostelry was exceptionally good that season.

—ANNA MAY WONG
Chinese Actress

A N ELDERLY man was strolling about a London menagerie one Sunday afternoon and having himself a fine time as he stared at the tigers, lions and other assorted fauna. When he reached the area where a camel was lolling about, he was puzzled. The camel simply did not make any sense to him. He approached an attendant and asked for an explanation of the beast's hump.

"It's pretty useful, sir," he was told. "The old camel wouldn't be much good without it."

"Why not?"

"Why not!" sniffed the keeper. "You don't suppose people would pay a sixpence to see 'im if 'e 'adn't got an 'ump?"

—SHERMAN BILLINGSLEY
Proprietor of the Stork Club

Scornet

WHEN HEYWOOD BROUN was doing an editorial column-of-the-air, he devoted one talk to radio diction, taking most announcers to task for their over-precise manner of speech. David Ross, Broun's special announcer, was irked at this laceration of his profession. But he had his moment in the closing announcement.

"Ladies and gents, ya jest hold a few cherce woids by me good pal, Haywood Broon. If any o' youse guys would like ta lissen ta him again, make a pernt of tunin' in this here station at da same time Toisday. As fer me, well, I'm jest a guy what announces. Me moniker is David Ross. Dis is da Colum'ia Broadcas'in' Sys'em."

—HELEN SIUSSAT, *Mikes Don't Bite* (L. B. Fischer)

*It may have been a pipe-dream in 1940,
but now it is entirely possible for you
to find a job that suits you to a T*



A War Job to Your Measure

by GRETTA PALMER

PERHAPS YOU'RE an automobile salesman whose work has been shot out from under him.

Perhaps your draft board has told you that you must get into an essential occupation or else.

Perhaps you hope to escape from a hated, dead-end kind of job into something with a better future.

In any of these cases, you're a new type of job hunter. You ask questions nobody ever dreamed of three years ago: "Can I get the gasoline to reach the job?" and "Will my wages be frozen for the duration?" The answers to these will greatly affect your comfort during the next few months. But there are other long-range questions whose answer is even more important to your future.

Today is a job hunter's dream world; in nearly every part of the country positions available are more numerous than the men and women

to fill them. A man who is going to make a change can take advantage of this situation to find the niche in which he really belongs. He can—probably for the first time in his life—afford the luxury of going after the one job *he* can do better than any other job in the world.

Job analysts estimate that fewer men than one in four are in an occupation which makes the best possible use of all their talents. They believe that the war, with its emphasis on pre-employment testing in defense plants, may make a very great difference in this; hereafter, they predict, employers will take as many pains to find the right men for the particular job as they have heretofore taken in deciding the right raw material for their products.

Already there are over two hundred factories which place their employes in jobs according to their scores

on the Humm-Wadsworth personality test, and they include such successful corporations as United Airlines and Lockheed Aircraft. Almost miraculous results in cutting down turnover and labor troubles are reported by employers using the test. It consists of seemingly absurd questions; yet a man's answers, when properly interpreted by an expert, show whether he should be placed as a riveter or a welder, and whether he has the makings of a good foreman.

EMPLOYERS are taking advantage of the new science of fitting the man to the job, but the individual, too, can benefit by what psychologists have uncovered in this new and fascinating field. He can proceed, by sure steps, to find his ideal niche by dividing his job hunt into four stages: (1) self-survey; (2) job-survey; (3) fitting the results of *two* and *three* together to isolate the perfect job; (4) getting it.

Take first the matter of the self-survey. Psychologists who specialize in this field have collated a vast amount of information on the talents and characteristics which are shared by successful men in almost any type of work you can name. They have found out what qualities a cost accountant requires which a CPA can get along without, and why a type of man who is a howling success as a salesman may fail as sales executive.

All this information is available to the individual job hunter willing to give from three to six hours of his time and to pay a moderate fee. The Human Engineering Laboratory, with its

branches in Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago and Hoboken, makes a complete survey of an individual's inborn capacities and tells him how his traits accord with those of men who have succeeded in various fields. The Psychological Corporation, using a different type of tests, gives a man specific advice on what vocation to choose. The Employers' Test Administration Bureau specializes in testing the kind of abilities most often called for in war.

Do these various tests work? Ask any of the psychologists in this field to quote their case histories to you, and you'll abandon your doubts. The E.T.A.B. recently tested a white collar worker who had been turned away from every factory door because of lack of experience. The tests showed that he was a mechanical genius; armed with his test results, he talked his way into a production job and is so well adjusted to it that he will probably never return to office work.

A beaten, unhappy man, a failure at 40, came to the Human Engineering Laboratory. He had had a certain brief success as a salesman some years before and had walked the streets ever since looking for another similar job. Tests showed that this man had none of the salesman's qualifications and could not possibly have held such a job after his initial enthusiasm had died down. He was, on the other hand, brilliantly equipped for statistical work; when he sought and found a small opening in this field he rapidly rose to a position of power.

Today all such psychological bureaus are getting more customers

than ever before in their history. And, as a result, many more men and women are showing a new assurance in their quest for jobs. The tests have shown them that they have something to offer which is shared by, perhaps, as few as five per cent of the population. They are looking only for the jobs they know that they can do well—and they are no longer boring personnel managers with the old, vague offer, "I'll try anything."

But a self-survey is only the first step in the streamlined job hunt which 1943 conditions have made possible for the first time in history. The second step for the intelligent job hunter is to study all the desirable jobs offered, and to do it with an appraising eye.

This task would be a monumental one if the job hunter had not already narrowed down the field by his new self-knowledge. But if he has determined upon a future as a cost accountant, say, he need study only the local industries in which cost accountants play a part.

The probable future of various industries in the post-war world is not, by any means, a matter of guesswork. Many of the best minds in America have studied these problems, and their conclusions are available to all job hunters in their public libraries. The various trade and business management journals run frequent articles in which leaders discuss the future of plastics and helicopters and pre-fabricated housing and all other industries which belong to tomorrow.

Groups of learned men have issued reports on these matters. The National

Resources Planning Board's *Technological Trends and Government Policy*—a government publication—has predicted the long-range developments of dozens of industries. Librarians will compile lists of other books and magazine articles for the job hunter eager to find out more about the future possibilities of his special field.

It is possible, of course, that at this stage in his search for the perfect job an individual may find that he lacks the special training it requires. But here, again, he is fortunate at this moment in history. For the government, working with industry, now sponsors a program which supplies free training to anyone who seems likely material for a war job.

THE TRAINING-WITHIN-INDUSTRY program of the War Manpower Commission is now in operation in more than six thousand plants. The man who wishes to take advantage of this program is hired first and trained afterwards. Besides this program, there is the government-sponsored vocational training offered in the public schools, where two million adults this year will be given pre-job training. These courses include such things as machine-shop practice and sheet-metal work—but they also prepare men for jobs as inspectors and as radio technicians. These several thousand schools, in 1,513 cities, prepare both men and women for many jobs which will survive the end of the war.

Today's job hunter not only receives vocational guidance and training—he is also given advice in the

proper technique of acquiring the job he wants. One of the most surprising conclusions arrived at by research workers in the vocational field is this: men who get jobs easily are not necessarily men who make a success of them. In other words, job-getting is in itself a special ability, independent of a man's fitness for the work. Obviously, this particular knack of job-getting is one which it is well for an ambitious person to study and acquire.

AN ELABORATE, year-long study was recently made in New Jersey by Hazel Scott, and Paul F. Lazarsfeld of the Council for Research in Social Sciences. Working under a Columbia University grant, they interviewed, tested and classified a number of young men and women who were picked to resemble each other as closely as possible in all characteristics except one: the first group got jobs easily and quickly; the second group remained unemployed for long periods at a time.

What were the results? Well, there was no perceptible difference between the two types in background, education, neatness or appearance. But there was a distinct difference in attitude; the successful job finders proved to be more dominant, stable, confident and extroverted than the failures. They were also less submissive and less sociable. They knew fewer people and spent less time in social activities, movie- and concert-going, reading. (The authors suggest that perhaps these activities take up so much of the energy of the members

of this group that they have less left for job-hunting.)

The successful job hunter spends no more hours a week in the search for employment than the failure, but he uses his time to better advantage, making more calls a day. He is also more serious about this and other matters; when asked what he would do with his leisure if money were no object he mentions self-improving activities, study, the practice of an art. Those who can't get jobs say they would spend their leisure time on purely frivolous pursuits.

Perhaps the most illuminating fact brought out in this survey is this: seven-tenths of the men who get jobs easily, find them through personal contacts—usually with someone in the firm who already has a job.

And many of the successful group have formerly exerted themselves to find jobs for their friends, while very few of the failures ever made this effort—in spite of the fact that they know and see more people! The number of your friends, therefore, doesn't necessarily make getting a job an easier task; it's your relations with them that count. Gratitude is only one aspect of this matter; as the authors say, "There are some individuals, fairly popular socially, whom not even their best friends would recommend for a job. There are others whose personality fits them for certain types of employment so naturally that even casual friends will think of them when they hear of an opening."

The man in search of the perfect job should not minimize the impor-

tance of contacts in winning it for him —70 per cent of the people successful in getting jobs do so through this means. He could, therefore, do much worse than to spread the word around that he has visited a job-psychologist and been found to be remarkably well equipped to fill such and such a niche. The perfect job is more apt to turn up through such word-of-mouth networks than from any other source.

Those, then, are the steps which are involved in an intelligent job hunt today—and today, thanks to the need

for men and women in almost every line, it is possible for the job hunter to take them all. He can shop around until he finds the point where his individual capacities, the requirements of a certain company, the probable future of its industry and news of the opening, all converge.

The perfect job for *you* may have been a pipe-dream in 1940. But now, due to a turn in world events and the patient research of many scientists, it is a fascinating possibility for every man who wants to succeed.

Symphonic Surprises

ALBERT COATES, the famous symphony conductor, was the first foreign musician invited to give a concert in Russia under the Soviet. In his customary fashion, he stepped onto the conductor's podium, turned and bowed to the audience. To his amazement there was an unexpected scraping of feet. The three thousand expectant listeners had risen and bowed back.

At a loss for the next move, conductor and audience stood looking at each other blankly. Then, suddenly inspired, Coates waved his baton in indication that they might be seated. With sibilant murmurs of satisfaction, the audience settled back in their seats in anticipation of their first concert. They might never have been to a symphony before, but they knew how to be polite.

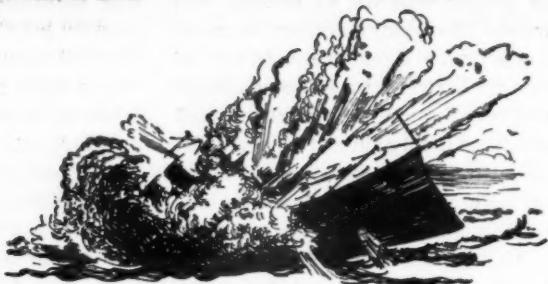
—THODA COCROFT

DURING VERDI'S LATTER days, his popularity was so great that, after one or two rehearsals of a new opera, the entire town would be humming the score. In desperation, the composer swore that once, just once, he would compose an aria that no one could filch before its actual presentation.

The first two acts of his next opera were instant hits. At the beginning of Act IV, Verdi seated himself at the piano—manuscript in hand—and began the introduction of his new air. After six or eight measures, he paused, politely thumbed his nose at the audience, and resumed playing. Then the curtain rose, and the tenor, who had rehearsed just 30 minutes before, thrilled an astounded audience with *La Donna E Mobile*—the aria Verdi composed one hour before the debut of *Rigoletto*.

—CHESTER MORRISON, JR.

*This audacious exploit of an old ship and
her dauntless crew will be a lasting monument
to the bravery of Britain's men-at-arms*



The Glorious Death of Old Buck

by VICTOR BOESEN

A LIGHT breeze came up as the sun slotted itself into the channel off to starboard. Its pink corona faded and twilight thickened into night. The moon rose in the blue colloid of stars.

"Old Buck" knifed sturdily forward. She was old as warships go, 23 years, but she had been to the beauticians before this journey to her death, and she was hardly recognizable as the old U.S.S. *Buchanan* when she joined His Majesty's fleet in 1940. Her name commemorated the founder of Annapolis and the first naval officer of Commodore Perry's expedition to set foot on Japan—but now that, too, was changed, and she was now called the H.M.S. *Campbeltown*.

Packed away in Old Buck's bow was her suicide potion: five tons of high explosive set by a time fuse to go off at four o'clock in the morning. By that time, they hoped, her nose would be buried deep in the 20-foot

thick gate leading to Penhoet Basin at St. Nazaire on the coast of Brittany.

On Old Buck's unlighted decks and aboard the smaller craft were men from all walks of English life, now shorn of their identities and homogenized in the trade of killing. Not a square foot of the target area remained unknown to them, and each man knew exactly his specific task on arrival. There was nothing left to do for the commando leader, Lieutenant Colonel A. C. Newman, but to smoke his pipe and wait.

Overhead, crossed shadows against the mellow sky, a flight of RAF planes swept past toward the French coast to begin the prologue. They would divert the enemy's attention from the dock area by attacking the adjacent region. As the planes vanished, a cloud film drew across the sky.

It was shortly after one o'clock. A section of the small boats bearing com-

mandos abruptly pulled away and scurried toward land, and a moment later the heat lightning of exploding bombs from the RAF blanched the night. Searchlights sprang up and wildly clawed the low-hanging clouds, now punched by ack-ack shells which burst and fell off in dripping showers of blood and silver.

OLD BUCK, with her commandos grim and tense at the rails, sliced into the Loire estuary and, still flanked by her naval escort, headed straight for the gate of Penhoet Basin. The Heinies, very busy with the bombing visitation, hadn't seen her yet.

Then a light shot across the river in sudden suspicion. It lingered fixed a moment, then probed slowly downstream. It fell full-flood on the oncoming flotilla, now but a hundred yards off the sea wall. Instantly, broadsides of lights came on from both sides of the estuary. Shore batteries let go with everything they had, from machine guns to six-inch rifles. Sirens screamed. Tracers and incendiaries lit a blazing tracer above the water.

Limelighted in her role as featured performer, Old Buck never flinched. On the bridge, Lieutenant Commander Stephen H. Beattie 'phoned to the engineer: "Full speed ahead!"

The old ship brought herself up to her full 20 knots. She was furiously dishing it back with her four-inchers, and already they had knocked out several of Fritz' emplacements. A Nazi anti-aircraft ship started to belabor the intruder. She was promptly set ablaze by the British, and a few mo-

ments later was finished off by her own flustered countrymen.

But what the excited Jerry lacked in accuracy and coolness he made up in volume. Wounds were coming thick and fast to the old ship and her men.

Deep in her body, the destroyer's sweating engine crew drove her forward at top speed, though each man knew that escape was unlikely. At any moment, barring destruction from the rioting shore batteries, their ship would slam her 1,090 tons against the lock.

The ship ground unchecked across the double torpedo boom spanning the harbor, and then at 1:34 it came. With a rending thunder that rose above the bombs and guns she stabbed into the gate, punched out a hole and rode on until her bridge dragged abreast of the entrance. There she stuck, like a pig caught in a fence.

At the same moment, a torpedo boat slipped a pair of tin fish with delayed action fuses into the lock gate of nearby St. Nazaire Basin.

Commandos from the stalled destroyer and the smaller craft leaped ashore amid the storm of bursting steel and bullets to join the vanguard who had made it earlier. The launch taking Colonel Newman was raked from less than 20 yards. A gunner on another boat, driving directly against a torrent pouring from a pillbox, suddenly connected and blasted the emplacement to bits. "Well shot, do it again!" cried the captain.

But the gunner never heard. He had died at the instant of glory.

Ashore, the raiders fought their way to predetermined goals. Not only did

England's men make a shambles of the place, but they finished the work on schedule. The raiders smashed machine and repair shops. They blasted and put to the torch ship-building fixtures, along with their score of traveling cranes. They ruined dock installations, bridges, power houses and pumping stations serving the dock basins. They raked the U-boat moorings with mortars and Bren guns. John Bull had run wild in one of the enemy's most precious china shops.

A few minutes before four o'clock they pulled out. The small boats, not so many now as at the start, ran in under the fire still being hoed at them from shore and took the men off.

The party had barely left the estuary when there came an explosion to the rear that blew the night apart. The tired men looked at one another and grinned. That would be Old Buck.

In this audacious British exploit, the Germans saw a parallel with the

famous Zeebrugge raid of the World War in which Sir Roger Keyes corked up the Belgian U-boat lair by exploding H.M.S. *Vindictive* against the mole and scuttling ships in the channel.

The perspicacity of the Nazi observation was borne out by survivors and by RAF reconnaissance photographs a day or two later. These confirmed a similarity in result as well as pattern between the two enterprises. Old Buck had, indeed, gone to her reward, wrecking the only Atlantic dry-dock big enough to take the *Tirpitz*, dreadnought of the German fleet; and the pair of torpedoes buried in the submarine lock had likewise kept their trust. Business at St. Nazaire would be slack for at least a year.

In both daring and achievement, the commando raid on St. Nazaire in the spring of 1942, like that on Zeebrugge a quarter century before, will have few rivals on the scroll of deeds to keep the world free.

Niagara for Fleeting Seconds

ATRIBE OF NATIVES in the remote Morobe District of New Guinea builds dams for apparently no other object than to watch the water run down the side of the mountain in one vast swirling mass. The ceremony is held about every five years, and is as important to the natives as horse races are to most Americans. About eight months' time is required to build about 30 dams on the side of the mountain. The dams are filled by means of a complicated and novel bamboo pipe line system. Each dam is so constructed that by cutting the vines binding together a key log in the front portion of the dam, the water is permitted to escape very rapidly. Thus all the dams are broken simultaneously. Once the dams are broken, the water drains away in the space of a few minutes. After this spectacular performance, native tribes promptly disperse. Ornate rites with no bloodthirsty practices are held on the night preceding the bursting of the dams.

—H. W. PARKER



Can You Remember

When people used to try to make decent beer in their cellars and their kitchenettes and even their bathrooms?

That was in 1932, say—and everyone had a *best* recipe.

I know another one, of about three hundred years before that grim period in our nation. It was in England, and it was for cock-ale.

You took a keg of ale, ample spices and sugar, and then—the trick!—you added a large healthy cock—feathers and all, but with his proud bones broken!

You left it alone until it was well rotted, and then strained the whole thing (as a gesture to the more finicky Elizabethans, no doubt), and you drank it down. Remember?

Meal of the Month

"Summer-schmummer!" said an old lady in mock disgust. "What have you got? June, July, August—and it's gone already yet!"

I know lots of old ladies and they are usually pretty forthright, having left the vanities behind them.

Some of them scare me because they have turned dry and empty and sour—but others reassure me by being warm, ripe, wise. The one who tossed her head and grinned a little and said "Summer-schmummer!" was the reassuring kind.

Then she went out in her garden

and bent in that stiff-kneed way of old people, and picked a salad.

The garden is alongside the B. and O. tracks. People sitting in the express windows must think for one nostalgic second that they are back in France again, when they look down into its rich tidy greenness.

That August night she gave us a bowl of salad carefully de-cindered with the garden hose, but with a special taste to it that may have been due to the frequent trembling of the ground when the trains howled past.

There were three or four kinds of lettuces. There were little yellow tomatoes from the vine trained over the summer-house, and larger red ones.

There were string beans about an inch long, snipped off so that their twins could grow better, and some little zucchini, the size of my thumb, sacrificed for the same reason.

And cucumbers with the skin left on, like the tomatoes, to make more flavor and two textures instead of one . . . And basil, a little mint and plenty of parsley from the patch under the faucet, some baby onions slit lengthwise and then cut in two.

Then the old lady splashed oil and sour red wine carelessly over the whole thing, and some salt and fresh pepper, and tossed the bowl up and around.

We ate moist black bread with it hacked from a round loaf bought at the kosher shop, and drank quite a

lot of beer, and between the exciting rushes of the trains so near above us, we sang songs in several accents into the warm sweet dusk.

When it was dark and time to go, the old lady murmured again, "Summer-schummer! What have you got?" Then she laughed, and gave me a good stout kiss.

One Answer

I know another old lady, so old that she was a bride in the Civil War. Coffee was even rarer then than now, and one day her husband, correctly stern and bearded, brought her a pound of it.

It was raw, of course, and he instructed her with true Victorian lordliness to roast it correctly and waste not a single bean.

She read what she could find of the procedure in Mrs. Beeton's cookery book—and of course forgot to stir the pan for one vital moment, and raised a dreadful stench.

By the time the master came home the house was aired again.

Nothing was said until the next spring. Then, sterner than ever behind his increasingly impressive but still somewhat fluffy beard, the young lord stalked into the kitchen. In his hand he bore a posy of coffee blossoms from the patch where the little bride had buried her scorched beans.

Still not a word was spoken, then or after—but she never tried to hide the truth again, and she called him Mister Jackson till the day he died, several wars later.

That sad little story happened in

western Pennsylvania, and was of course an accident. But if half-burned coffee beans would flourish like the green bay tree for a frightened bride in the '60's, they might do passing well planted deliberately now by a thirsty V-gardener, male or female.

I was talking with a woman yesterday who lived a long time in Honduras. She told me that it took her years to devise the best way to roast coffee, so that it was "done" but not burned black in the native fashion.

The heat must be low and even, the pan shallow and large, as for roasting almonds. And you put in a teaspoonful of salt and one of sugar for each two quarts of beans. It adds flavor, color, something or other.

Maybe Mrs. Jackson's unhappy accident and this tip from Honduras make one answer to a present problem.

Hermann the Tender-Hearted

Then there is Goering, perhaps the maddest of a madman's cohorts. Everyone has heard of him, but few have heard of his tender heart!

But this mountain of fat and fanaticism, this roly-poly who roasts wild boars killed with his own spear and then whips on his banqueters' appetites by telling them of the bloodiest axe-executions he has watched . . . this gentle-souled Nazi near-god has made it a grave crime in Germany to broil lobsters alive!

We can permit ourselves, perhaps, a tear of grateful compassion for all the agony kept from the crustacean world, at least, by kind Hermann.

—M. F. K. FISHER

You and Tomorrow



A House To Grow With

by GEORGE FRED KECK

YOUR POST-WAR house may come rolling off the assembly lines that today are turning out tanks and bombers and the weapons of war.

You may buy it at the prices you once paid for automobiles and build it of sheet metals, featherweight aluminum, magnesium, plastics, plywood, hardboard or whatever newer materials are marketed by 194X.

D-day, or demobilization day, will see industry with plant and power capacity enormously increased, prepared to work peacetime miracles for us. In no field, perhaps, is progress more overdue than it is in housing.

Until the eve of war, builders were still putting houses together by hand-craft methods in vogue 100 years ago. When we called for two billion dollars' worth of homes for war workers, not a single concern could put an ideal, prefabricated, demountable house on the market or turn out the

needed houses cheaply, quickly and in quantity. Fifty or more separate industries, only loosely coordinated, tottered our "home-building" industry.

Yet every American family that is banking money in War Bonds today can look forward with confidence to owning a new home after the war.

Prefabrication alone won't put a roof over every head. For at least a half century most houses have been at least *partially* prefabricated (if by that we mean that parts were manufactured elsewhere, then assembled on site). What the war has done is to speed the *degree* of prefabrication by moving more of the house to the machine for fabrication; open up to the building industry new construction methods and materials; and gear it belatedly to mass production. It's trends like these that promise to bring fine new homes within the reach of the great mass of Amer-

ican people for the first time in history.

But before we teach assembly lines to multiply houses by the millions, you, tomorrow's home owner, together with the architect and builder, must decide what *kind* of houses you'll want to live in—when D-day comes.

Question one should be — "Will these houses be livable?" Will they suit *our* needs or copy living solutions worked out for past generations?

Would you, for instance, demand that the newest wrinkles in building materials and methods be incorporated into your house, even if it means a change in its appearance?

So far we've installed newer, shinier gadgets and mechanical inventions within the frames of Spanish villas and English cottages—and called it progress. Colonial homes included, American houses have aped European models, particularly those of western Europe which is blessed with a much milder climate than ours. Our homes are custom-made, expensive, unsuited to contemporary family life, and at odds with our geography.

Except for moving the bathroom inside and improving kitchen equipment and lighting and heating systems, they tin-type houses of a hundred years ago. They have little checkerboards for windows because our grandsires couldn't find bigger panes on the market, even though today we can have whole walls of glass that let in the sun, the stars and the outdoors into our living rooms.

Automobile makers weren't content to copy the wagon. They created an entirely new kind of vehicle to fit

technological advances. Now the same efficient miracles can be worked for your post-war house if you're as bent on having the latest things in housing as you are in cars.

Take the case of a soldier who, with his wife, is sinking his extra cash into War Bonds and dreaming of a peace-time day when he can settle down with his family in a house of his own. What should he or you, for that matter, demand of a post-war house?

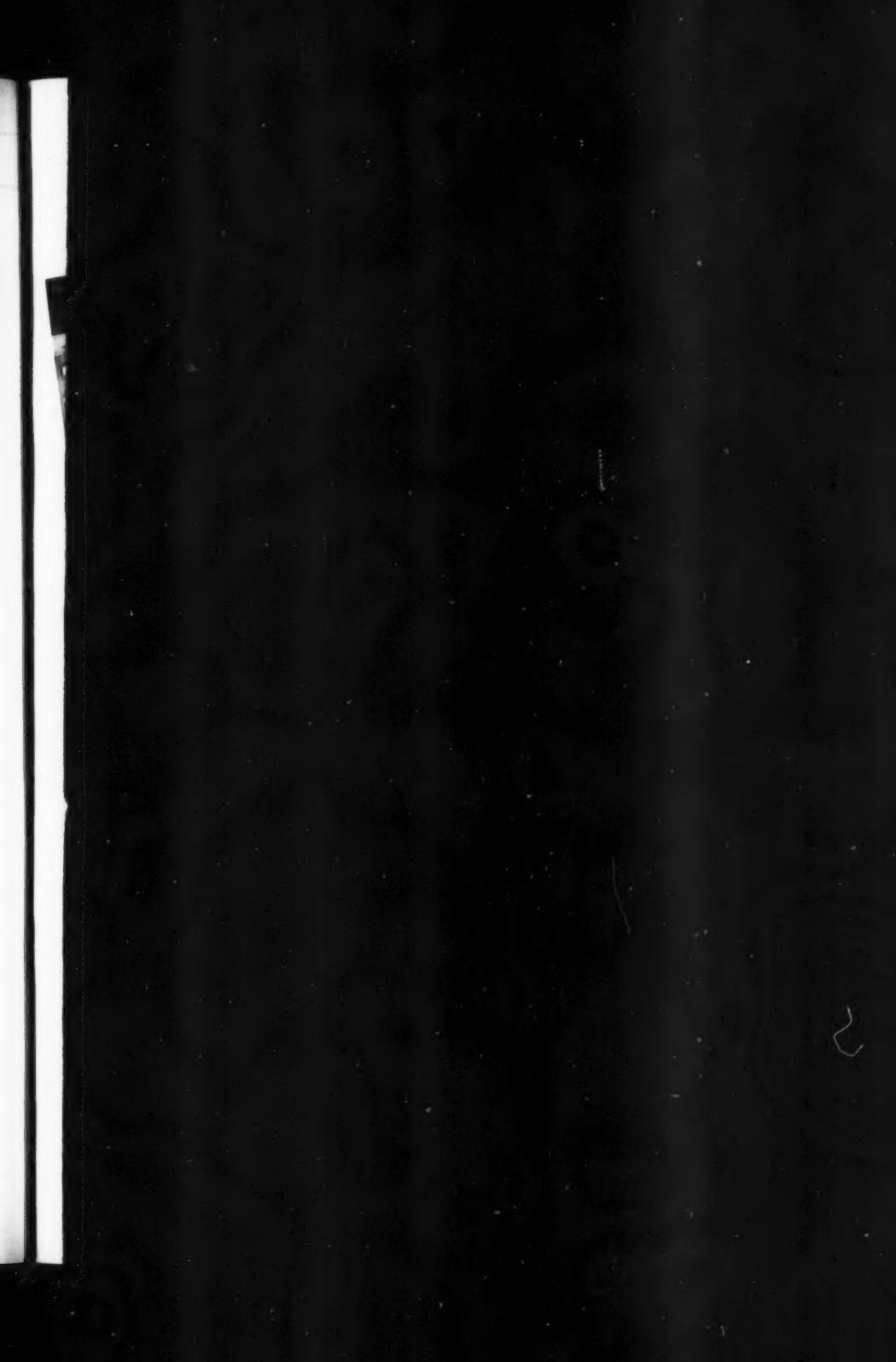
FIRST, A HOUSE SUITED TO THE VARIABLE AMERICAN CLIMATE.

To slash heating bills and multiply family health, you'll harness that most obvious but overlooked source of heat and vitamins — the sun — by facing important living rooms south and studding the southern face of the house with glass, huge sheets of it.

Your house can be engineered, with the help of roof overhangs, so that the high summer sun won't enter the living rooms while the low winter sun, whose heat power has been proved to be only two and a third less, will bathe it in sunshine. By the light of the sun alone you can heat the living room in January.

Any farmer worth his salt or a subsidy knows that his chickens will lay extra eggs if he builds a chicken house with a south elevation of glass. Any florist will tell you that flowers bloom and grow healthy, blessed with solar radiation. What's true for chickens and flowers holds true for humans except that we've failed to adapt these simple truths to ourselves.

The Victorian woman drew the



outside, a blazing-hot sun rides high in the sky for
it's June 21st, day of the summer solstice. Yet
this room which faces south and abounds in windows
is cool and shaded as a wooded dell. A wide eave,
jutting over the roof's edge, shuts out the sun



scene: The same living room, six months later, on December 21st, day
of the winter solstice. Now the sun is low on the horizon and shining
into the house almost at right angles, bathing it in light, heat and
health. No matter how the north winds blow, this room is comfortably
heated by solar radiation. You can sunbathe during a cold wave!

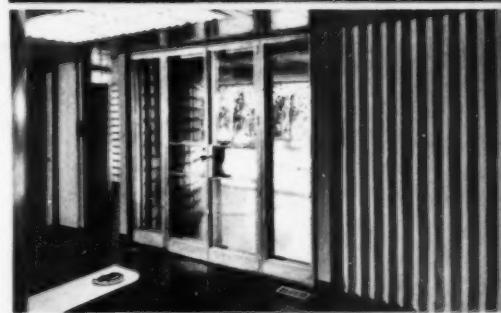
the house with a future can be built of an infinite number of materials. This home uses stone and wood, natural materials, and blends in beautifully with the landscape



do you like a house filled with growing green things? Here the architect has imported a garden into a dining room. The tabletop is shatter-proof glass; the chairs, of plastic; the windows, huge



these sliding walls shuttle back and forth at will, shutting off a part of the house or blending it with other rooms to give you either "lebensraum" or privacy

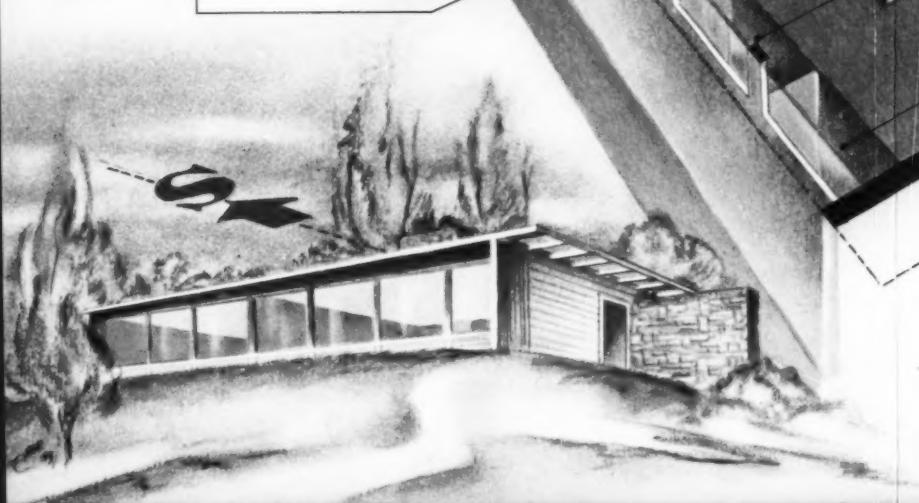
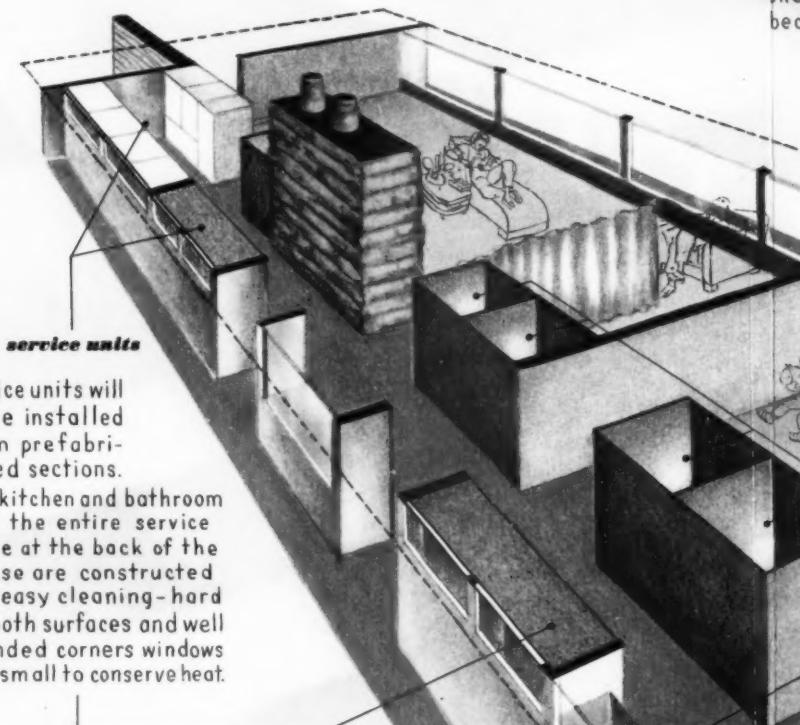


this is a trick the Egyptians used 4000 years ago to cool their houses—water running over a roof's surface. Rooms below are cooled as the water evaporates



A House with a Future

it can be tailored to fit the size of
your family and your pocketbook



the space shown here
may start as a terrace,
may then include a car
shelter, and finally may
become living space.

work & play space
young marrieds
first home

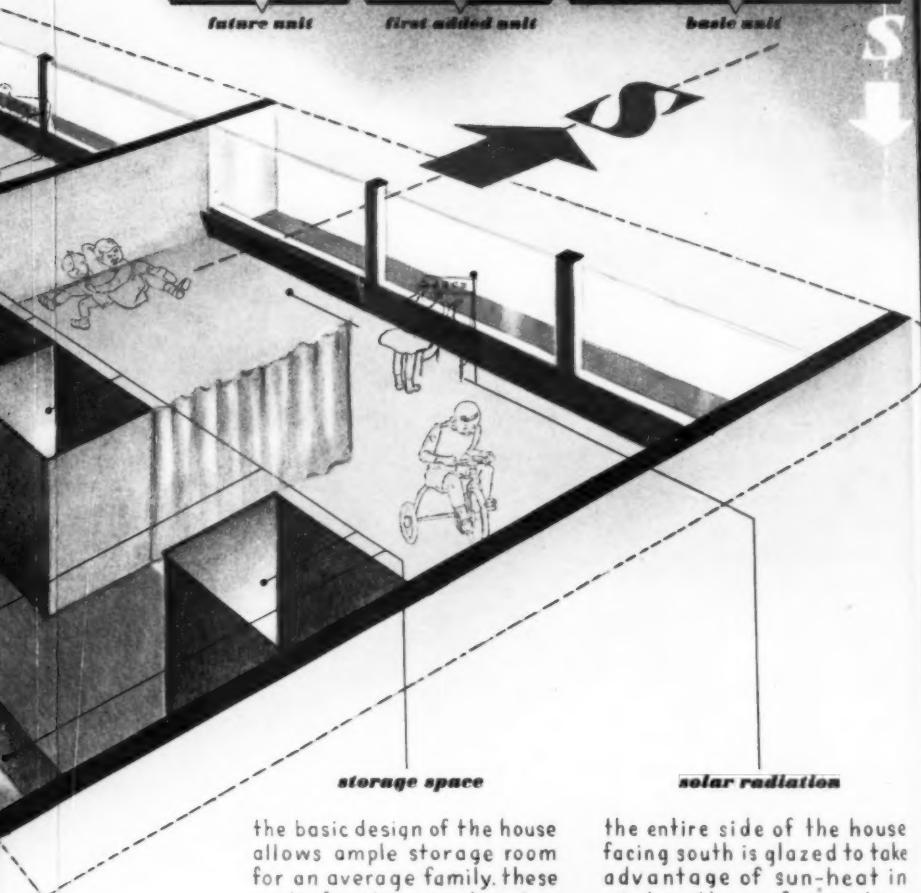
living space for
the grandparents

parents all purpose room

future unit

first added unit

basic unit



the basic design of the house
allows ample storage room
for an average family. these
units function as dressing
wardrobes-cabinets-book
cases and general utility
space, probably prefabricated.
they may be made to
open either to front or back.

the entire side of the house
facing south is glazed to take
advantage of sun-heat in
winter. the roof projection
shades the rooms from the
high sun of summer. ventilation
is by slots below and above
the windows. one such slot
is shown in open position.

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shades of her house so that she lived in semi-gloom and ventured outdoors only when shielded against the sun by trailing skirts, veiling, gloves and a parasol. Compare her to the modern female, who discards all that the law allows to take full advantage of the sun's therapeutic rays. In a house tailored for the needs of her generation, she'll be able to sunbathe in her living room during a cold wave!

In our climate most blizzards and cold winds blow up from the north, northeast and northwest. The wise builder then will place his less important rooms, the garage, heater and storage rooms, and halls—or the "service" core—on the north side to serve as buffers against winter blasts.

Your post-war house is likely to have a flat roof and no attic. Attics, which once-upon-a-time worked as insulators, are outdated as Victorian cupolas, now that we've developed new, marvelous insulating materials. The house also can be kept quite cool, as the Egyptians discovered a few thousand years back, by running a thin sheet of water over the entire roof. How? By evaporation, the same

George Fred Keck, head of the Department of Architecture of the School of Design, Chicago, believes that tomorrow's homes will be built with full consideration of the kind of people who live in them. He has specialized in the designing of single-family dwellings, stressing functionalism through excellent knowledge of his materials. He designed a series of homes for the Chicago World's Fair—one pre-fabricated and one all glass. He now lives in Chicago in a house which represents his architectural theories.

principle that cools a swimmer in a wet bathing suit.

New marvels in heating are already on the market—panel heating, for one. The same pipes which in the winter radiate an even warmth from just below the floor surface, walls or ceilings, cool your house in a heat wave. Such a revolution in heating methods means new materials for floors, walls and ceilings, which in turn may revolutionize the interior appearance of the house.

Look too for new, sensible things in windows. Today we get sight, light and air through them. Tomorrow you'll get the first two through fixed, double-glazed, insulated sheets of glass. Fresh air will stream in through screened wall panels—perhaps located directly below or above the windows. You catch the breeze by merely sliding back the panel. No longer need summer find you surveying the world through a haze of screening. No longer need father fume about removing and installing screens and storm windows. Modern architects are divorcing vision from ventilation.

Most important, your house won't be merely a place to eat, sleep, and hang your hat. You won't find yourself buried under a mountain of debt when you build it—or outgrowing it when the kids come along and your earning power is greater.

For it will be a *flexible* house that can grow with its occupants and remain throughout a lifetime the center of family life.

As a young couple with a skimpy budget and no children, you will build

first the "basic" part of the house, as illustrated on the gatefold. Then as your income burgeons and your family arrives, you'll expand your living quarters through "transitional" units, added to the basic house.

The elastic house is predicated on the proposition that every family member is entitled to privacy and independence. Notice that the sound-proofed dividing walls allow the grown-ups of the family to read, listen to music—or entertain friends in their province of the house, if they wish, while the children play undisturbed in their own private domain. There's no need to turn the kids out to play when company arrives.

Originally used as a nursery, the transitional unit easily becomes a playroom for the grade school child, then a recreation room for high school students, and later, with bath and kitchenette added, a private apartment for a young married couple who may not be financially able to declare independence from their parents. Finally it can evolve into a separate suite for grandpa and grandma when junior and his bride begin to need the basic unit of the house.

Through the use of sliding walls, a house like this can be adapted to individual requirements and habits like those of a Missouri college professor I know who must entertain students and colleagues at large teas in his home. Normally, his small family needs only a modest-sized living room. To solve his social problems, therefore, we arranged his living, dining and recreation rooms so that when

sound-proofed dividing walls are pushed back, the three merge into one reception room, 60 feet long.

Thus we'll put our houses on trial and every item in them — doors, closets, wardrobes, rooms. Can they be improved, we'll ask the builder and architect? Can they be made more cheaply, can they be more beautiful, more useful?

EVEN MORE CONSERVATIVE prophets tell us that at the war's end, America will be in the market for a million or more new housing units a year for 10 full years (provided, of course, they're couched in a price-and-term language which the average family purse can understand). One American family in every four, assuming that the average family size is four persons, may be moving from worn-out quarters into new homes at the dawn of the post-war morrow. Moreover, they'll have some of the wherewithal to finance their dreams of home ownership in the 105 billion dollar purpose which America is storing up in war savings for post-war spending.

No single-shelter formula will suit us all. There will be nomad workers who will need houses that can be packed up and moved on; there will be many who will prefer to live in the rebuilt city's garden apartments. That still leaves a very great many of us, however, who will want houses anchored to the ground, tailored to our private needs and tastes.

Don't let the words "prefabrication" and "mass production" panic you into thinking the houses of to-

morrow will be drearily alike or that they will lack your personal stamp.

True, to make a million houses a year, manufacturers must standardize their products and sell large quantities of the same thing.

Standardizing rightly used, however, merely puts inexpensive tools into the hands of men of imagination, who then can create an infinitely varied environment for you.

Today there are already 250 manufacturers of prefabricated houses in the field, each able to offer you something slightly different in the way of materials, plans, design. Some of the houses on the post-war market will be permanent, some demountable. Some will be price-tagged at low, moderate prices; others will be high-priced merchandise. A country like ours should

be able to provide adequate shelter for all groups in society.

Faced with this bewildering array of new products, even a veteran house-builder will need expert advice on just what kind of house is best suited to his needs, to his income and to the property he owns.

This will be one of the functions of an architect in the post-war world—to serve as your professional adviser in the building field, even as a doctor serves you in the medical field; to give you the latest, up-to-date information on a rapidly changing market and translate your living needs into something tangible.

Teamed with the builder, and the city planner too, he can give you the house which will afford you the maximum in living pleasure.

More Dignity

¶The "numbah plee-eeze" girls of an Illinois telephone company have received a titular raise from operators to the awesome "secretaries of communication."

¶Proverbial ice-man stories are likely to chill under the title several Midwest companies have given their frozen water carriers—they're "ice attendants."

¶Farewell to the soda jerks of an Ohio town now rated, if you please, as fountainneers.

¶Tulsans hope to disguise their municipal dog catcher under the less ominous "city humane officer."

¶Will the candy-striped pole or the barber-shop quartet be able to live up to the elevated "chirotonson" which Los Angeles barbers are asking to be called?

¶Milwaukee hod carriers move up the ladder of dignity with their recent designation as "mason laborers."

¶And ironically apropos is the Vichy ragman's new name—"city salvager."

—Dr. W. E. FARBSTEIN

There's sabotage all around us—and it isn't being done with bombs. Ration stamp racketeers are helping Hitler and selling America short



Rackets in Ration Stamps

by HOWARD WHITMAN

ONE DAY last spring, in the back-room of a New York police station, detectives were questioning a suspect in the theft of ration stamps good for thousands of gallons of gasoline. He was a tough nut to crack and the detectives seemed to be getting nowhere.

A radio playing softly in the background suddenly was interrupted:

"Ladies and gentlemen, our news room has just received a special bulletin from Tunisia. Hundreds of American soldiers were slaughtered by the enemy today as a result of a gasoline shortage at the front . . ."

The suspect fumbled for a cigarette, puffed deeply. The radio continued:

"Lack of gasoline made it impossible to bring up reinforcements to an advanced position where a gallant American contingent had forced a spearhead into enemy lines. Gasoline for their armored units gave out and

they were completely encircled . . ."

Color began to drain from the man's cheeks. The announcer went on:

"Official communiques say the contingent was massacred to the last man. Government spokesmen attributed the shortage of gasoline at the front to abuses of the gasoline rationing system at home. As little as ten gallons apiece might have saved the lives of those American boys today, but that gasoline had been siphoned off by the black market at home . . ."

"Good God! Turn it off!" the suspect shouted hysterically, leaping to his feet. "I'm a traitor, that's what I am! I didn't realize all this when I grabbed them stamps. Turn that off, will you! I can't listen no more!"

He led the detectives to an apartment where the stolen gasoline stamps were found crammed into eight potato sacks.

"Well, I guess it was worth the

trouble," one of the detectives remarked on the way back. He was referring to hooking up a microphone in the basement and wiring it to the backroom radio. This had made it possible for one of the boys to slip out during the questioning and deliver the "special bulletin."

Yes, the bulletin was fictitious but it might not have been. As the country has settled down to rationing on a more and more comprehensive scale, ration stamp racketeering has blossomed formidably. Stamp thefts have been just one of the abuses. Counterfeiting has been far more perilous.

In April, OPA officials in Washington went to Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau, Jr. and said, in so many words, that the entire rationing system would collapse and the home front be thrown into chaos unless ration stamp counterfeiting was halted. Morgenthau called in Frank J. Wilson, chief of the United States Secret Service, which has been fighting counterfeiting for years. Wilson promised an all-out campaign.

Morgenthau came to New York a few days later to launch the drive in the city which is the hotbed of counterfeiting. He immediately went into conference with a lanky, six-foot ace sleuth named James J. Maloney, one-time cop and now supervising agent of the Secret Service in New York—

"Anybody who counterfeits ration stamps is as valuable to Hitler as a dozen planes," Morgenthau told Maloney. The Secretary was in earnest.

Lanky Jim Maloney took it pretty seriously, too. Within 14 days he had

smashed open one of the largest ration counterfeiting rings in the East. The men were caught redhanded with phony stamps for 2,500,000 gallons—enough to fly 2,500 Flying Fortresses from Britain to Berlin and back.

This is how it worked. The ring supplied counterfeit stamps to filling stations at two and a half cents each gallon's worth. Motorists were then charged a premium of 10 cents a gallon for gasoline purchased without ration stamps. For each black market sale, the filling station would turn back phony stamps to the OPA. Thus the cheating motorist didn't handle the counterfeit stamps at all. He was just the dope who made the entire transaction possible. Take away the cheating consumer and the black market is knocked for a loop.

ONE OF THE Secret Service's biggest coups was in the gasoline "B" stamp racket. Agents got a line on two suspects and tailed them night and day, hoping to catch them with the goods. Finally the two men made a call at a Manhattan engraving establishment, emerged with a package and drove off in their car. The agents trailed them to Brooklyn, but the men became suspicious. They tossed the package out of the car and stepped on the gas. It took some plain and fancy driving, but the agents managed to pick up the package and force the fugitives' car to the curb a few blocks farther on.

The package contained two sets of plates for the printing of "B" stamps. With this opening wedge, the in-

vestigation quickly yielded 14 more plates for other types of gas stamps. One member of the ring boldly declared, "If we hadn't been nabbed, we could have run off 2,400,000 stamps by the first of next week!"

Some of the ration counterfeitors have been notoriously stupid. The Secret Service seized one huge batch of phony stamps on which "government" was spelled "goverment."

Bootleggers have been using a string of small grocers as "fronts" through which counterfeited stamps are passed off in return for huge amounts of sugar. One small delicatessen man in New Jersey was naive enough to turn in 6,000 sugar stamps in one week, an eloquent confession to the OPA, which knew he didn't normally handle that much sugar trade in a year.

Another storekeeper turned in whole sheets of No. 12 sugar stamps, an obvious boner. These sheets, fresh from the counterfeiter's press, aided in a quick roundup of the culprits.

Harlem turned up the wackiest case since rationing began. Somebody discovered just after shoe rationing began that a certain widely-distributed calendar used numeral type almost identical to that in War Ration Book One. The next thing OPA knew, shoe stores were turning in No. 17 stamps that had nothing more to do with shoes than the 17th of January, February, June or July.

An OPA investigator who checked on several of the stores said he found one proprietor, an old man with bifocals, who apologized, "My eyes are so bad I couldn't tell the differ-

ence." To check up, the inspector sent a confederate into the store to buy shoes with a counterfeit five-dollar bill. The old man gave it one look and yelled bloody murder.

WHEN WAR RATION Book Two with its meat and canned goods stamps first appeared, one small-time mob printed sheets of 24 stamps and "retailed" them at two dollars a sheet. This was one of the few mobs that carried its fraud direct to the housewife. And it was a housewife who exploded the racket, thereby serving her country as effectively as if she had exploded a Jap munitions dump.

Some of the poor innocents who were rounded up pleaded, with tears and hand-wringing, that they "just bought the stamps from someone and hadn't the slightest idea that they were counterfeit."

That is the usual alibi. But it cuts no ice at all. It is a crime to *buy* ration stamps, regardless of whether they are real or phony. All ration stamps are the property of the United States Government and are allotted to individuals for their individual use only. Stamps which are not used must be destroyed or returned to the rationing board. You cannot legally buy a ration stamp any more than you can buy the cornerstone of the nearest post office.

Counterfeiting will probably continue to some extent as long as rationing lasts. But the Secret Service will keep the heat on just as long. The prospect does not alarm them, for counterfeitors have yet to produce a

phony ration stamp that cannot be detected in 30 seconds.

Of the run-of-the-mill counterfeits, some are lighter in color, and some darker than the valid stamps. In a few cases the counterfeit print job betrays itself through fuzzy edges on the lettering.

There are expert jobs, too. But again detection is simple. By shining a strong light through the phony stamps, obvious differences in the quality of the paper and ink are discernible. The layman doesn't know it, but matching paper can be as difficult as matching diamonds.

Details of workmanship often provide the give-away. For instance, variations may creep in in the size and number of perforations around the edges of the stamps. To men who have spent a lifetime in counterfeit detection, these minutiae are as obvious as a misspelling of your name.

In seventeenth century England the penalty for counterfeiting was burning at the stake. Today, in Germany, ration counterfeitors are shot. England gives them five to fifteen years in jail. The United States penalty is a maximum of ten years' imprisonment or a 5,000-dollar fine, or both. In addition, our ration counterfeitors face an OPA penalty of one year's imprisonment and a 10,000-dollar fine.

Mitchell Jelline, OPA enforcement attorney in the New York district, told of a new headache in ration stamp finagling which is a first cousin to our old friend, the rubber check. When storekeepers replenish their stocks, they write checks on the ration

stamps they have deposited in neighborhood banks. Flagrant cases of overdrafts have been discovered, Jelline reported. OPA usually punishes the writers of bouncing checks by suspending their right to deal in rationed commodities for anywhere from a day to six months.

Still another wrinkle was the counterfeiting of tire certificates, but this was short-lived. It thrived on the fact that the only part of the certificate which had to be surrendered in buying tires was a printed stub bearing a serial number. Hundreds of stubs were turned in with serial numbers that did not correspond to any legitimately issued ration certificates. Regulations were promptly changed to make the stub include the name and address of the purchaser, with the added provision that he prove his identity when purchasing.

WHERE COUNTERFEITING has failed to supply the black market, thefts have filled the bill. A few thefts of ration stamps have been notorious. One of the largest on record occurred last January, when thugs cracked the safe of a ration board in Long Island City, Queens, and bagged gasoline ration stamps for 11 million gallons. The act was described as "traitorous to the country" by Federal Judge Grover Moskowitz three months later when the perpetrators were sent to jail. Chicago has had a 2,000,000-gallon theft, Washington a 2,500,000-gallon theft, and Philadelphia a theft totaling 147,600 gallons.

In Trenton, New Jersey, the local

rationing headquarters was looted of thousands of gasoline and fuel oil stamps by thieves who jimmied a window. Two former OPA workers subsequently told police that gangsters had tortured them into taking part in the theft and they had the scars to prove it. The two said they were shoved into a car and driven to the robbery scene with guns in their ribs.

Gunplay of a comic opera variety was also reported from Dodge City, Kansas. A milkman was held up by a pair of bandits with six-shooters and robbed of his "A" and "B" gas books. The impudent robbers also grabbed his license plates so they'd have less trouble using the stamps.

In a Long Island community, the former mayor, thought to be a very

solid citizen, was found guilty of stealing ration stamps for 60 thousand gallons of gasoline while serving as a volunteer member of the local rationing board. The stamps came from books that were tailored down to conform to supplementary allowances granted by the board. As such, the extra stamps should have been burned. Instead they were fed to the black market. OPA officials admit that thefts involving unscrupulous members of rationing boards have been numerous.

But the law is cracking down. America's rationing system is a vital part of its war effort. The thieves, counterfeiters and assorted ration racketeers are doing a swell job—for the Axis.

Hot-Bed of Politics

IN HIS CAMPAIGN TOUR of 1928, Al Smith spoke at Louisville in a large hall, and every inch jammed. When Al and his party got to the place they found it uncomfortably warm—but that was hardly surprising, for big crowds always engender calories. But by the time the candidate rose to speak, the heat was really extraordinary and before he was half way through his speech he was sweating so copiously that he seemed half drowned. The dignitaries on the platform sweated, too, and so did the vulgar on the floor and in the galleries. Minute by minute the temperature seemed to increase, until finally it became almost unbearable. When Al shut down at last, with his collar a rag and his shirt and pants sticking to his hide, the thermometer must have stood at 100 degrees at least . . . Not until the campaign party got back to its train did the truth reach it. There then appeared an apologetic committee with the news that the city administration of Louisville, which was currently Republican, had had its goons fire up the boilers under the hall, deliberately and with malice prepense. The plan had been to wreck the meeting by frying it, but the plotters had underestimated the endurance of a politico with an audience in front of him, and also the endurance of an American crowd feasting its eyes upon a celebrated character.

—H. L. MENCKEN, *Heathen Days* (Knopf)

London Letter



—London (By Cable)

THE WELL-DRESSED Englishman in a rural pub beckoned to an American soldier standing nearby. "Won't you have some beer?" he said. "Thanks," said the American. When the barmaid brought the two glasses, Yank downed his in silence while the Englishman watched nervously. A few moments later, the American strolled from the pub without further conversation, leaving his English host to complain about the rudeness and courtesy of American soldiers. "Why, the Yank didn't even lift his glass and say 'cheers,'" he concluded.

This incident illustrates the kind of things which are bound to cause minor frictions between Americans and English. The doughboy didn't say cheers because he'd never heard of British drinking customs, while his host was equally ignorant of Yankee habits. Multiply this confusion by thousands similar plus the natural antagonisms which any people in any country have for foreigners and you are at the root of one of the hardest problems which British and American authorities have to face.

IT'S NOT A MATTER to be shrugged off because in the post-war era there are many matters whereon American and British interests will conflict. The more antagonism of this sort which exists among ordinary Englishmen—and or-

dinary Americans as well—the more easy it would be for reckless political leaders to play on natural sentiments. For instance, the American Army launched a campaign against venereal disease in London. The British Army and British civil authorities had been conducting the same kind of campaign. But when the Americans directed their attack against the prostitutes who crowd Piccadilly from Parklane to Leicester Square, it wasn't quite the same thing. This seemed more or less like a guest coming to your house and then calling in bedbug exterminators. The British don't like prostitutes any more than we do, but nevertheless there was human resentment against the American campaign. All this is part of fighting a coalition war. In the United States, it's generally recognized that we have a real problem in combating anti-British sentiment among large elements of the American population. But there's no doubt that few Americans realize the British have the same kind of problem, though possibly on a smaller scale, in combating anti-American sentiment here.

The brightest spot in the whole matter is the fact that top-ranking American officers and officials as well as top-ranking British counterparts realize the importance of this problem and are devoting their major attention to attempts at solution.

The most curious bit of slang to emerge from the war so far is the RAF expression "You've had it." It's hard to understand exactly how the expression came into being; for it doesn't mean that you've had something, rather the exact reverse—that you haven't had it. It's also capable of wide flexibility. For instance, when you can't get a taxi on a rainy night, "you've had it." When the bar runs out of whisky and you can't get a drink, "you've had it." When your buddy is lost in action, "he's had it." The RAF originated the phrase but it's caught on like wildfire with Americans and should reach Broadway any day now.

The three air forces are the source of more of the war's slang than any other branch of the service. Air-language is peppered with vivid expression—"flak happy," meaning a kind of aerial shell shock, has a whole series of derivatives including "brief happy" which means just a touch of "flak happiness."

A curious thing to Americans in Britain is the apparent callousness of the English to the vast bomb damage

which has wrecked hundreds of historic monuments, buildings and churches. Such feeling probably reached its apex in the Englishman who was talking with an American about scores of Christopher Wren churches, burnt out and wrecked in the London city area. The Englishman agreed that the damage was terrific and a sad thing, but added happily, "As a matter of fact, it isn't as bad as you think. Nobody ever went to those churches anyway."

THE COMING of age of the Princess Elizabeth is most notably marked by the changes in the types of photographs published of the royal heiress apparent. No longer is Elizabeth uniformly photographed with her younger sister. Now she's photographed alone or with her father or mother. The shots always show her at her father's right. The princess herself appears more mature. In a few short months she's changed publicly from an adolescent schoolgirl to a serious young woman, obviously preparing for the huge responsibilities which ultimately will be hers.

—MICHAEL EVANS

Just Call Me . . .

ARMED LINGO includes an informal nickname for fellow-fighters of the United Nations and men of the countries where they are fighting:

Egyptians—George

Scottish soldiers—Jock

Ghurkas (Hindus)—Johnnie

Australians—Digger, Anzac or Aussie

Chinese—Chiupa

And an American is a "Yank" and has a "Yankee accent" even if he is from the deep South with a heavy drawl and never an "r".

—*Pocket Guide to Egypt*

In his fight for a free new world, what does the soldier himself stand to gain? America's senator soldier has a message for the men on the battlefield



What's in It for the Soldier?

by SENATOR HENRY CABOT LODGE, JR.

EEDITORS' NOTE: For all of you who wonder what the war will mean for the soldiers you have sent off to the various fronts of the world, Senator Lodge has an inspiring message of hope and guidance. From his own experience on the African battle front, he is able to tell you that a man is a better man for having been part of the greatest fight in history, and that he will return more cognizant of real and lasting human values.

THE PRACTICAL, tangible rewards to a man in military service are few indeed—assuming, in the first place, that he even gets out of it alive and whole. There may be promotion and prestige for the professional soldier, and men sometimes learn a trade or skill they can use in time of peace.

To this list should perhaps be added the exceptional cases of men whose war service enables them to write a book or play or movie scenario which brings them financial rewards, and the still more exceptional case of the man whose military service launches

him into a successful political career.

But such tangible rewards will not come to most men. In fact, even some of the less tangible rewards will not be theirs.

The adventure of front-line action, which can be the most vivid and stirring experience in life, is not an inevitable part of every man's military service. Actually he is far more likely to have prolonged periods of boredom, broken by sharp moments in the shadow of death.

Then, for every soldier who harvests the glory of war in decorations and honors there are many, equally brave, whose valor will not be recognized. It is not even probable that continuing popular acclaim will be theirs once the war is over.

Certainly, the past shows us that an outstanding war record is no guarantee of political or business success. The mass of people who have not

actually experienced war presently tire of hearing about it.

The war veteran, to be sure, does have a privileged legal status. He receives deferment, pensions, bonuses, disability pay and hospitalization. Moreover, every effort will be made after this war to give him a job. After all past wars, however, the wandering and unemployed war veteran was an all too familiar sight; for the jobs, naturally enough, were in the hands of the men and women left behind.

If, therefore, you are looking for a practical reward as a result of your wartime service, you will probably be disappointed. Naturally, you might be expected to ask yourself: "What is there in it for me? Can I expect to come out of this war with real gains of some sort—assuming, of course, that I do not become a casualty?"

The answer is that you can. There are many profound and lasting satisfactions wartime service can bring.

First of all, you are making a decisive contribution to a cause in which you believe. You may not be fighting primarily to establish the "four freedoms" among all the peoples of the world, but you can certainly have the satis-

The first United States senator to go to war since the clash between the states, Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr. last summer served with the First American Tank Detachment in the Middle East, where he led the first American soldiers to meet the Germans in this war. As Massachusetts senator, he holds an office which was filled by his grandfather for 30 years. He is a member of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs and the Committees on Military and Naval Appropriations.

faction of knowing that you are fighting for the very life of your country and for all the people in it whom you hold dear. To almost any man, the knowledge that he is fighting to protect his own family makes a vital, basic appeal.

If you have a sense of history, there is the satisfaction which comes from being a member of a profession which has such an immemorial status. In the last analysis, the stream of history has always been determined by the man at arms.

Then, there is a satisfaction in the knowledge that you are physically, mentally and psychologically able to meet the greatest of life's tests. It is good to know that you are in every way as well-equipped to meet the demands of war and peace as the man next to you.

There is also a great satisfaction to be derived from overcoming obstacles—and war consists largely in overcoming obstacles. For example, the night is dark; no one has slept or eaten for many hours; the bridge is destroyed—yet the tanks must be moved forward over the river. And somehow it is done. Somehow trees are cut down, boards are nailed together and the tanks are moved over in time to have a decisive effect on the general tactical situation.

Take another example. A soldier is wounded. Thanks to your ingenuity and training, you are able to take effective first-aid measures and get him to a point where he can receive adequate medical care. Perhaps you save his life. What deed could rank

higher on any roster of rewards?

Lastly, your human relationships are stepped up. Service as a soldier teaches you as nothing else does to appreciate your fellow man. You form friendships and affections for men in a way that is otherwise impossible. To experience at first hand all of the gayety and humor, all of the determination and endurance, and all of the courage and self-sacrifice which men demonstrate in combat, will permanently change and improve your viewpoint about your fellow men.

Service as a soldier gives you a sense of proportion about what is important and what is not. It makes you appreciate the good things of life you once took for granted. It stops you from

the habit of fussing about trifles.

Service as a soldier should make a normal man psychologically mature so that, spiritually speaking, he has both feet on the ground and is no longer the prey of fear, superstition or gossip. He is able to see himself clearly in relation to life as it really is.

Finally, service as a soldier increases the quality—if not the quantity—of your life. It can make you more of a person than you ever were before or than you could become without it. You become one with the life and with the stream of history of your country. Most important of all, the grim test of war can enable you to realize and fulfill your true relationship to God.

How Faces Turn Red

FATHER, MOTHER AND LITTLE JOEY KANGAROO were hopping through an Australian field. As they bounced along, Junior kept popping out of Mama's pouch like a little jack-in-the-box and diving back again, delaying the progress of the tour.

Father Kangaroo began to scold Joey when mother intervened.

"Don't be hard on him," she pleaded. "It is really my fault—I've got the hiccoughs."

—FROM *The Herald*, Melbourne, Australia

AT AN AUSTRALIAN COASTAL CITY, two youngsters of about 12 paddled their canvas canoe up to an anchored troopship and asked the gold-braided officer leaning over the rail for permission to come aboard. "No" was the answer, but the boys persisted until the officer finally lost his temper.

"Get to hell out of here," he shouted. "You can't come aboard, so clear off."

"Are you the captain of this ship?" asked the youngster in the stern of the canoe.

"No," replied gold braid, "but I'm the fourth officer."

"Then," said the young Australian, "you'd better learn to be a bit more respectful to your superior officers. I'm the captain of this one."

—FROM *The Army*, Australian Service Publication

*"Play ball!" That cry shakes
the bleachers as fans rise in their
seats to cheer the Bushwick leaguers*



Brooklyn's Other Ball Club

by BARNEY NAGLER

WHEN SUNDAY baseball was as illegal as thievery in New York State back in 1916, mild Max Rosner was arrested 29 straight weekends for insisting on purveying the American pastime to sports-hungry Brooklyn.

The elfin Hungarian immigrant wasn't even slightly chagrined when the law reared its watchful countenance. He was never caught with his legal rights down. Today the ruddy-faced owner of the Bushwick Baseball Club, an independent outfit which successfully plies its wares in direct competition with the neighboring Brooklyn Dodgers, can look back upon the legal entanglements and howl.

Cherubic Rosner went into baseball in 1902 to ballyhoo his cigar business. Eighteen years later he was a baseball man first, last and always, and his only contact with cigars was in the smoking.

Rosner has found baseball a re-

munerative business, but his love for the sport goes deeper than his bank balance. One day last summer a newcomer to Dexter Park, home of the Bushwicks, buttonholed Rosner and bubbled over, "Why, Mr. Rosner, you look just like Maxim Litvinov!" Stumped for a moment, Rosner recovered to strike back, "Who is this Mr. Litvinov? In the old days they used to say, 'Max, you look just like Robby.'" Rosner has been roundly flattered when told that he resembled Wilbert (Uncle Robby) Robinson, late manager of the Brooklyn Dodgers.

Not that Rosner is politically illiterate. He even knows Jim Farley. Once Max invited Farley to throw out the ball at the opening of a Bushwick season. Rosner's cronies chided Max, "Farley's too busy to bother with bush league baseball." The Bushwick owner fumed, but waited for his hour of triumph. Today,

included among the many pictures crowding the walls of Rosner's office is one of Farley tossing out a ball at Dexter Park. Beaming in the forefront of the photo is Max himself.

Another photo which makes Rosner swell with pride is one which highlights Max and Babe Ruth in a friendly pose. "A great ball player," Max says, "but such a businessman!"

Rosner has good reason for the fiscal criticism of Ruth. Following one major league season, Max contracted for Ruth to play an exhibition with a team in opposition to the Bushwicks. Seeing no great throng storming the gate, Ruth became worried about his guarantee of 19 hundred dollars for the single game.

"I have to have that money before I pull on my uniform," he told Max. "It doesn't look as if there will be 19 hundred dollars' worth of customers in the stands, and I want my money."

"My advice to you, Babe, is to wait and see," said Rosner. "Your percentage will be higher than 19 hundred dollars, I guarantee."

But Ruth was adamant and Rosner

Barney Nagler was born in Brooklyn in 1912. Six years ago he was "drafted" as a boxing expert, and since that time he has covered every major ring engagement in the country. Between assignments he writes script for the College's Sports Newsreel. He has pounded out copy for the Philadelphia Ledger (now defunct), the Newark Eagle (also defunct) and the New York Journal. His hero is Sergeant Joe Louis, champion in boxing and in good fellowship.



complied. It was a complete sellout. Had Ruth waited a few hours for his percentage, he would have received a flat four thousand dollars instead of 19 hundred.

Rosner adds a charming personal touch to Dexter Park by welcoming each customer as he enters the stadium. This personal greeting habit is a throwback to the time when Sunday baseball was illegal. The anti-Sunday sports statute merely prohibited the sale of tickets to spectators, so the extra-legality of the enterprise was established by "selling" a stick of candy to each customer as the admission fee. Rosner would stand at the gate and hand out the candy.

This subterfuge worked wonders until the time that Max's children discovered the candy cache which he had established in his home. Easily as commercial-minded as their progenitor, Rosner's children chose a Sunday, the day of a Bushwick game, to branch out on their own through the sale of the cached candy to the kids in the neighborhood. When it came time for the Bushwick's owner to take the candy from his home to the ballpark for "sale," he discovered the children's perfidy.

Such a calamity might have stumped another man, but not Rosner. That day the bewildered baseball customers received cigars instead of candy as their admission "fees."

Until 1935 Rosner played the dual role of owner-manager of the Bushwicks, but the chidings of the "tenants," or Anti-Bushwicks, forced Max to abandon his job as manager. Each

time he appeared on the field the "tenants" accused him blatantly of (1) keeping the baseballs in a refrigerator because a frozen ball is difficult to hit for distance and (2) firing any and all umpires who ruled against the Bushwicks in close decisions.

"They chased me off my own field and I don't like it," Max complained at the time. "But all I care about is making money. Who cares about winning ball games?"

The latter indifference is strictly a pose. One season the Bushwicks lost 15 straight games and Rosner fretted to the extent of shedding 15 pounds. But the "tenants" really poured out to see the Bushwicks beat regularly and Rosner's profit during the losing streak was 20 thousand dollars. He threatened to fire his entire team.

Rosner's rivalry with the neighboring Dodgers goes back a long time, to the days of Charley Ebbets, for whom Ebbets Field was named. Back in 1916 the Dodgers were in financial straits. An appeal was made to Rosner and he lent some cash to Ebbets. In return the Dodgers' owner promised to play a single exhibition game.

Ebbets' chagrin was greater than his indebtedness when the Bushwicks defeated the Dodgers three to two. Ebbets demanded a return encounter to save the Dodgers' honor and Rosner was only too happy to comply. The Dodgers easily won the return, but the first game victory established the Bushwicks as the country's top semi-pro team.

Obviously, Rosner has never missed a game at Dexter Park, but he also

wanders over to Ebbets Field, home of the Dodgers, on free days. "I'm so happy when I go to Ebbets Field," Rosner says. "When the Dodgers are losing, the fans keep yelling, 'Max, why don't you bring the Bushwicks to play instead of Dem Bums! They'll show those guys how to play!'"

THE BUSHWICKS have produced many big league stars, including Hank Greenberg and Hank Borowy, and Rosner is rightfully proud of his team's record as a talent spawning ground. Hidden within the graying noggin of the Bushwick's owner, however, is a yarn he would like to forget.

It concerns the time that a young fellow walked up to Max at the Dexter Park gate before a Sunday double-header and said, "Mr. Rosner, Andy Coakley sent me down here to see you." Rosner gave the lad the once-over lightly and noticed that he was carrying a bathing bag, in which were the boy's glove and spiked shoes.

"We don't need any life guards here," Max told the young man, his usual cordiality missing. "This is a ball team and we want ballplayers."

The lad's name was Lou Gehrig.

Oddly, Rosner himself was roundly rebuffed in his first efforts to play baseball. That was in 1902, 10 years after Max's arrival from Hungary, when he encountered difficulty breaking in as the second baseman of an all-Irish aggregation known as the Brooklyn Paramounts. He was a so-so ballplayer, but when the lads on the team learned that he was a prosperous manufacturer they overlooked his field

lapses and his .185 batting average.

Soon Max not only was Paramounts' second-baseman of sorts, but the first "angel" of the club. He purchased uniforms for the team, fenced off their playing field and sank three thousand dollars into the outfit.

Since that time Rosner has run the gamut of teams. He moved the Paramounts to Dexter Park, and then retired from the team's management to boss a thriving outfit in the Bushwick section of Brooklyn. When Ridgewood Park went up in flames one Sunday afternoon, Max moved his team back to Dexter Park and, in 1920, purchased the 10-acre tract for 250 thousand dollars.

Never has the Bushwick's gross for one season fallen below 175 thousand dollars or 400 thousand fans. This record is better than the attendance figures for more than 10 Major League teams, and it outranks by far the receipts of every class C and D league.

At 67 Rosner still is spry enough to

match the shade of his necktie to his shirts. There's only one fallacy in Max's sartorial scheme. Invariably the watch pocket of his trousers bulge all out of proportion to its intended content. The reason is known to only a few of Max's intimates, for within his watch pocket he carries the batting record of each player on the Bushwick's roster.

One day last summer, residents in the vicinity of Dexter Park were amused to see the usually meticulous Rosner carting stones into the ballpark. Max's mysterious maneuvers continued for several days, and nobody was allowed within the ballpark to find out what purpose the stones were to serve.

The next Sunday, when the Bushwicks were scheduled to play a double-header, the fans poured into the park to find a new trimming out on the center field terrace. Spelled out in the grass background in white stones was the legend: GOD BLESS AMERICA!

Subversive Underground

LAST FALL the German military bible "Principles of War," by Carl von Clausewitz, was translated and re-issued in this country. The book was scarcely off the press before the publishers received a call from the ever-alert FBI. "Who is this German army officer von Clausewitz and how did he get into this country? Where is he now and why has he not registered as an enemy alien?" Simultaneously came a letter from the editors of "Who's Who" requesting a brief biography of the author for inclusion in their next edition.

Gently the publishers broke the news. The book—a military classic which after 100 years is still regarded as authoritative by army men—was based on tactics of the Napoleonic wars which von Clausewitz viewed from a front seat. The suspected subversive who almost made "Who's Who" has been in the sub-soil for 112 years.

—BERTRAM HALE

On the V-Shift



Panoramerica: In Newark, New Jersey, where domestic help is scarce as a new rubber tire, Mrs. William Bernstein baits her Help Wanted ad in a local paper with this line—"Can wear my mink coat on day off." Shortly after the paper hits the stands, 600 interested parties call in. Nine out of ten inquire first about the size of the coat, only secondarily about wages . . . The manager of the state prison farm in Snipe, Texas, chides prisoners for hoarding knives when American soldiers need them to carve up the enemy. Forthwith he receives a gift of 40 long-bladed weapons . . . In Detroit there's a curbstone trailer which recruits men on street corners—not for soldiering but for jobs as motormen and conductors, direly needed for streetcar duty . . . To make way for convalescent sailors, the Mary Lyon College obligingly moves from its campus in Swarthmore, Pennsylvania, to the Henry Hudson Hotel in New York. No sooner done, than the college must move again to the Barbizon-Plaza Hotel to make way for 300 Navy ensigns and lieutenants . . .

"M" Stands for Vengeance: His name was Leonard Kram, member of a tanker gun crew. He went down with his ship which after being torpedoed, burned and sank in the North Atlantic in February, 1942. His uncle was Isaac Goldston, vice president of

the National Tile and Marble Corporation of New York, which only recently received the U.S. Maritime Commission's coveted "M" award for production achievements that will save the lives of thousands of Leonard Krams in this war. For upon learning of his nephew's death, Goldston instantly headed for Washington to get all the contracts he could for fireproofing merchant vessels. When he returned, he urged the company's several thousand employes to help him in every way possible to improve existing fireproofing devices. They responded by developing a new tiling which controls the spread of fire between a ship's holds and eliminates the poisonous gas fumes which cause so many fatalities. Moreover, they cut the time required to fireproof a ship from 22 days to just 48 hours!

Victory Treasure Trove: A low-level bombsight for precision bombing at hedge-hopping heights (Norman Greene, Berwyn, Pennsylvania). . . . A paper parachute for dropping medical and emergency supplies (Dennison Manufacturing Company, Framingham, Massachusetts). . . . A wide-angle periscope for tanks through which a tank commander can see almost as much territory as if he were outside (Lt. Col. David J. Crawford, USA). . . . Mammoth floating repair shops able

to service the biggest ships afloat, which will follow them right into the battle zone to do it. Built in sections, each a complete drydock in itself, the shops should add the equivalent of several new vessels to our Navy by cutting repair time weeks and months. . . . A *smoke generator* that produces clouds of smoke that are dense, persistent, similar to natural clouds and fog, perfect for camouflage use. (Dr. Irving Langmuir and V. J. Schaefer, General Electric Company).

Quick Salutes: To Elkton, Maryland (peacetime population—35 hundred), which when flooded with new war-worker citizens, did a job-royal in ironing out its housing problem. Social and civic groups combed every home in town for extra living space while ministers pleaded from their pulpits for "lebensraum" for the newcomers. Result: 85 per cent of all Elkton homes now house one or more war guests . . . To the L. Bamberger Department Store in Newark, New Jersey, for opening a pint-size branch in the Otis

Elevator Plant in Harrison, New Jersey. Since the store so neatly solves many of the shopping problems of working women and thus helps reduce absenteeism, it may well be a fore-runner of many other stores-within-factories . . . To Grumman Aircraft for its "green trucks" manned by skilled mechanics, who dash out to the homes of women workers to disconnect iron cords absentmindedly left plugged in, fix leaky faucets, do minor carpentry and plumbing repair jobs—so that housewives may turn out planes with minds at ease . . . To the American Bible Society which is providing the lifeboats and rafts of merchant ships with New Testaments wrapped in waterproof containers . . . To Boeing workers in Wichita, Kansas who are doing double duty in the factory and on the farm. For example: S. G. Kelly, mechanic, who travels 180 miles a day after working the second shift to get to his farm, where he works a quarter section of land, tends 20 cattle, 17 hogs, 2 mules and 160 chickens.

—LAWRENCE GALTON

Love Life of a Mosquito

MOSQUITOES woo by radio waves. The lovelorn female broadcasts her candidacy for courtship with her wings, which transmit 350 vibrations per second. Though the sound is audible to human ears, the male mosquito can only intercept the vibrations by tuning in on his receiving set—the two broom-like feelers on his head. Then, by adjusting his loop antenna in the direction of the greatest strength and clarity, he comes in on the beam until he contacts his prospective wife. This courtship has been authenticated by Professor C. L. Fluke, Wisconsin University entomologist, who has duped the amorous male by duplicating the vibration frequency with a tuning fork.

—S. R. WINTERS

Stop, Slow and Live Longer

by ARTHUR STEINH



"REJOICE, WE CONQUER," gasped Pheidippides as he fell dead at the feet of the city fathers on the outskirts of Athens. It was in 490 B.C. that General Miltiades sent the soldier from the Marathon battlefield to the capital—a distance of 22 miles—to report victory over the Persians. When in 1896 the Olympics were revived in Athens, the measure for the now classic "marathon" was set at 26 miles, 385 yards. But no runner has since died.

In 1936, Kitei Son finished in a new record time. But he kept on running and completed an additional quarter-mile circuit before leaving the stadium. The Derby victor is trotted another lap before coming up for laurels. This is not to prove the toughness of athlete or horse. It is the scientifically correct way to recover in a hurry. Had Pheidippides kept on running his fate might have been different. Only the inexperienced runner permits himself to fall into the arms of admiring friends at the finish.

Try this experiment on yourself. Dash up three flights of stairs. On arrival slump into a chair, completely relaxed. See how long it takes your breathing and heart thumping to become quiet. Another time after rushing up the stairs walk around—or if you sit down, keep moving your arms and legs actively. Your breathing and heart rate will recover much more

quickly. The fat salesman who arrives at his customer's office too breathless to talk might take note.

Acids and other products produced by exercising muscles cause capillaries to open wide, thus getting more blood to the needy muscles. But trouble may result should an athlete suddenly relax completely. The increased flow of blood will stagnate in the open capillaries with nothing to drive it back to the heart. Dizziness, nausea or even fainting may result. For this reason, flyers are advised to refrain from strenuous exercise before entering the close confines of their planes, or from sitting entirely still, especially at high altitudes where oxygen is scarce. And basketball players are cautioned to keep moving during the coach's between-halves tirade. Pedaling an imaginary inverted bicycle may make them look foolish, but it means rapid recovery from heated exercise.

Only the contractions of muscles in arms, trunk, legs and internal organs can drive blood back to the heart. Contracting muscle cells thicken, pinching the capillaries lying between them and forcing the contained blood on its way. For a lying position the movements of breathing and the activity of certain viscera are enough; but for standing it takes more.

An average person will faint in less than 30 minutes if he is held motionlessly upright. The new recruit may

feel dizzy and weak while waiting stiffly for the inspecting officer. Later he learns that by inconspicuous toe wiggling and leg muscle contractions he can drive enough blood back to the heart to keep him from blacking out. The contraction and relaxation of any body muscle is in this sense a heart beat. In fact it is called "peripheral heart action."

You have about five quarts of blood. The capillaries alone could hold nearly nine quarts were they all wide open. During quiet standing the heart pumps out only four and one-half quarts a minute because no more blood is forced back to it from the outlying capillaries. But with the lightest exercise, such as arm and leg raising, nearly eight quarts are returned to the heart each minute and therefore pumped out again. In strenuous exertion peripheral heart action is so great that 40 or more quarts may be forced around the circuit per minute. This speed-up of delivery service supplies the greater demands for oxygen in exercise.

The little girl who climbs off her office chair and scampers down the hall to the red vending machine need not worry if she finds her favorite

drink sold out. If she but shake her fist at the machine she will get refreshment, for after all that is the pause that refreshes. Just to stretch or yawn without leaving her desk will increase peripheral heart action with reviving effects. Of this nature also is the refreshment of the "seventh inning stretch," the wriggling of pent-up school children, and the "belly laugh" induced by the clever speaker.

Even in good sleep there is movement. When you waken with wrinkles of the bedding printed on your chest you may have "slept like a log," but you also feel like one. Paradoxically, the most restful sleep is somewhat restless—at least one major movement every seven to ten minutes. More movement helps you to waken. Watch a baby or a cat stretch and yawn itself awake. Tomorrow morning do the same. Start by wiggling your toes and stretching your arms. Now tighten and relax the muscles of thigh and leg. Next, alternately draw in and let out your abdominal muscles. Follow with a few set-ups and vigorous body bends, forward and sideward, not backward. Then on your feet for a running start on the day. But remember—you'll have to keep moving.

Schools Go to War

Hats off to America's schools! This is what they did in 1942:
Trained more than three million people for war work
Sold over 38 million dollars' worth of War Bonds and Stamps
Collected 150 thousand tons of waste paper
Sponsored 169 thousand acres of Victory gardens
Produced 300 thousand model airplanes
Gave three million comfort and recreational articles
Made 500 thousand garments for men in uniform

—*Vocational Trends*

Because her voice reminds the doughboy of his "one and only" back home, Dinah Shore is known as Sweetheart of the AEF

that she's been a hit with the Yanks since she first started singing. She has sold millions of records and has won the title of "Sweetheart of the AEF." She has sold more than 10 million records and has won the title of "Sweetheart of the AEF." She has sold more than 10 million records and has won the title of "Sweetheart of the AEF."



Songstress to Every Soldier

by HARRY T. PAXTON

THE SECRET of Dinah Shore's unchallenged title of AEF Blues Singer No. 1 is that Dinah loves the soldiers as much as the soldiers love Dinah. It's true that she is the only singer, masculine or feminine, so popular with the Yanks that the Army gives her a weekly solo spot on their short wave broadcasts to the AEF—but the feeling is mutual. She is probably also the only singer, masculine or feminine, who ever stopped her car in the desert to sing to a lone sentry who, because of duty, had missed the show at camp.

"Hi ya, soldier! My name's Dinah. What's yours?" is her usual greeting to the men of the armed forces, and she reportedly likes the privates best of all. Privates or generals, front-line Yanks from northern Ireland to New Caledonia feel about Dinah Shore pretty much the way the doughboys of 1917 felt about Elsie Janis. Miss

Janis herself calls Dinah today's Sweetheart of the AEF.

Her AEF standing is no matter of guesswork. Entertainers for the Army short wave show, *Command Performance*, are selected strictly on the basis of mail requests. In the early months Dinah was summoned to the microphone nine times, many a chorus ahead of other singers. Dinah leads all others on *GI Jive*, a phonograph record broadcast conducted by *Yank*, the Army magazine. She has been proclaimed Queen of Manhattan's Seventh Regiment and she is the Sweetheart of Army camps all over the country.

Dinah's own explanation is modest but incomplete. She can sing the blues, she says, because her southern Mammy brought her up on Negro spirituals, and because her voice dropped from soprano to contralto while she was a cheerleader at Vanderbilt Uni-

versity. The bigger reason for Dinah's ace-high popularity is Dinah herself. She accepts her Queenhood with humility. She arrives at Army camps without a single press agent or photographer. "I'll keep on singing as long as you want to listen," she announces cheerfully. She never forgets to visit the camp hospitals, where, if no piano is available, the patients clap out accompaniments with their hands. People who knew her when, note that the 150 thousand dollar a year Dinah greets them with neither more nor less enthusiasm than the Dinah who sang for nothing.

If you ask a soldier overseas why he prefers Dinah Shore, he'd probably shift from one foot to another and finally say it's because he likes her voice. The voice is certainly good. It's throaty, intimate, and friendly. But the reason it reaches the doughboy, who is often carrying on a running fight against home sickness, is that it seems to bring with it the family living room, or the corner juke place, or the one-and-only girl back home. Every soldier who hears Dinah knows that she is singing to him alone.

THREE YEARS AGO no such mutual admiration existed between Dinah and her listeners. Though she has been singing publicly since she was 10 and appeared before her mother's ladies aid society to render *I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby*, Dinah's blues singing career didn't skyrocket until 1940 when she became Diva of the Blues on the Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street. In between,

there were tears, and many a good long pull on her own bootstraps.

At 14 Dinah (neé Frances Rose) sang in a Nashville, Tenn. night club—for one night. Her parents happened to be in the cabaret on the very evening she slipped out for her opening performance. At 18 (her sophomore year at Vanderbilt University) she was beating a path to Nashville radio station WSM, and finally secured a billing there as Cheerleader of Song at fees up to 15 dollars a broadcast. During her vacation in 1937, Dinah invaded Manhattan.

The only man in New York who thought Dinah might make something of her singing was Jimmy Rich, music director of station WNEW. He told her to come back after she had finished college. Dinah followed his advice to the letter. She was back the next year, with a bachelor of arts degree, a small allowance from home, and determination to win the battle through all-out assault.

She went through all the traditional vicissitudes of the struggling artist, except starvation. She was auditioned by Tommy Dorsey, Jimmy Dorsey, Benny Goodman, and various other high priests of popular music—and rejected each time. She spent most of her time at WNEW, where, under Rich's exacting instruction she learned how to handle her voice and gradually worked herself up to singing on the radio for nothing.

Meeting George Simon, editor of the trade magazine *Metronome*, is a Cinderella touch in Dinah Shore's success story. Simon heard her sing at an

informal party. In a 1938 fall issue of *Metronome* he prophesied that she would become the nation's No. 1 girl singer, and placed his own bets by securing a hearing for her at National Broadcasting Company.

She broke into commercial radio on an Eddie Cantor program. She signed a long term contract to sing on Victor Bluebird records, and made a recording of *Yes, My Darling Daughter* which sold a fabulous half-million copies. The *World Telegram* poll of radio editors named her the outstanding radio discovery of 1940. The same poll later rated her tops among all feminine singers of popular songs for 1941 and 1942, as did a similar ballot by *Motion Picture Daily* for those years and by *Movie-Radio Guide* for 1943.

Today her phonograph sales have broken all marks for girl singers—more than one million in 1941 and more than two million in 1942.

On the juke boxes, she plays Queen to Bing Crosby's King. In fact when the two meet in Hollywood their usual greeting is: "How's the king?" and "How's the queen?"

On the radio, she has two commercial spots a week—one, the Eddie Cantor half hour, the other her 15-minute solo program. With these terminating for the summer, she will be heard over NBC.

A year ago Dinah moved on to

Credit is herewith extended to the following for photographs used in *Through the Periscope*: Acme Newspictures, Inc.; Black Star Publishing Co.; British Information Service; European Picture Service; *Fighting Freighters*, a World in Action film; International News Photos; Pix Publishing, Inc.; U. S. Coast Guard; U. S. Maritime Commission; U. S. Navy.

Hollywood. There she is now slated either for the film version of *Showboat*, in the part the late Helen Morgan made famous, or for the title role of a film based on the life of Miss Morgan herself.

Dinah, it appears, is inexhaustible. In one week last fall she started work on *Thank Your Lucky Stars*, broadcast her own show, sang on Eddie Cantor's program, appeared at the opening of the Stage Door Canteen in Hollywood, and sang at several Army camps. The week before she had staged seven shows for soldiers in one day.

It's no wonder it takes a board of five to handle her affairs.

Dinah is a camera fan, a pianist, and a good cook. Furthermore she is slender and animated, and she has a 21-inch waistline—very tiny indeed for a business where the diaphragm is stock in trade.

No, she's not married. Chief attraction is one of Hollywood's prominent leading men, now in the armed forces. But, as they say in Nashville, "In the South, we prefer to have the gentleman announce it."

Ask the Man, Dear

WHEN HE SAYS TO YOU: "That's a silly hat," he means "Darling, it does not make you as pretty as you are." Men are funny about hats, but they can tell what becomes you—so don't mistrust their judgment.—**LILLY DACHE**, AS QUOTED IN THE *Washington Post*.





Picture Story:

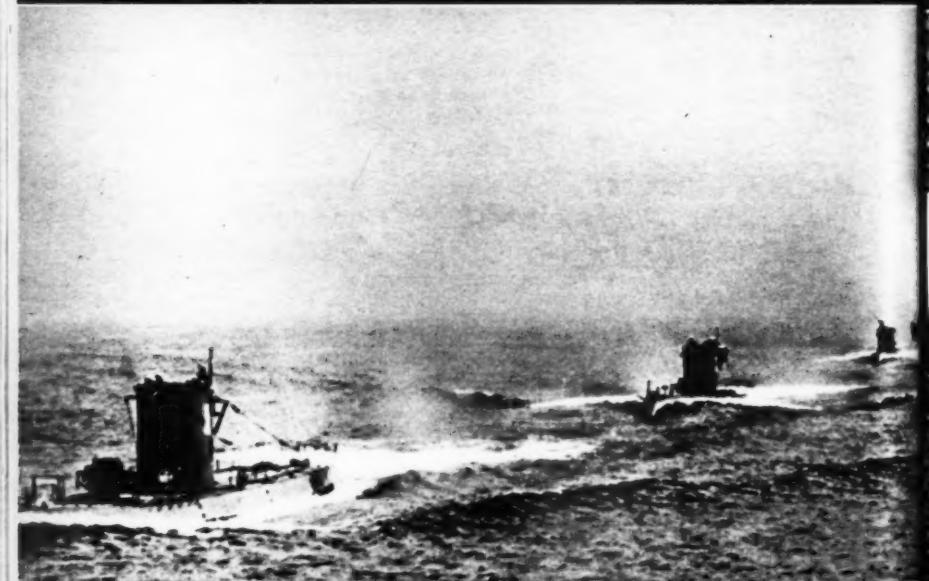
Through the Periscope

HAVING NARROWLY FAILED to win the war with one American invention—the airplane—Hitler is desperately trying to win it with another. And if we now lose to him—as indeed we still can—our defeat will be written in the white torpedo wakes of the U-boot flotilla. The Nazi super-submarine of today makes a toy of the pig boat that almost won the last war for Kaiser Wilhelm. Roving the seas in "schools of packs," these craft pursue their mission: to sever the North Atlantic lifeline, to starve Britain to death, to choke off our fighting fronts and to bury our supplies, our men and our cause deep in the ocean. . . . This is their vision. But the hand that invented the submarine will surely be clever enough to crush it.

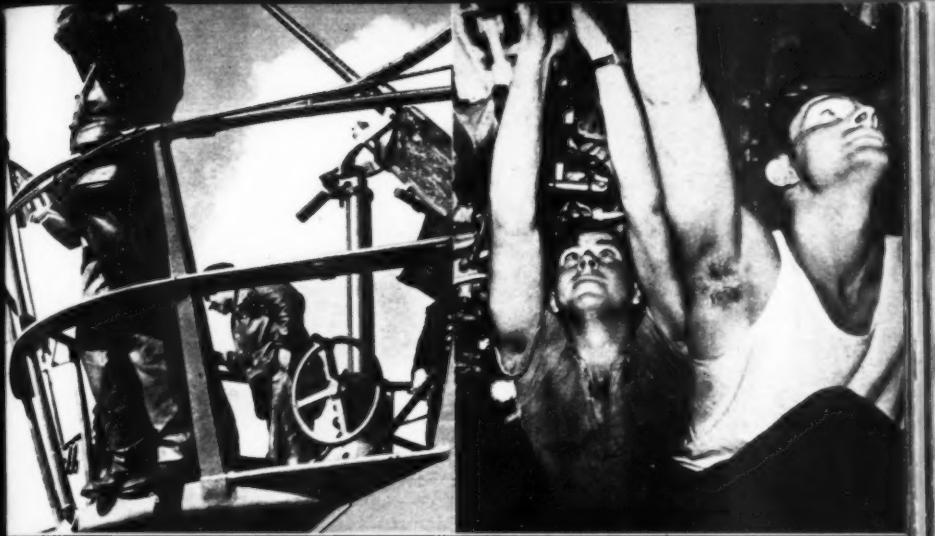




Sa lang! Viel Glück! Another U-boat slips out to sea. Since the ex-submarine commander, Doenitz, took over the whole German navy, these craft have bled us of as much as half a million tons of shipping a month.

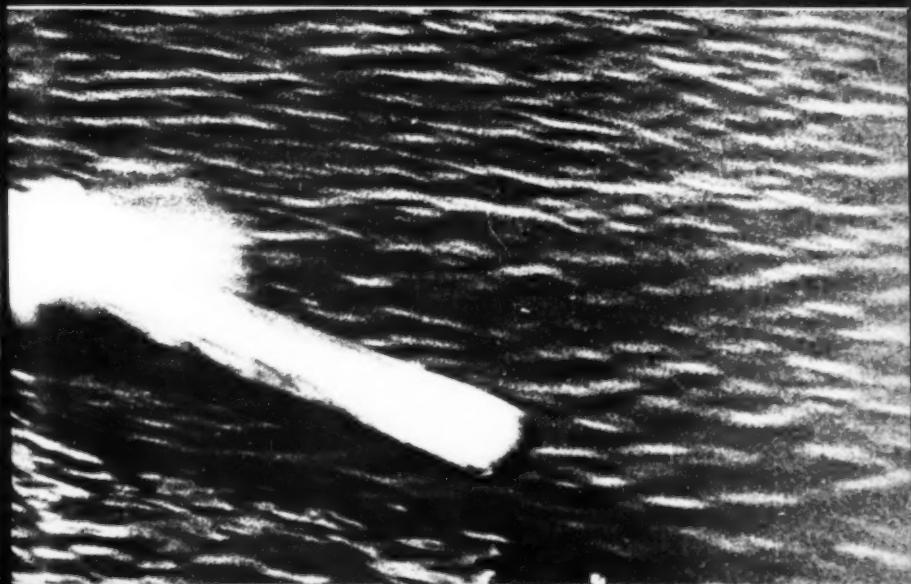


Admiral Doenitz is believed to have some 700 subs. His strategy has been to send every available U-boat to sea simultaneously, instead of in staggered groups. Hence the "up and down" tempo of Axis raids.

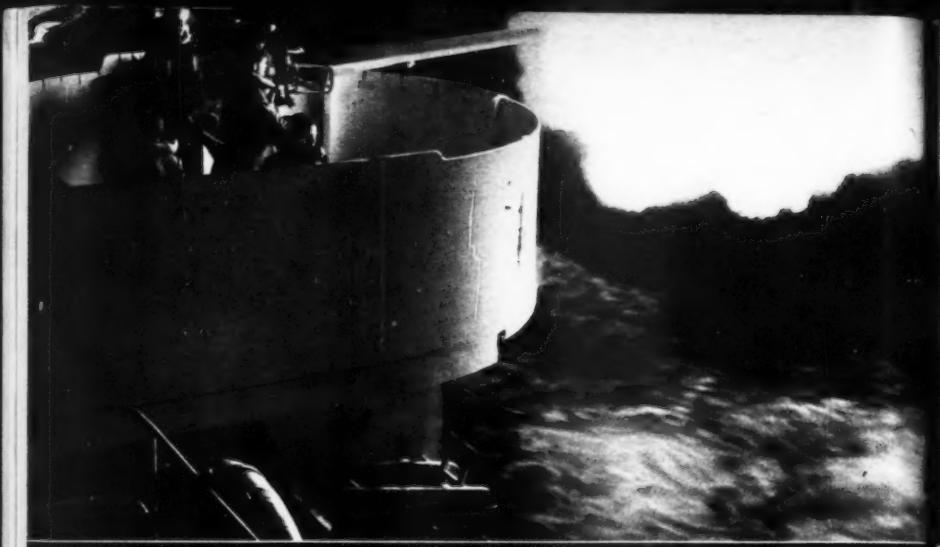


Convoys sighted! The U-boat will now submerge and maneuver into attack position—probably to within less than a thousand yards of its victim.

Battle stations! Forty-five automatons, functioning with hair-breadth precision, leap to the controls.



Fire! The deadly torpedo drives toward its target. Beginning at a 45-knot pace, it could speed for eight miles before sinking. But this one does not miss.



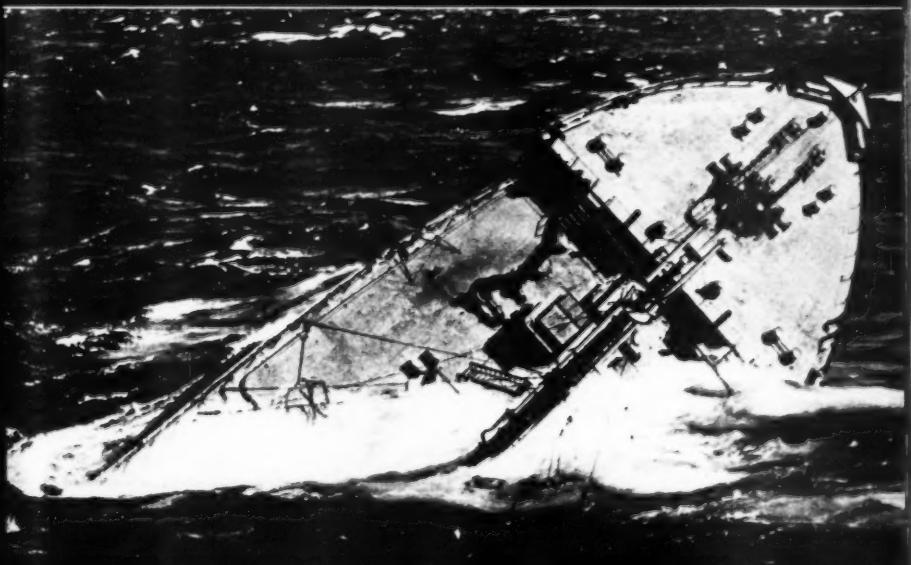
Mortally wounded, the vessel musters its forces to strike back. The gun crew fires at point-blank range.



Mixing frugality with contempt, the U-boat rises to the surface to finish off the victim with its powerful deck gun.



Only the sea can now quench the flames of the stricken vessel. The life of most torpedoed ships is numbered in minutes.



Down goes another fighting freighter. Thus, the U-boat has literally knocked hundreds of troops out of action—for it requires 10 tons of shipping to put one soldier in the field, a ton and a half each month to keep him supplied.



Two of the "black gang" from below
battle their way to the life rafts.
Others are buried in a wall of water.



The survivors drift for days until
sighted by a friendly ship.



They emerge from the sea shaken, oil-stained and exhausted—but full of
fight, bulwarked by hate. You bet they'll go back to sea again.



Triumphant, after cruising perhaps 12 thousand miles in search of its prey, the U-boat returns to its bomb-proof water garage. Lorient, St. Nazaire, Trondheim and Narvik harbor most of these craft.



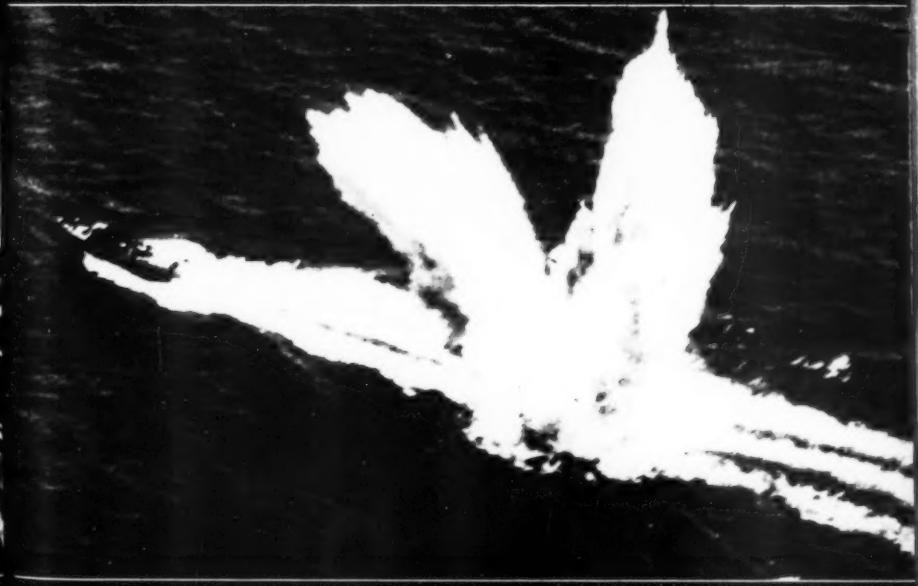
Meanwhile, the Nazis' top-priority industry hums feverishly day and night. Their submarine construction plants are turning out two U-boats for every one we destroy.



The United Nations fight the U-boat with a multiplicity of weapons. An American PC boat plows the Atlantic on submarine patrol duty.



Off the British Isles, a patrol boat drops its depth charge. The desperate need is for more escort vessels, and these we are at last building in quantity.



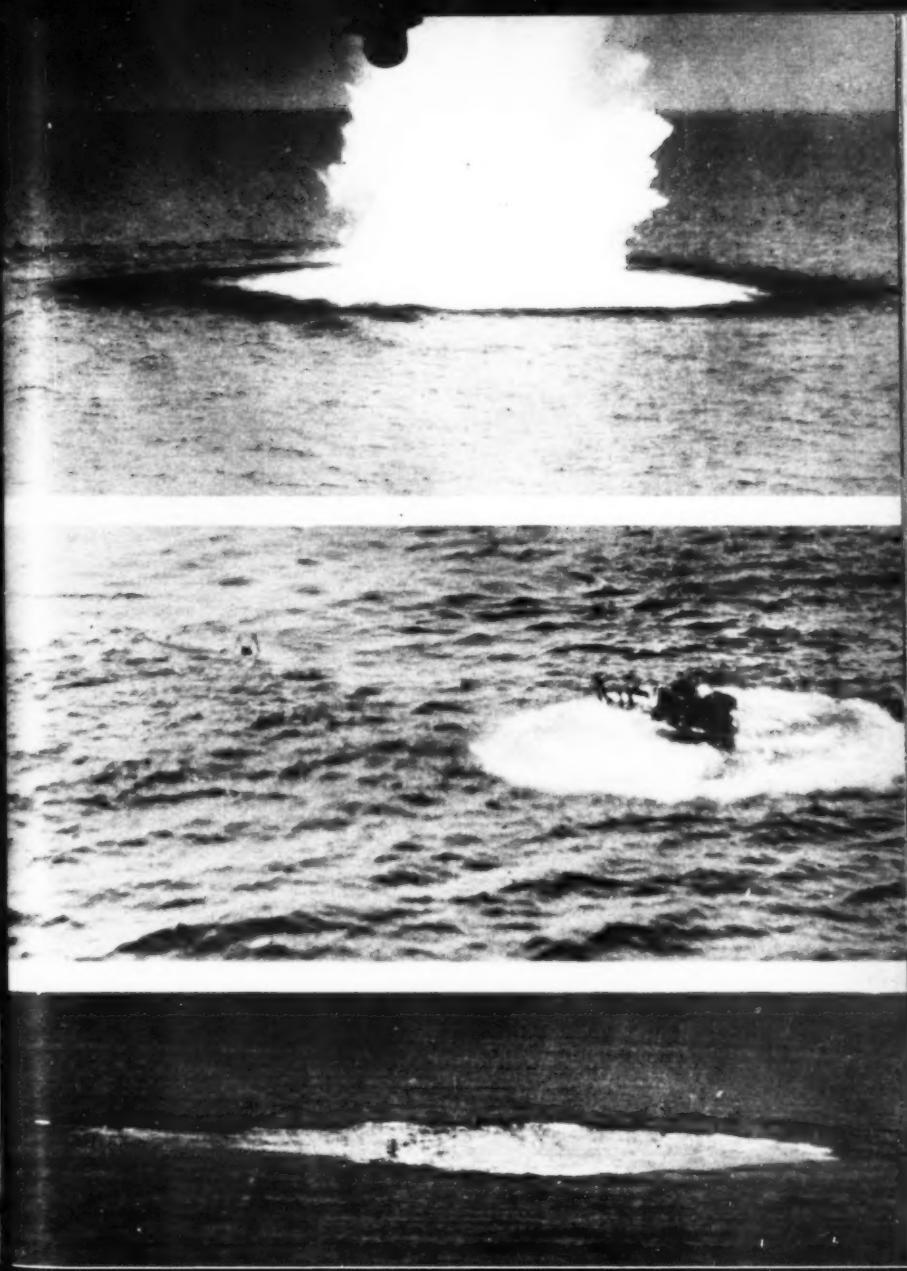
In the Black Sea, swift vedettes of the Soviet fleet have struck with amazing effectiveness at the underseas enemy.



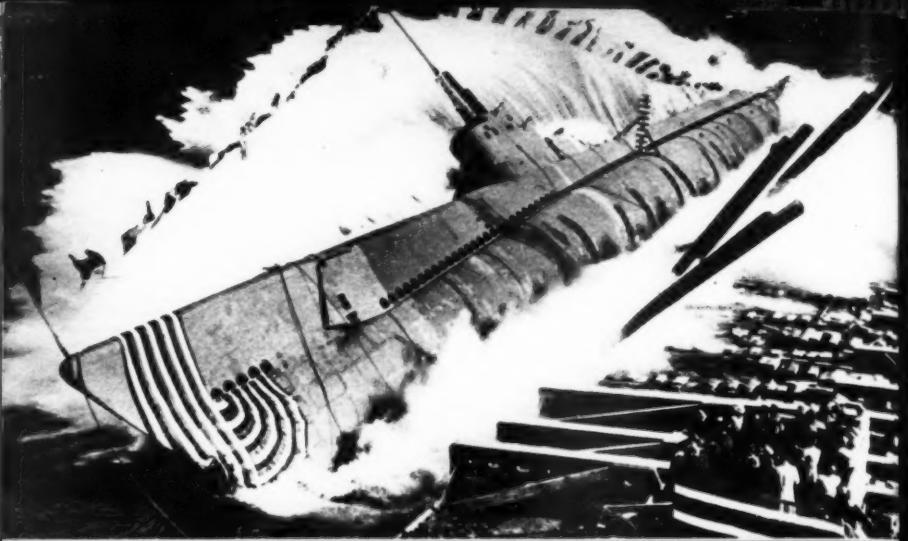
From overhead the air patrol scans the sea. But there is a 750-mile gap in mid-Atlantic where convoys must move on their own, unattended except by corvettes or destroyers.



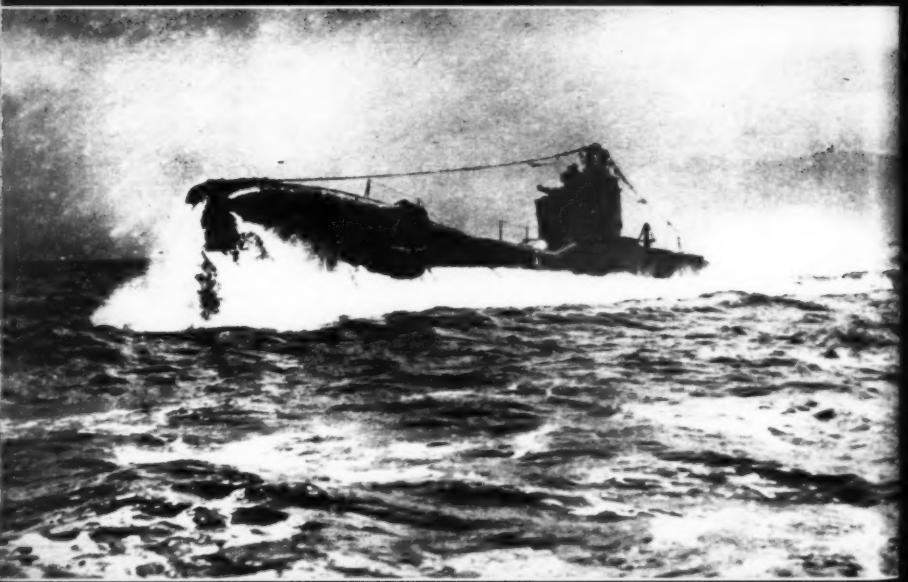
Sub sighted! It attempts a crash dive. Capable of diving 200 feet in 20 seconds, the U-boat can withstand pressures of 600 to 700 feet.



But the plane is quicker than the submarine. There goes the bomb! A perfect hit—the sub is forced to the surface by the explosion.... Then the tell-tale patch of oil spreading over the sea. One more raider will never return to its base, never strike again.



Two can play at this game of undersea warfare. In a sideways launching, another American submarine—as formidable as anything the Nazis can contrive—takes to the water with a great splash.



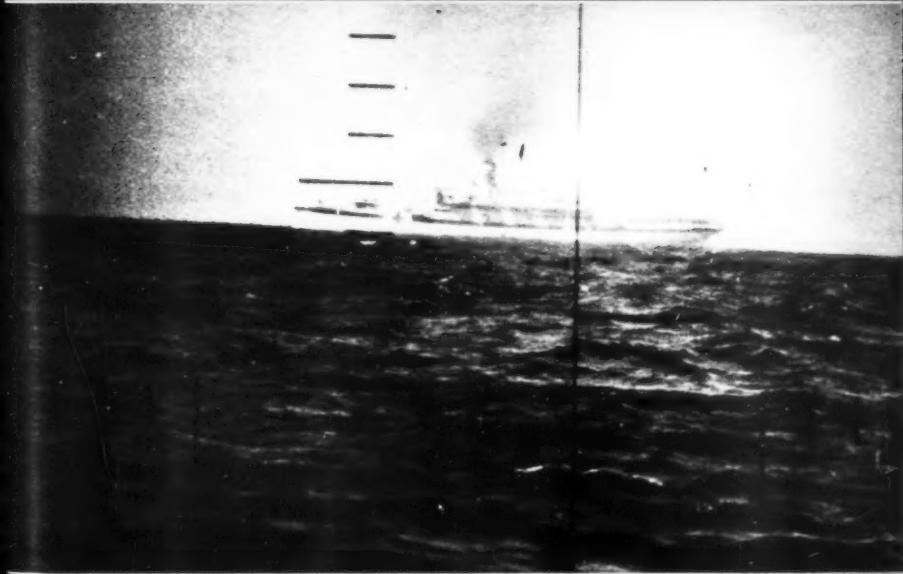
Britain's proudest raider, the H.M.S. Taku, has run up a remarkable string off the Norwegian coast and in the Aegean Sea; it has even bombarded enemy-occupied harbors. And now it sets off on another mission.



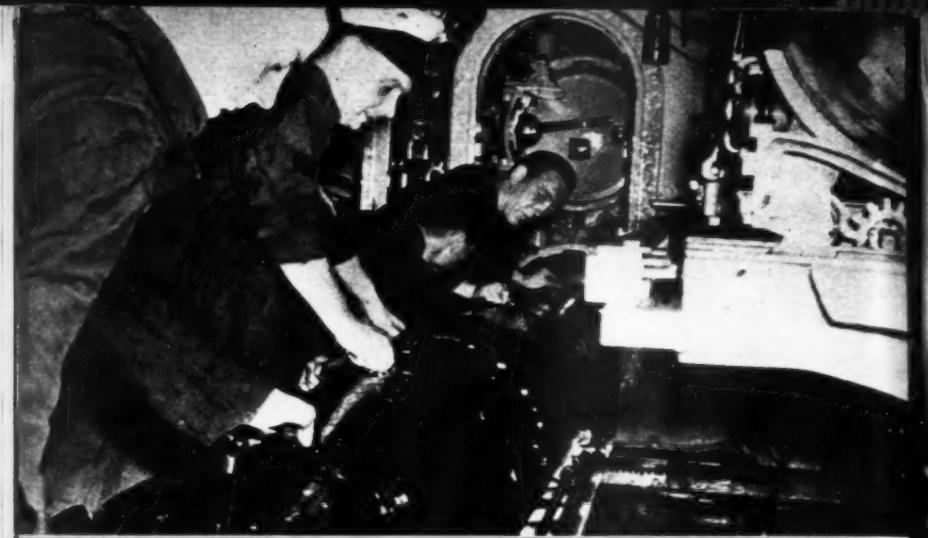
Under the projecting engine of a Navy blimp, an American submarine points its nose straight toward Tokyo across the Pacific.



At the periscope, in enemy waters, the officer sees a dark green film cover the lens. Now the sub can travel in comparative security at dive level.



Up for another look. But this is a hospital ship and we let it pass in safety. For the Allies' code is to temper war with mercy.



This time the foe is worthy of our steel. The commander has sighted a
destroyer. The crew fires, reloads and fires again.



Hirohito's ships look best at this angle! This destroyer sank in nine minutes!



It's a weird life our submariners lead. Here's an appendectomy 20 thousand leagues under the sea.



Here's a mascot reunion back home in port. Somebody ought to strike a special medal for men who can live in a submarine for a month or more and still remember how to smile.



At sea, the battle of the shipping lanes goes on. We must keep watch, we must guard this lifeline of democracy above all else. For when we have smashed Hitler's last U-boat we will have smashed his last hope.





Have You the Key to the Cabinet?

HERE ARE the confidential advisers to the President—the 10 department heads who form the Roosevelt Cabinet. Only three of these faces were in the original group which the newly-elected President gathered about him in 1933, but all have appeared in public print often enough to be readily recognized. Consequently, you score only one point each for naming the pictures. But for every person whom you can correctly identify by title, give yourself an additional two points. Thus a perfect score is 30, although you may count yourself well-informed with a 25 rating. If under 20, a brush-up is in order. Answers are on page 122.

7

8





Hollywood Story

The Amazons Arrive

With hair down, Bunny Waters stands six feet tall in her bare feet. With high heels and her hair in a pompadour, Miss Waters has to be measured with three or four yard sticks. She has no trouble at all peeking into second story windows.

Miss Waters is a show girl. In the show business a show girl is a young lady who marches up and down before the cash customers, clad in just enough apparel to make a hankie for a midget. She need not sing. She does not have to dance. She only has to smile, walk up and down, and look very beautiful.

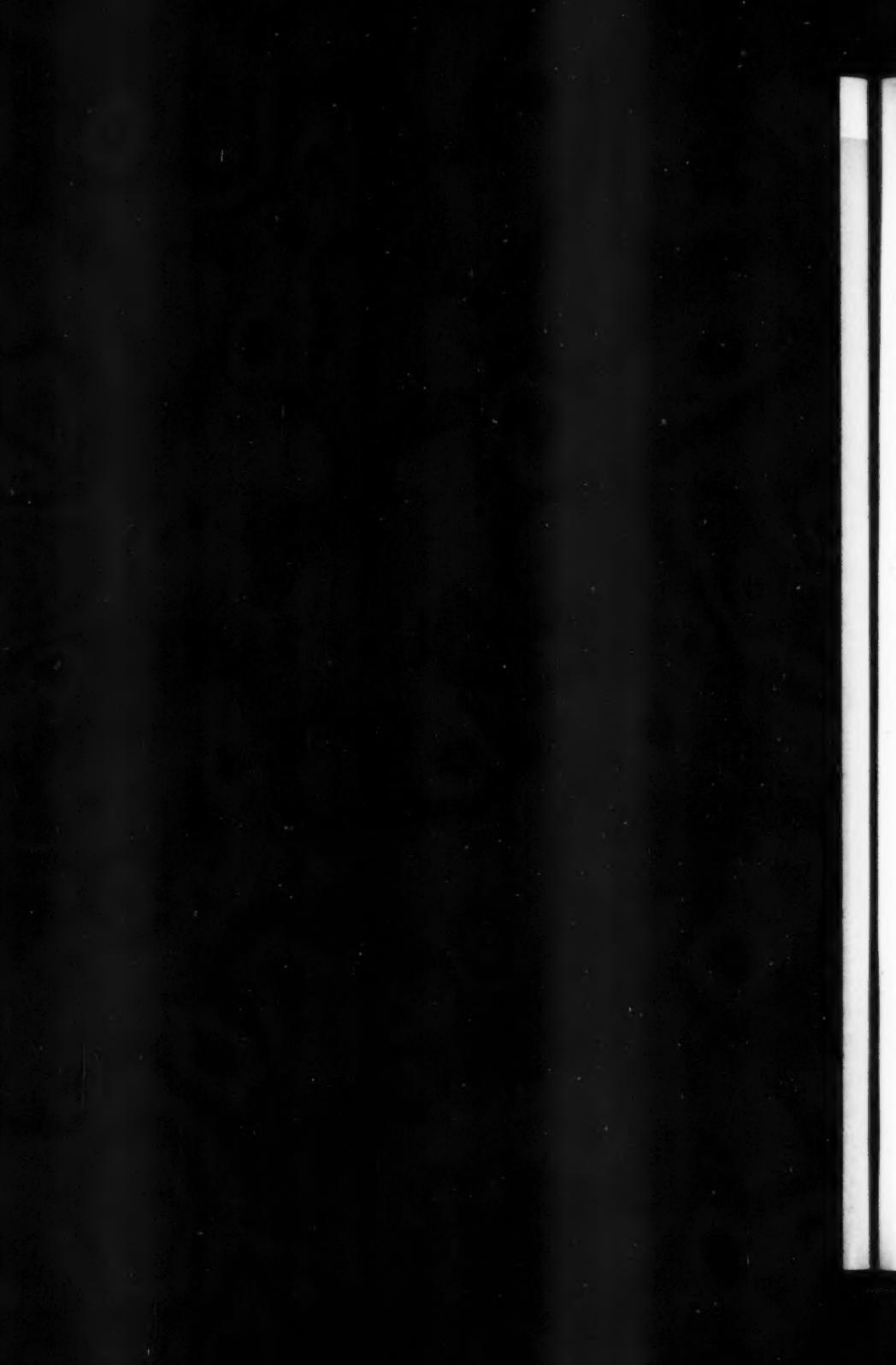
Bunny Waters is therefore unique among show girls because she walks, talks, smiles, sings, dances, *and* looks beautiful. After several years in the night clubs of New York, she has come to Hollywood. When she walks down Hollywood Boulevard the citizens look up and gape, as yokels do at skyscrapers. The case-hardened residents of Hollywood, accustomed to all sorts of freaks of nature, don't look twice when a herd of elephants passes by. But they gape at Bunny Waters. The reason is simple—there are no tall girls in the film capital.

For Hollywood, which has bor-

rowed every Broadway trick ever invented, strangely enough has never adopted one invented by Florenz Ziegfeld and imitated by every one of his successors—the skyscraper show girl. Hollywood show girls have always been chorus girl size, which is shorter than tall. It's a well known fact that any young lady over five feet eight who comes to Hollywood in search of a career may find one modeling for totem poles but never for studios. Tall girls have always been tabu—until now.

The new deal in Hollywood show girls came into office when M-G-M decided to make a musical called *As Thousands Cheer* and sent out a call for six tall show girls. Traditions went by the boards when a half dozen of the longest-stemmed American beauties in the world were rescued from Broadway night clubs and imported to the film colony.

Miss Waters is the tallest of the six. You see her here in a scene from *As Thousands Cheer*. Ask her if she is self-conscious about her height, and Miss Waters will reply: "Heavens no! I can always get a breath of fresh air in a crowd and, since I've grown up, I haven't missed seeing a parade."





Here is a forecast of world affairs by a man whose knowledge enables him to predict the shape of things to come

Benes: Prophet with Honor

by LOUISE LEONARD WRIGHT

NEXT WINTER will be the last winter of war events in Europe. The war will conclude with a great victory for the United Nations. I think it will come between November, 1943 and April, 1944 but it will not be easy work." This is the prophecy of President Eduard Benes, the man who, as an exile from his betrayed country, said in November, 1938:

"Here (in the West) they may still believe that in Munich they saved peace. Soon they will all discover that they are already at war. Munich made war inevitable. I do not know when it will break, possibly in a year, perhaps in two or three. I personally doubt whether it will take more than a year. The first to suffer the blow will be Poland. Josef Beck helped and helps Hitler against us, but actually he is helping Hitler against Poland and the rest. France will pay horribly for her betrayal of us. And Chamberlain—he

will still live to see the results of his appeasement of Hitler and Mussolini. Hitler will attack all in the West and even Russia—and in the end, America, too, will be in it."

Ten months later (September, 1939), within the year which Benes predicted, Germany had attacked Poland and Chamberlain had lived to admit to parliament that peace had not come in our time. In another ten months (June, 1940), France paid "horribly" not only by accepting military defeat but also by civil disintegration. A year later (June, 1941), Germany attacked Russia and six months after that, America, too, was "in it."

The accuracy of this prophecy makes one read soberly the following prediction of the way in which next year's victory is to come. Dr. Benes gave his forecast on May 24, 1943, during a visit he made to Chicago.

"Great events will take place in

Russia. The successful British-American offensive in North Africa heralds a far-reaching turn in the military events of the present war; it is the beginning of the actual second front in Western Europe. A new and unprecedented air offensive and new serious action involving France will ensue, making her a military factor to be reckoned with among the United Nations. In this final phase I expect the most important battles on the Eastern front and the withdrawal of the whole German army to a new line, to the so-called East Wall, Riga-Dvina-Pripect Marshes and Dniester, which is recognized as the last line of German resistance in the East.

"That moment will mark the turn of events in all the occupied countries. I expect Italy to get out of the war as soon as the present offensive in the Mediterranean develops sufficiently. She will be soon ripe for the inevitable fall of Fascism and the whole present regime. The fall of Germany, accompanied by internal insurrections, political revolts and revolutions in the occupied Allied countries as well as in those of Germany's small allies, will be the last chapter of the final military operations in Europe of the Allied armies simultaneously from the West, South and East. In its final phase it will involve an aerial bombardment on a uniquely vast scale.

"I expect that the military and political disaster of Japan will come very soon after these European events. The military defeat of Japan will not be less than that of Germany. The final disaster of the Axis powers will

be of a much greater scope than that of 1918. It will go further and deeper and the situation of the world at the time of the armistice will be far more difficult than it was in November and December, 1918."

In spite of his conviction that the situation will be more difficult than after the last war, Benes believes that a new democratization of the world is to be the result of this war. "All the nations that are oppressed and occupied today, suffering and starving, will be free again, Nazism and Fascism eradicated, France re-established, Europe on the way of the Renaissance, the Soviet Union on the new way of collaboration with Great Britain and the United States, China again in peace and the Far East in complete reconstruction. All that is, of course, far from us today—but I expect this development as sure and rather faster than most people think."

THIS SHOWS Benes' optimistic spirit and his unwavering faith in democracy, a faith which led him to trust his democratic friends at Munich even when he could not agree with them. As he said in a private conversation, "You have to trust some one." To Benes, this war is a continuation of the first World War. He quotes Wilson's statement that the aim of the war is the same as it was in 1917—"to make the world safe for democracy."

That the Second World War will be continued into a Third World War is predicted by Benes if three conditions are not met. Germany must be cleansed by internal revolution; Russia must

be an integral part of the European equilibrium; the main principles of collective security must be applied.

Benes believes that the fate of all that Hitler has accomplished for the German nation will be the same as the fate of the Munich agreement. This agreement was extorted by treachery, fraud and violence; it was destroyed by Hitler within six months; on its second anniversary the British Prime Minister declared it non-existent; on the third anniversary the Czechoslovakian pre-Munich status was restored after agreement with Britain and the Soviet Union; and on the fourth anniversary Britain and France solemnly erased their signatures on it.

THE END OF RUSSIA'S ISOLATION is one of Benes' chief predictions. He is a long-time believer in the necessity for Russian cooperation. He thinks that the forced exclusion of Russia from European affairs compares in catastrophic importance to the self-imposed isolation of the United States. In the uneasy days before Munich, Benes conferred with the Russians about the peace of Europe. His belief that the Russians would have supported the Czechs if they had been attacked by Hitler at that time probably explains his insistence during the darkest disbelief about Russia when she signed the pact with Germany in 1939 that the pact was made to gain time.

If a Third World War comes, Benes thinks that the small nations of Europe would be with Germany. France would be definitely and finally destroyed, the

British Empire would be smashed and England would become a small and impoverished European state. This possibility does not present a pleasant picture, but Benes by no means thinks that such a situation is inevitable.

"The present war offers an opportunity to smash finally and forever the Drang nach Osten (Drive towards the East) which has been systematically applied for the last two hundred years to the sorrow of the world." The Drang nach Osten, Benes contends, has always been the prelude to the Drang nach Westen, but the Western powers have not been willing or able to see it. Benes said in June, 1939, that the fundamental difficulty with France and England was that they had refused to consider Europe as a whole and that there would never be peace in Europe until the Western democracies came to this conclusion. He now says that one of the axioms which has been derived from the present war is that "the security and peace of Europe are indivisible."

Benes' greatest anxiety is that we may lose our victory for lack of sufficient preparation for peace or through failure to carry over wartime cooperation into peacetime cooperation. "If the main springs (of collective security) are not applied after the present war we shall in ten or fifteen years be involved in a Third World War, that one, too, launched by Germany."

As a prophet, Benes makes a high score. He realized in 1932 that Nazism meant war; he decided in 1934 that the disarmament conference would fail, so he ordered the fortification of

the frontiers of his country; he knew that the sacrifice of Czechoslovakia at Munich was in vain; he believed that the Russia-Germany treaty would not last; he left this country hurriedly in July, 1939 because he thought the war would start in six weeks; he was convinced in May, 1940 that France would not hold; and he was always sure that Italy would be weakened in Africa and the Mediterranean.

Benes, the man you can't surprise, has acquired his prophetic skill as a student and professor of politics and sociology, an active revolutionary for four years when he assisted Masaryk in creating the Czecho-Slovak state, foreign minister and president of an historically old but politically new state, and an international leader at the League of Nations.

As a scholar, Benes knows history and has an understanding of social forces which has enabled him to keep his poise, to interpret trends and to foresee consequences of political acts. As a revolutionary, Benes realized, too, when he read *Mein Kampf* in 1924 that a Nazi regime would mean an internal revolution ending in great internal collapse or a great European war. As a foreign minister, Benes learned how to present a united front when he had to cope with conflicting nationalities at home, how to jockey for position—too well, some of his enemies say. He is proud to be known as the man of a hundred treaties.

At the League of Nations where there was an unlimited opportunity to try new methods, Benes established himself as an original political thinker.

It was he who designed the plan of regional units in dangerous zones within the framework of universal organization for peace. He was against Mussolini in the Corfu incident of 1923, he was one of the authors of the Geneva Protocol in 1924, he was rapporteur of the Disarmament Conference, he called for the invocation of League sanctions against Japan in 1931 and for more effective sanctions against Mussolini in 1935.

Probably no statesman is such a blend of nationalism and internationalism as is Benes. An ardent Czech, he uses every opportunity to build up his country. Yet he believes that it is impossible for a free and independent Czechoslovakia to live unless it is within a framework of international organization designed to maintain peace.

With strong principles but with no weakening illusions, Benes has steadfastly pursued a policy which makes it unnecessary for him to recant—"Our policy was right as will be seen and agreed by all. There is nothing I want to change."—He knows that there is no such thing as a perfect peace and he also realizes that his role as a politician is "to make better the bad things."

The men of Munich—Chamberlain, Daladier, Mussolini and Hitler—signed away the freedom of Czechoslovakia on September 28, 1938, while Benes waited outside the conference room with his pleas for justice and respect for obligations unheeded. Benes had to resign as president and flee from the country he had done so much to create. Five years later

Chamberlain was dead (but he lived to admit his error), Daladier was a prisoner of Hitler in Germany, Mussolini was in rapid eclipse both inside and outside his country, and Hitler was reeling under the combined blows of the United Nations. Benes, he who was slapped, is again the president

of Czechoslovakia with a government in London; he has proven his ability to recognize and interpret political trends; he was recently the official guest of President Roosevelt; he alone of the men who were at Munich occupies a position of respect and is an honored leader of the United Nations.

Not So Dumbo

To live up to their reputation, circus elephants must learn to like peanuts. Liquor they love with a passion, and a plug of tobacco is a treat for some. A day's thirst is quenched with 60 to 100 gallons of water which they toss down their throats with their trunks; but they've been known to reverse the process and suck up enough for a shower.

Instinctively afraid of mice, elephants sleep with the end of their trunks shut to keep out an exploring rodent. As for their proverbial good memories, elephants put to test have often failed to recognize their own keepers. Though ballet and baseball are within their capacities, hopscotch is out. The lumbering beasts can't jump.

Twenty-one to twenty-two months of gestation produce a male offspring, but

the female of the species is a two months quicker breed. Boasting the slowest pulse beat of any animal—40 to a minute—elephants often live to a ripe old age, but the fabled centenarians are rare. As time goes by they have been known to shed three sets of teeth, with molars weighing as much as eight pounds.

Pachyderms from India have ears shaped much like a map of their native country. At one time the white elephant was sacred in Burma, where part of its daily diet was human milk from 24 Burmese women.

Little Rock, Arkansas suffered a 10-second blackout when a "killer" elephant was electrocuted by city current to the tune of 50 thousand volts. Death came to another circus elephant when five little boys tested the high-powered ringmaster's claim that the animal's hide was bullet-proof; it wasn't.



From the book *Fun by the Ton* by Edward Allen and F. Beverly Kelley (Hastings House). Illustrations from The Drawings of Heinrich Kley (Borden)

*Even the city slickers have fun
when Saturday night rolls 'round
and the old hoe-down begins*



Square Dance Roundup

by BERNARD LEWIS

AMERICA's supper dishes are done and her young folks have spruced up for their Saturday night dates. The week's pressure is off, and in thousands of homes throughout the land, some 35 million people have switched on their radios for their weekly session of Americana. They listen to programs like the National Barn Dance program—a homespun conglomeration of sentimental folk songs and guitar-strumming, of corn-fed humor and spry square dancing.

Yes, tomorrow's Sunday and down in Memphis about 25 thousand people will gather to watch Hezzie beat the washboard as the Hoosier Hot Shots play *Meet Me in the Ice House Lizzie*. In the Venice Pier Ballroom in Los Angeles county there'll be thousands crowding through the doors to see Texas Jim Lewis and Patsy Montana and the Sons of the Pioneers. In Cincinnati and Houston, in Dallas and

Gary and Baltimore, they're expecting capacity crowds.

Barn dances, folk tunes and mountain ballads had been so close to the American scene that not even our shrewdest producers ever thought of staging the kind of entertainment with which people entertain each other. The barn dance bonanza was discovered accidentally.

In 1921, Ralph S. Peer, of the Okeh Record Company, went down to Georgia with a portable recording outfit in search of talent for race (Negro) records. Peer was ready to return to New York when a local Okeh dealer pleaded with him to cut a record by a white mountaineer named Fiddler John Carson. Peer refused until the dealer guaranteed to sell enough of the recordings to pay for the cutting. So Carson made *Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane* and *The Old Hen Cackles and the Rooster's Goin'*

To Crow. But Peer was still skeptical.

Okeh executives remember fondly that they almost fired Peer when he asked them for a thousand copies. They made the copies under protest, and they were sure there would never be a repeat order on the "most horrible record in the world." After they were shipped Okeh forgot the incident. Two days later the dealer 'phoned New York to order five thousand 'more sent by express and 10 thousand by freight. When the sale reached 500 thousand, Okeh frantically rushed overall-clad Carson to New York to make another recording.

Fiddler John Carson was the first but you have only to look in an Okeh, Decca, Columbia or Victor album to see how many have followed. Literally thousands of singers, yodelers, fiddlers, guitarists, harmonica artists, jug and washboard bands, dulcimer, saw and rutabaga-gourd players, banjo, Jew's harp and tissue-paper-on-the-comb performers have had their efforts recorded for posterity.

Today news of an approaching recording session zips out over the mountain grapevine and hundreds of skylanders are patiently waiting when a recording company crew checks in at a southern hotel. For a total production cost of about 20 cents a record, the companies sell millions at 35 to 50 cents each. A performer generally receives from 20 to 25 dollars for recording one side of a record. Many individuals and acts now living in obscure simplicity in our southern hills don't know how famous they are.

Although the sale of records has

done much to create this entertainment windfall, that is only one of the mediums by which the old hoe-down has become popularized. The story in radio, for instance, goes back about 18 years. The director of the Sears Roebuck & Co. radio station in Chicago, WLS (World's Largest Store), walked into a drug store with some of his friends and noted with satisfaction that the dial of the druggist's radio was tuned to his station. The director, Edgar L. Bill, lingered after the program to tell his friends about WLS's policy of bringing metropolitan culture and enlightenment to American farming districts through its Agricultural Foundation of the air.

Suddenly Bill stopped talking. Screeching fiddles and a rhapsodic harmonica, unmistakably coming from the radio, were playing the background for a twangy voice that sang:

*Ol' Dan Tucker was a fine ol' man,
Washed his face in a frying pan,
Combed his hair with a wagon wheel,
And died of a toothache in his heel.
Git out of the way fer ol' Dan Tucker;
He's too late fer to git his supper.*

Bill, his face white, made a dash for a cab and raced to the studio where he was met by an apologetic announcer.

"We couldn't help it. Our regular artists didn't show up and that hillbilly outfit was our only live talent."

With admonitions of "don't let it happen again," Bill settled down once more to the regular routine of the Agricultural Foundation of the Air.

Or so he thought. For weeks, telegrams, letters, 'phone calls and post cards poured into the station, asking for more hillbilly music. Quick to

follow the demand, the station went from Beethoven to Barn Dance, gathering in its fold the Midwest's best singers of such homely American classics as *Darling Nellie Gray* and *Put on Your Old Gray Bonnet*. WLS became known as "hillbilly heaven" (although most of its acts were rural and not hillbilly) and the pulse of midwestern America quickened as farmers kept the dials of their radios tuned in from milking time to milking time.

In 1925 WLS started the first regular Saturday evening Barn Dance program in a small studio in a Chicago loop hotel. It continued here for three years, and then the program was sold to Burridge D. Butler, publisher of the Prairie-Farmer magazine. The program was then taken to the WLS studios where it played before capacity audiences every Saturday night. Although the same performers were used throughout the week, it was the Saturday night "party in the ol' hayloft" which attracted most attention. Thousands of letters were received from fans requesting some way of seeing the show.

NOTHING OF THE kind had ever been done in radio, but Burridge Butler decided to find some theatre in which the program could be viewed by an audience. Studio executives finally chose the old Eighth Street Theatre as their barn, ignoring the fact that it was Chicago's "jinx" theatre in which no production had ever been a success. But from the first night the Barn Dance was a sellout. People were turned away at the opening, and police

had to be called to keep order. Within a few months an admission price of 75 cents had to be charged in order to bring the size of the crowd down to the number of seats in the theatre. That didn't work and finally the program was lengthened from one to five hours with two separate shows. Crowds jammed the streets in front of the theatre for both programs.

But in September of last year the program was moved to the Civic Theatre in Chicago's Civic Auditorium building, when the Army Air Force took over the Eighth Street Theatre. It's a new setting—but the show is the same, and barn-dance fans are still flocking to the performances.

Yes, the folks from the Midwest flatlands loved the Barn Dance, but they weren't the only ones. At the same time that the Midwest was undergoing its rural renaissance, the famous "Grand Old Opry" program was started at Station WSM in Nashville, Tennessee, by an incident similar to that of the start of the WLS National Barn Dance. Although the folk from the Great Smoky skyland had preserved the ancient Anglo-Saxon ballads which have been passed down to them from their ancestors, their neighbors, the good citizens of Nashville, prevented WSM from using this music on its programs by claiming that "They'll think we're all hillbillies down here."

And then one day a Civil War veteran called Uncle Jimmy Thompson came down from the mountains with his fiddle tucked under his arm to find out something about the mir-

acle of radio. A studio wag sent the tottering gray-beard to see George Hay, the station manager. Hay was considerate of Uncle Jimmy's feelings and conducted him around the studio, explaining to the marveling old man how a sound could be transmitted a thousand miles away. Then, in exchange for this courtesy, Uncle Jimmy played an old ballad, to the delight of the studio personnel.

With the stubborn instinct of the reporter who intends seeing his scoop printed "despite the advertisers," Hay suddenly interrupted the record program on the air and put Uncle Jimmy on. Without a single interruption he fiddled for over an hour. Then came the payoff—an avalanche of mail demanding more of Uncle Jimmy. The next Saturday night a dozen of Uncle Jimmy's tribesmen followed him down from the hills and they all went on the air. Slowly the cast grew and the listening audience grew until one night, after Dr. Walter Damrosch had presented grand opera over WSM through the NBC network, Hay took the mike and said, "Well, folks, now let's hold our own Grand Old Opry." The name was all the program needed, and it's been going ever since.

Uncle Jimmy died recently and his place on the show was taken by 70-year-old Uncle Dave Macon. The rest of the cast still gather their fiddles, jugs, mouth harps, banjos and washboards to head for WSM on Saturday night, even as they meet in "hollers" for their clan "song-gatherins." Some of their songs are blatantly sentimental ballads, delivered in the crooning,

rhythmic tones of the mountain people; others are raucous ditties sung in twangy, nasal accents. They are simple and sociable—and typically American.

Acts like Roy Acuff (whose total income last year was about 200 thousand dollars) and his Smoky Mountain Boys, George Wilkerson and the Fruit Jar Drinkers, the Possum Hunters, Minnie Pearl, Rachel and the Golden West Cowboys, and Smiling Jack and his Missouri Mountaineers are the headliners. Station manager George Hay, a trifle gray at the temples by now, is the black-robed "solemn ol' judge" on the show.

THE WLS NATIONAL BARN DANCE had been going along on its own for about nine years as a local show when, in 1932, it got itself a national sponsor—a full hour on a network of some 90 stations throughout the United States and Canada. Local sponsors soon split up the rest of the show. Through the NBC network, the "corny" barn dance now had outlets in New York City, Boston, Philadelphia, Los Angeles, San Francisco and other large cities, and a Crossley rating of 15.8.

Recordings and the radio would have been sufficient to establish the barn dance craze, but the great minds of Hollywood weren't caught napping, either. Motion picture executives were the latest, however, to invade the rural and hillbilly field. The financially fruitful era of flaming youth pictures came to an end in 1934 when a wave of moral indignation swept the country, resulting in

the formation of the Hays office.

To Republic Pictures goes the credit for thinking of a new type of western to recapture the coin they were losing through the demise of the sensual flickers of the 20's. The epileptic-type westerns, with the good guys and bad guys shooting it out on horseback at 60 miles an hour, was not the formula. The new western had to appeal to the kids and their parents and grandparents. So the idea of the romantic cowboy in a modern setting was conceived by Republic. Scenes would be on dude ranches, where you could bring in everything from a scrap for a gold mine to the lissome city lass in her Park Avenue finery.

And now to find the hero—a man who could act, sing and ride a horse. They finally found Gene Autry, a singer and guitar player on the WLS National Barn Dance, a former railroad telegrapher who had once been told by Will Rogers that he had a great future if he "kept at it."

Hillbillies and ruralities have been drafted in droves by Hollywood, but there has never been a match for Autry. Before he joined the Army he was getting a thousand dollars a day

for personal appearances. His fan mail exceeded that of any Hollywood star. He received 12 thousand 500 dollars apiece for pictures, about 12 thousand dollars a year from records which outsold Bing Crosby's, and 25 thousand dollars a year for endorsing everything from sweatshirts to cap pistols. And his pictures are rarely shown in large cities!

As in the case of everything that succeeds, some people worry themselves half to death trying to decide whether the barn dance revival is or isn't just a fad. But you'll find that the entertainers in the rural and hillbilly show business aren't worrying. Typical of their attitude is Hezzie, the "musical washboard" comic of the Hoosier Hot Shots. He says:

"The things we play and sing are deep inside America. You can't dynamite out roots like that. A hundred years from now folks will be square dancing and singing to such a verse."

*Years ago o' Hitler got a yen
To take some land and kill some men.
Circle four, dos-a-dos.
What we did to him all of us know,
Our soldier boys, they beat him low,
And walked around him on their heel
and toe!*

Correction

IN AN article entitled *Ersatz, Inc.*, published in the April 1943 issue of Coronet, it was stated that during the period between 1918 and 1933 I. G. Farben, the German dye trust, had acquired connections with chemical concerns throughout Europe and America and that through the collaboration of the French firm of Etablissements Kuhlmann, at one time during that period I. G. had acquired a controlling share in the Imperial Chemical Industries Ltd. of England. The fact is that I. G. Farben does not hold a single share in the Imperial Chemical Industries Ltd. of England.

Forgotten Mysteries

• • • The Atlantic Ocean holds the answer to a great mystery that probably will remain forever unknown to men. Twenty five years ago, the *Cyclops*, a naval coal carrier, disappeared somewhere in the West Indies with 293 persons aboard. Its fate is still undetermined. Bound from Brazil to the United States, the 542-foot boat was loaded with a cargo of 10,600 tons of manganese ore and was last heard from on March 4, 1918.

She was commanded by an experienced officer. And there were no storms in the paths traversed by the *Cyclops*. No wreckage ever was uncovered. No survivors or bodies ever were located. Combing her course for weeks, Navy and merchant ships fruitlessly searched the shores of islands in the West Indies area for a trace of her. Though there are many theories about the ship's probable fate, a quarter of a century has not yielded any tangible clues to support any of them. —JOHN NEWTON BAKER

• • • In the June, 1942 edition of the *Atlantic Monthly*, Robert Graves, the renowned English writer, recounts a queer incident which is inexplicable. During the winter of 1919-20, he spent some time at "Maesyneuadd," an ancient stone house near Talsarnau, North Wales. The building was supposed to be haunted. On several occasions, Graves saw doors opened,

apparently by a supernatural force. He saw a shade jump off a lamp.

Graves was present at a gathering around the drawing room fireplace on New Year's Eve, 1919. The group was mulling claret. Just before the year died, Graves set his glass to cool on a side table near the fireplace.

When, a few minutes later, he again reached for the glass, it had been drained dry. No one had entered or left the room. In fact, no one had moved from the semi circle of chairs. And furthermore, no one except Graves could have reached the glass without taking several steps.

• • • One October morning in 1914, explorer Ejnar Mikkelsen discovered an empty petroleum cask riddled with small holes lying in the snow at his party's advance supply dump in an Arctic waste.

During the long Arctic nights which followed, the party tried to unearth the cause of this strange phenomenon. There were no tracks in the snow near the cask. No human being was within hundreds of miles.

"No beast of our acquaintance could have made all those little holes: what animal could open its jaws so wide? What unknown creature or force was abroad in that Arctic night?" queried Mikkelsen who to the end of his life never solved the problem.

—R. DEWITT MILLER

*Love these days need no longer be blind,
for date bureaus are bringing together lonely
kindred souls with an eye to compatibility*



"None but the Lonely Heart"

by EDMOND S. FISH

MOLLY O.... : 22, 114, brunette, hazel eyes, 2 yrs. State U., unmarried, employment — filing, sing, dance — no jitterbug, intelligent type, up-to-date on books and shows, sports —swim, canoe, tennis, golf. Shares apt. with two other girls.

Soldier, there's your girl—if your registration card fits hers. Those hazel eyes may be more dangerous than the telescope rifle of a Japanese sniper, but that's your risk.

Thousands of cards like that are on file in dating bureaus organized to bring together girls and lonely men in uniform on furlough. Rise and expansion of these bureaus is a wartime phenomenon that is attracting the attention of sociologists.

The dating bureau is a service. An armed force of 11 million men is the market. At one time or another by groups all the 11 million are on holiday, idle, seeking change and

pleasure, mostly far from home in strange cities.

Here is a market—to put it in plain economic terms. There are few things one can sell to men in uniform, as no one wants to make any profit out of them. But the fundamental, greatest refreshment of all can be provided, and that is girls' society. With the American genius for organization, the date bureaus have come to the fore.

Needless to say, no decent business can be done except with decent people, so the date bureaus operate with every possible moral safeguard to bring together nice fellows and nice girls. The systematic wholesale methods with which they operate strike the new note.

Unit of the dating service is the individual date. That is the strength of the service. It is also the point on which it is most criticized.

Claim of the bureaus is that the

individual, personal date is the one definite concrete thing in this field that a man wants. The bureaus assert that camps and official entertainment cannot take any responsibility for individual dates; hence the problem must be solved by civilian enterprise.

The dating bureau is a social device that has been tried in various ways for many years. Proponents say that it has proved its worth in this crisis and that these social agencies are here to stay on a large scale as a feature of national life. Two recent dating bureaus that have sprung up in the war shadow may be examined. Each is remarkable for the youth of its founder.

A dating bureau that is nicknamed the "G-Girls' Club" in Washington, D.C. was started by Peggy Keshlear, a "government girl." It was begun not to meet the needs of men but on behalf of the dateless girls in girl-thronged Washington.

When she first had the idea, Miss Keshlear sent out a call to a few of her closest friends inviting them to bring others to a meeting. Eighty girls turned up, all tired of sitting alone in their furnished rooms while unattached service men roamed the streets. "Let's organize dates and ration

They say that there's no such thing as a native New Yorker—and Edmond S. Fish doesn't disprove the rule. He was born in Massachusetts in 1907 and attended schools in Rhode Island and Washington, D. C., later migrating to the big city to enter newspaper work. Right now he's with the Arthur Kudner advertising agency, and in his spare time he writes for national magazines. He has a wife, a four-year-old daughter, and a home on Long Island.

them," was the decision. A start was made at drafting by-laws.

As soon as they had a set-up the girls notified commanding officers and morale officers of nearby service units that there was such a club. An okay from his superior officer, it was announced, would admit the man to the club headquarters, which is the starting place for all dates.

How to select girls for dates stumped them for a while. Then they hit upon the basis of pairing couples according to geography, New York men with New York girls, and so on. This has proved to work well.

New girl members must be endorsed by a charter member or by the personnel director of their government agency. When they join, girls are told: "Our reputations sink or swim on the reputation of each individual girl." A sample protective by-law allows only double or triple dates.

And now take notice: This gay little enterprise with its friendly atmosphere, and girlish by-laws may soon have 100 thousand girls on the register and a service wherever the call exists.

The dating bureau *Introduction* was founded in Newark, New Jersey, in 1941 by Herbert Gersten, a recent Rutgers graduate who was then 20 years old.

With 70 dollars capital Gersten confidently opened up shop. Four hundred young clients responded by paying 50 cents each for a test period of six months of help in finding dates. Results were so successful that Newark civic leaders lent their names and help to the organization. Later *Introduction*

attracted the attention of social scientists. After opening an independent office in New York, Gersten formed a national advisory committee which includes novelist Louis Bromfield; Dr. Claude Bowman; Dr. Mary Woolley, former president of Mount Holyoke, and other sociologists of note.

Introduction undertakes to operate scientifically on a basis of arranging pairings after a detailed study of their "social equivalents." Each applicant for registration must furnish, besides satisfactory references, a complete history covering backgrounds, tastes, skills, education, dislikes, enthusiasms and so forth. Check of results in Newark is said to have proved that the method resulted in 83.5 per cent of successful dates.

The organization did not move in on New York without having to meet official criticism, first on the moot point of individual dates and secondly as a commercial venture charging fees. As to the latter, *Introduction* is a non-profit corporation meeting expenses by a \$3.00 a year registration fee plus

40 cents for each date. Service men pay 35 cents, with no registration fee.

As to individual dating, Gersten points to the endorsement of the Army Morale Branch, which has personally approved the method and goes further to say that it would be extremely helpful to morale in the armed services if the system of individual dating could be utilized more generally.

Flowering of these two sample dating agencies, started by inexperienced young people, indicates the readiness of the soil. The fact—according to its figures—that the second general agency serves uniformed men at cost and is supported by its civilian clients, may indicate a future for dating clubs after the war. It appears that wherever homes are broken and shy, lonely people are scattered in large numbers there is a market for agencies that will bring girls and men together. A hopeful conclusion was expressed by the chief of a dating bureau when he said, "some marriages have followed our introductions. If that happened too often we'd be out of business."

Thinking Daggers

¶THE JAPS are going to hate us to death! They have just organized a society called the "League of War Ideas," with the aim, as stated over the Tokyo radio, of destroying "Britain and the United States through concentrated hate."

—CHARLOTTE PAUL

¶THE NAZIS have a name for their Swiss neighbors. They call them "cow-and-cheese morons." As evidence of Swiss stupidity they point to the tale of Kaiser Wilhelm and the Swiss in the last World War:

Said Wilhelm: "You have an army of 500 thousand men. What would you do if I attacked you with an army of one million men?"

Said the Swiss: "Each of our soldiers would shoot twice."

Every child is a prodigy, compared to us plodding adults. To determine just how precocious Junior is, stack his performance up against others of his age



Is Your Child a Prodigy?

by WILLIAM ATLAS

IF YOUR CHILD socks a perfect stranger before the usual age of two and a half or knows night from day before three; if he plays with an imaginary companion before three and a half, or sets up a lemonade stand before eight —then, my friend, your child has the beginnings of genius.

Remember, being able to draw a triangle at four is quite as stunning a performance as reading philosophy at 12. Yet, measured by what we consider a sound, fair, 48-hour week's accomplishments, every child under five is a prodigy. Don't underrate him—he's learned a lot more in the past month than you or I have.

If your child is jogging along with the crowd, he will enjoy playing with his own fingers at 16 weeks, but won't find his foot until he's 28 weeks old. He will know how to make a horizontal pencil stroke at two and a vertical stroke a few months later,

but it will be a long time before he can draw an oblique line. He should be able to copy a triangle at five, but six would be precocious for drawing a diamond.

The charting of such small stages in human development has been patiently carried out for 32 years by investigators at the Clinic of Child Development of Yale University. They have weighed, measured, filmed, spied upon and given experimental problems to hundreds of babies—all to give you a clearer idea of what your small son or daughter is going to think up next. By following their findings, the parent of 1943 can strip the house of perishable objects at the appropriate moment, and brace himself for the five-year old's susceptibility to radio food advertising.

For babies learn their way about the world through an orderly sequence of experiments. The infant, for in-

stance, cannot focus his eyes at birth. After his nerve cells mature and he can focus well enough to recognize familiar faces, his world is still seen as a flat screen. Until he is about nine months old, he cannot discover the third dimension.

Even intellectual ideas of space and time come to babies in a sequence which never varies; for instance, every child understands "under the bed" before "under the chair." The child of 18 months understands "now," but he must be at least two years old before "soon" means anything to him, and "tomorrow" and "yesterday" will remain mysteries for still another year.

PARENTS WHO put the Yale Clinic findings to use are warned that every child born into the world has his own individuality, and that it should be respected. The time charts are trustworthy for the *order* in which types of development will occur. All young children ask questions of the *where*, *what*, *why*, *who* and *how* types in exactly that sequence, but they may reach this stage at different times. The usual age for the *why* series is four years; yet your child may be months behind schedule on this and still be able to catch up to the crowd with nothing lost. It is only when a child shows extreme backwardness that a parent should consult a specialist.

No two children ask exactly the same series of *why* questions, for babies vary according to each child's body structure and the way his nerves and glands behave. The wise parent will not attempt to force his child into a

mold—not even a mold of normality.

Yet there still are many milestones which every healthy baby passes in his first five years of life. Even at four weeks the infant has chalked up a great deal of finished business. He has learned how to wake up with much more decision than he did two weeks earlier and his eyeballs are under better control.

At 16 weeks, the infant has established friendly terms with his mother, whom he has been able to recognize for a full month. He has developed a "social smile," indicative of his real enjoyment of people. (In another four weeks he will cry when company leaves the room.) He coos, laughs and gurgles and has discovered how to put things in his mouth.

The 28-week-old veteran uses his hands much more skilfully; he can now hold an object in each hand, and can use his thumb separately—often for sucking. He can almost sit up alone. He loves his trip to the park, but he is beginning to be shy with strangers. In his bath he now splashes the water and he enjoys being bounced on his mother's knee.

The 40-week-old child shows a desire to stand up, although he still is better at crawling. He has a remarkable grasp of the uses of his separate fingers and when he eats, he can now pick up loose crumbs and put them in his mouth. He uses his hands for games like pat-a-cake, waving good-by and playing peek-a-boo. He makes sounds that may be interpreted as "mama"—and probably are.

The child with a one-candle cake

on his birthday usually walks on his hands and soles. He can not only grasp an object, but he has learned to release it—a new accomplishment which he likes to practice by picking up a series of small objects and putting them down again. He likes to walk around with someone holding his hand, and he delights in such games as "Where's the baby?" He loves an audience—though he may still be shy—and he shows rudimentary signs of jealousy and affection.

The one-year old has also learned to distinguish between foods and to show preferences. Boys of a go-getter disposition at this age demand that they be allowed to feed themselves. Children of one year are interested in clothes, but they would rather take them off than put them on.

At 15 months the baby has become a toddler and he says "ta-ta" and "bow-wow" when the occasion requires. He is beginning to do a good many things on his own—overturning waste-baskets is a favorite activity—and he may make a hobby of taking off his shoes or throwing things out of his pen. He is not very skilful at throwing a ball, and when he tries to negotiate a spoon it is usually carried to the mouth upside down. This is the stage when Mr. Know-It-All tries to feed his parents; he imitates them when they smoke, blow out matches, cough or sneeze. He resists being dressed but loves his bath, often attempting to drink the bath water.

The child of 18 months has made even greater strides; he can walk backwards now, but he is unable to

turn corners. He loves to complete actions—closing a door, sitting down in a chair, or handing you a dish—and he is in a short-lived period of orderliness. And now he dislikes his bath but enjoys bedtime.

In another three months he will become finicky about his meals. He now resents going to sleep and becomes, temporarily, a nudist, apt to strip off his clothes and run around naked out of doors. Statements like "This is Daddy's" show his first understanding of property.

Now, consider the vast advances in knowledge that your 21-month-old child has made. He started from scratch; merely learning to wake up and to go to sleep were achievements. And here he is, recognizing the differences between your property and his.

In another three months he will have grasped the intricate notion of a self, separate from the rest of the world, and will call himself "Tommy."

Three months more and he will learn to say "I," and a little later will call other people "you." At 30 months, he will become a fanatic for order, insisting that the shades be pulled down to exactly the same line every night. This, from an infant who could not even see a shade 29 months ago!

The later stages of his babyhood will be equally astonishing. Almost all four-year olds dream of wolves and talk a great deal about death. They are at the "Bet you can't do this!" stage. They brush their own teeth, enjoy picture magazines and pretend to use the telephone. The

five-year old is capable of self-criticism, and understands the difference between truth and falsehood—at an age when the mechanics of his body are still so undeveloped that he is physically incapable of learning to read or write!

These phases are common to all children studied at the Yale Clinic, with only minor variations. Each stage passes, and parents' horror at Junior's unseemly boasting will be less if they remember that every child normally goes through a period of braggadocio, and that if Junior brags at three and a half, this is a matter for rejoicing, since this trait usually arrives at four. Nor should the father whose three-year old makes him fold his necktie before putting it away be alarmed at this Nice Nellieism. All

children act that way at that age.

So, no matter how you're tempted to crow over Junior's precocity, remember that every child passes these same milestones. If he's way ahead of the crowd—then, perhaps, you have just cause. But whatever his achievements, give him credit for learning a lot in fast order. If we adults learned as much that is radically new to us in every five years of our grown life as a baby does in his first five, we would be a race of mental giants.

—*Suggestions for further reading:*
THE FIRST FIVE YEARS OF LIFE
from the Yale Clinic of Child

Development

\$3.50

Harper & Brothers, New York

INFANT AND CHILD IN THE CULTURE OF
TODAY

by Dr. Arnold L. Gesell and others \$4.00

Harper & Brothers, New York

Pulling Political Punches

¶IF YOU WANT to understand international politics, look in the ocean and see how the fish behave. The fish do it better than we do because the big ones swallow the little ones without saying it is for the spread of Christianity.

—DR. WILL DURANT in *Interviewing Sinners and Saints* by DAVID W. HAZEN (Binfords & Mort)

¶A CHICAGO ALDERMAN once opposed the purchase of six gondolas for the Lincoln Park lagoon with this cagey bit of reasoning: "Why waste th' taxpayers' money buyin' six gondolas? Git a pair of 'em, an' let nature take its course."

—LLOYD WENDT & HERMAN KOGAN in *Lords of the Levee* (Bobbs-Merrill)

¶CHICAGO'S VICE district around the turn of the century was called "Little Cheyenne" after Wyoming's capital city, then known as the wildest and wickedest town in the country. Some years later, when the Wyoming community grew large enough to have a respectable neighborhood of its own, the decent citizens there retaliated by calling its vice district "Chicago."

—LLOYD WENDT & HERMAN KOGAN in *Lords of the Levee* (Bobbs-Merrill)

Lost Opportunities



DURING THE eighteen sixties a Milwaukee editor became fascinated with the possibilities of the typewriter, then in an embryonic stage, and determined to invent a machine of his own. For half interest in the patent he secured financial backing, and with this money developed and improved his model until in 1867 he had perfected the first practical machine.

In search of a manufacturer to place it on the market, the inventor and his backer approached the owner of a New York firearms factory who agreed to buy the patent and market the typewriter on one provision—the machine must bear the manufacturer's name. Thus Christopher Sholes, inventor, and James Densmore, his partner in the patent, are meaningless names today. And although Mr. Densmore cannily held out for royalties which eventually yielded him some two million dollars, Mr. Sholes accepted a lump payment of 12 thousand dollars. The name of the manufacturer—Mr. Eliphale Remington.

—THODA COCROFT

SHORTLY BEFORE the Civil War two young men struggled over the West's sand and sage in search of gold. One settled down in Nevada's Sun Mountain where he was later staked to a mining claim by "Old Pancake" Comstock. The other traveled on into California where he located the profit-

able Lecompton mine, but returned some 10 years later when Nevada was in the midst of a silver boom.

As soon as the California settler had seen the silver deposits in Gold Cañon, he sold his sure property in the Lecompton mine and without a moment's hesitation bought a stake in the Comstock Lode. The Nevada miner who had originally located there was glad to part with his claim at the sight of 450 dollars in cash.

Another 10 years passed. By this time, the astute California settler, George Hearst, had founded the vast fortune which was to be multiplied many times and eventually inherited by his son, William Randolph. The Nevada miner who had so short-sightedly sold out his claim, which soon produced multi-millions, tended a peanut stand in near-by Reno.

—THODA COCROFT

THE LATE great editor, Arthur Brisbane, fired the movie critic of the Chicago *Record-Herald* back in 1913 on the ground that motion pictures were just a passing fancy and didn't merit a regular feature in that paper.

—ALAN A. BROWN

IN 1911, just three years before the World War, the French Marshal Ferdinand Foch declared that airplanes were "interesting toys, but of no military value." —WILLIAM E. MILES

You can get anything from a free meal to choir music at Clifton's, the fabulous restaurant in the heart of Los Angeles



The Golden Rule Pays Off

by JERRY D. LEWIS

"REGARDLESS of the amount of this check, our cashier will cheerfully accept whatever you wish to pay—or you may dine free."

The two restaurants whose checks feature that message mean exactly what they say. About one-tenth of one per cent pay less—and they are offset by the one-tenth of one per cent who voluntarily overpay!

These unusual restaurants are known as Clifton's, and there are two of them in downtown Los Angeles. They are run on the principle of the Golden Rule, and the principle is paying dividends.

Clifton's is owned by Clifford Clinton and Ransom M. Callicott, the latter acting as general manager since Mr. Clinton went into the Army in 1940. The Clintons, man and wife, started the business. They were no Johnny-come-latelys to the food dispensing line, Clifton's father having pioneered

American cafeteria operation nearly 50 years ago in San Francisco.

Clinton worked in his father's cafeterias for several years, but always in the back of his mind he had a pet theory. Determined to give it a try, he went to Los Angeles. That was in 1931, not a very auspicious year in which to undertake a new venture.

The Clintons came to town with two thousand dollars in cash and their "mad dream." Until 1933, it proved to be a very tough struggle, and there were many days when it seemed financially impossible to open. Thousands of jobless, hungry people walked the streets, and to them Clifton's was always a haven. In one 90-day period, 10 thousand persons dined there free.

It looked as if the "mad dream" was destined to failure when a little indirect help came from Mr. Roosevelt. He was on the verge of having Congress repeal prohibition. At that

time, most restaurants in Los Angeles were starting to install bars, to be ready when the Great Day came. Clifton's decided that it would serve no alcoholic beverages, and said so in the next issue of their weekly pamphlet, *Food for Thought*. One night a gentleman who had read the pamphlet called Mr. Callicott to his table.

"Are you really going to forego the profits from the sale of liquor?" he asked the manager.

Callicott, believing that the gentleman was a whiskey salesman, was slightly belligerent. "That's our stand on the matter," he said. "I'm sorry if you don't agree with us, sir."

But the gentleman *did* agree. He was Roy Smith, pastor at the First Methodist Church in Los Angeles. The following Sunday he preached a sermon over the radio and the subject was Clifton's Restaurants.

That started the ball rolling in the right direction, and soon virtually every church audience in Los Angeles heard at least one sermon praising Clifton's for its policy. Sundays became the biggest day of the week. Today, where approximately 16 thousand meals are served on a weekday at the two restaurants, the Sunday total jumps to 20 thousand.

Operating control of the business has voluntarily been given by the owners to two councils, one of associates, as Clifton's employes are called, and the other of managers, appointed by Clinton and Callicott. Each council has nine members, and all salaries are set and approved by the combined councils. One third of the net earnings

are paid in bonuses to the associates. In 1937, when the going was tough, these workers of their own free will passed up their Christmas bonuses. Such is the close feeling of friendship between management and labor.

Besides the council, the associates have a full "bill of rights," guaranteeing them the "four freedoms." In this charter they are granted the right of controlling salaries and working conditions; of demanding a hearing, and, at the discretion of the council, reinstating any dismissed employe. In addition, they are given preference in re-employment in case of lay-off. They get the six-day week and the eight-hour day, with paid vacations.

OVER AND ABOVE these advantages, they are given the privilege of having all dependents eat at Clifton's at half price. When sick, they are entitled to convalesce at the spacious Hollywood home of Mr. Clifton. And, until the California banking laws stopped the practice, any associate could borrow from a common non-profit loan fund.

The associates also have a voice in the business transactions. For instance, in 1936 when the original restaurant had to be redecorated, one bid was received to do the place in an Hawaiian motif, at a cost of 72 thousand dollars. The fight that followed was a furious one, with many of the associates being against the large expense involved. But majority rule prevailed, and the changes were made.

The cafeteria was transformed from a somber dining room to a gaudy salon, featuring some half-dozen

waterfalls and a garish color scheme. There is also a rain hut, a thatched roof under which you may eat to the accompaniment of trained raindrops. Full length trees on the main floor are lined with bright neon tubing from the floor to the tip of each leaf.

But the spectacular decorations are not the only changes made at Clifton's during the past few years. The war has brought about quite a few alterations, both in management and in personnel. The bugles had hardly blown when Clinton, in his 40's, enlisted as a private and worked his way up through Officers' Candidate School to a lieutenant's rating. There are about 95 other stars on Clifton's service flag, a high percentage considering the total employment in the two restaurants of 500 men and women.

AND THE WAR has cost the guests something more than the company of Mr. Clinton. Before the rubber shortage, Clifton's ran a bus at no cost to guests which took them on a two-hour trip to the various points of interest in Los Angeles. Of course, that had to be discontinued. The sugar situation caused the closing of a fountain at each store which dispensed *greenwater*, a citrus drink consisting of lemonade, orangeade and limeade. In 1942 the guests drank upwards of two and a half million glasses of greenwater.

Next to the now idle fountain is the sherbet well, which features a plaque with these words:

"Nature provides abundantly. Man it is who puts on price tags, thus making starving in the midst of plenty."

Halekalani Ices—Little Halekalani from 3 p.m. is abundant with delectable ices. The only price is the industry to come and take. Like nature, its plenty can endure only so long as its patrons avoid that greatest destroyer of the human race—selfishness." Last year, more than a million and a half orders of sherbet were given away.

But there are many things that guests of Clifton's may still enjoy. For instance, there are birthday parties held every evening. If you call a day in advance, Clifton's will bake a special birthday cake and present it to you with compliments of the house. There is music, too, supplied by a pipe organ every day from 11:30 a.m. until closing time, which is eight in the evening.

The organist, Julius K. Johnson, has been with Clifton's restaurant for 10 years. Then there are eight singers who entertain every day from four-thirty to eight, except on Sundays when they work a full day, from noon until closing time. They sing any and all requests, ranging from grand opera to the latest popular ballads. On Sunday from noon until two o'clock, the organ plays sacred music and the singers form what must be the only cafeteria choir in the world.

The soloist at those Sunday musicales is Marvin Dant, who doubles between Clifton's and the First Congregational Church. Dant is also master of ceremonies on Tuesday nights, when the guests hold amateur nights, and on Fridays when the customers join in community singing.

Reading matter is provided, too,

in the four-page pamphlet, *Food for Thot*, which was mentioned earlier. The fact that it is well read by patrons is evidenced by the amount of mail it draws. Each issue asks the reader to make any suggestion as to how the place might be improved, and a suggestion box is there for the purpose. The first three pages of the booklet contain inspirational poems, quotations, etc., such as might have been culled from Elbert Hubbard's Scrapbook. The answers by the restaurant to suggestions and complaints appear on the fourth page.

But all of these extras do not mean that the quality of the food suffers. On the contrary, it is especially good and in contrast to most places in Los Angeles, it is very inexpensive. Food is sold at cost, plus the expense of cooking, serving, etc., with half a cent being added to each check to constitute the profits.

SUBSISTENCE MEALS are still another feature of this strange string of food emporiums. A subsistence meal consists of a big bowl of soup, a slice of bread, a staple (rice, beans or macaroni), one vegetable, sherbet and coffee. The cost is five cents.

There is, in addition to the five-cent meal, a one-center which consists of a big bowl of soup with rice or beans in it, and a slice of bread. It would obviously be impossible for even the most successful restaurant to stand the entire cost of all of these meals, so Clifton's calls on its guests, through a "wishing well."

The wishing well is located op-

posite the cashier's desk, and guests are invited to drop in their loose change. Clifton's matches it penny for penny, and uses the whole thing to finance the subsistence meals. Sometimes they get nicked for a healthy chunk—one month it was over five hundred dollars—but on the average, the firm's yearly contributions run to about 25 hundred dollars.

Back in the depression days, there were many who couldn't afford even the five cents for the subsistence meal. For them, Clifton's set up a fund of five hundred dollars. Tokens for food were loaned to anyone who needed them. It proved to be the only time Clinton's faith in man has been let down. Virtually none of the borrowers ever came back to return the loan. But that was a rare exception. Clifton's now receives an average of half a dozen letters every week from grateful people who admit that they were saved by those free meals.

The number of subsistence meals served forms almost as good a national financial survey as a Dow Jones report. Times are pretty good, but not as excellent as many people think. In the middle thirties, Clifton's served over 700 subsistence meals a day. The number hovers just under the 300 mark today.

But perhaps the most unusual feature of Clifton's is Mrs. Von. She is an elderly woman on the thinnish side who looks like a composite of all the mothers in the world. She acts not only as adviser to the lovelorn, but also as a counsellor on personal problems of the guests. Her most im-

portant chore is being editor of the Guests' Exchange Boards on which guests may post notices.

There is a board outside each of the cafeterias. Each board has eight columns, like the classified ad page in a daily newspaper, and like that page, has columns labeled *For Rent*, *For Sale*, *Help Wanted*, *Travel* and *Friendship*.

Mrs. Von says that many marriages have resulted from those *Friendship* cards in the nine and a half years she has been running the boards.

One woman got a job as social secretary with one of the more affluent members of the nearby movie colony. Once, a young, sad-looking girl walked up to Mrs. Von's desk, and in a throbbing whisper said: "I'd like to have a card posted on the board. I want somebody to adopt my baby."

Mrs. Von asked the child's age.

"It hasn't been born yet," the girl said. "It will be four more months."

Credit is herewith extended to the following for the use of photographs in *The Press Photographers' Best*: United States Army, International News Photos, N. Y. Daily News, Associated Press, N. Y. Times.

There was no dissuading the girl. Her husband was unemployed, and there just wasn't any way they could support another mouth. Mrs. Von posted the card.

A few days later, a middle-aged man came in and inquired about the unborn baby. "Disgraceful," he said. "Can't allow that sort of thing. Give me the man's name and address."

Within a week the young husband had a job, and his wife was able to keep the baby when it came.

Because of things like that, Callcott says: "Being nice to people pays off. In a bigger sense, what we have been proving here for a dozen years is that the four freedoms are not just dreams, but sound, workable principles. The Golden Rule still works."

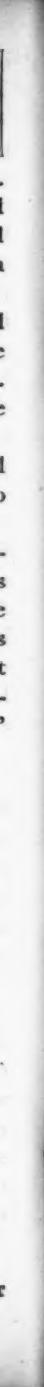
Swan Song by a Nightingale

AN AUTOMOBILE UNIT of Goebbel's propaganda ministry strayed into the outskirts of Kursk, where the Nazi publicity boys hoped to record the famous Russian nightingales in song. Later, when the Red army units reoccupied Kursk, the car was found abandoned. This strange recording was under the seat:

"Our microphone is not far from the Russian city of Kursk which is world famous for its nightingales. Now you will hear their songs." The birds' song started but was suddenly stilled. Then came a weird noise, two clearly recorded shots, and a wild shout followed by German curses. There the record stopped.

This strange finale was traced to Russian guerrillas who said that they learned of the proposed recording and found that one of their members could imitate the nightingale's song. With this for bait, a successful ambush was laid, and the nightingale's warbling became a swan song for two of Hitler's henchmen.

—DAVID NICHOL IN THE *Chicago Daily News*.

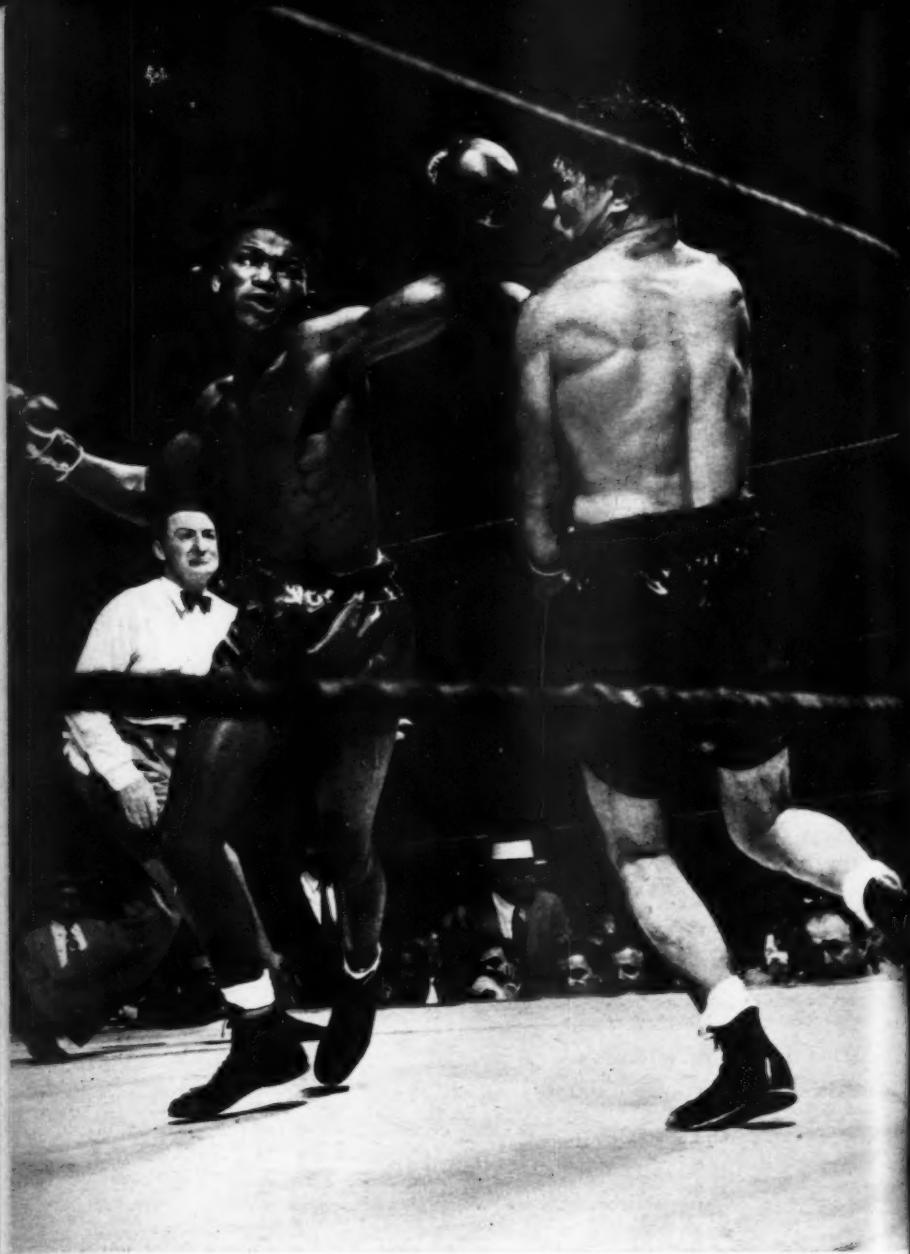






The Press Photographers' Best

IF YOU CAN'T be there yourself, don't worry. An American press photographer will be on hand to snap a picture of what it looks like for you. This was demonstrated again at the Press Photographers' Eighth Annual Exhibit, from which the pictures on the following pages were culled. They represent the best examples of the Spot News, Speedlite, Pictorial and Feature entries. And they prove beyond a doubt that, while the war may have crowded everything else off the front page, there is still plenty of room in the public prints and the public heart for such timeless things as kids, crime, hokum, puppies and pickaninnies.



The Crusher by Frank Jurkoski. Ray Robinson lands a hard left on Sammy Angott and cocks his right for a follow-through during Garden bout



"Play Ball" by Charles Hoff. New York's Mayor La Guardia throws out the first ball at the opening game of Yanks' home session at the Stadium



Americans All by Samuel Falk. Listening to
patriotic speeches on the East Side of Manhattan

"*Come Quietly*" by Walter D. Engels. Frank Whelan, injured in an automobile accident, became temporarily hysterical when he first recovered consciousness and attacked everyone nearby

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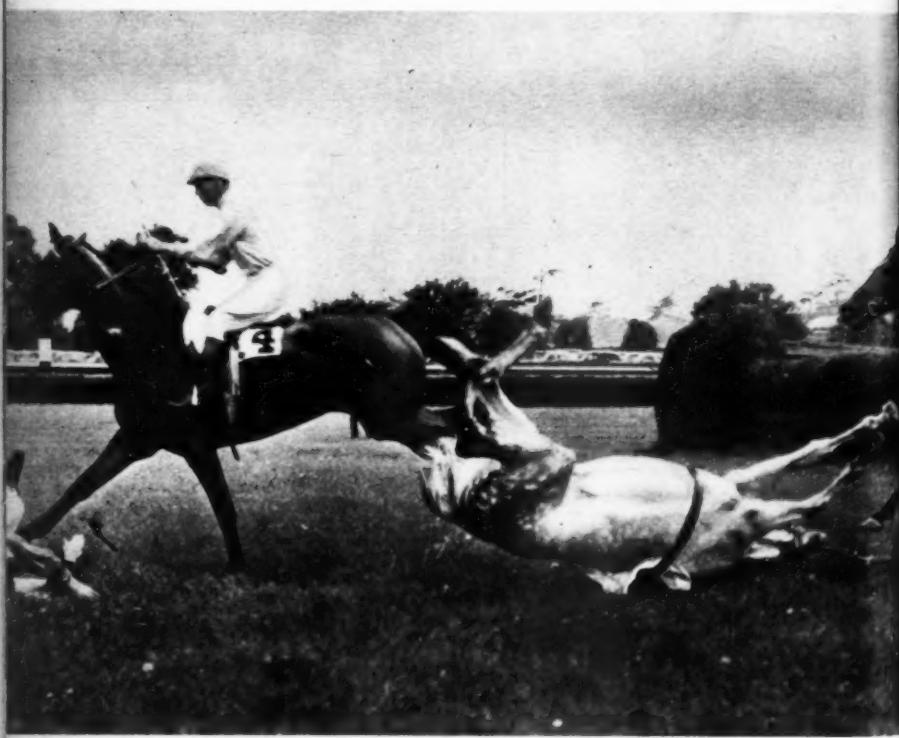


Reunion After Acquittal by Osmund Leviness.
Anne Harrington, acquitted of the murder of her husband,
is kissed by her father, while her sister attends mother



"I Want to Join the WAACs" by Arthur S. Edger. A lost four-year-old girl found wandering in Astoria, Queens, told a police sergeant she wanted to join the Army

Head Over Heels by Dan Grossi. A complete half somer-
ault by Annabelle and jockey during Belmont Park Steeplechase





Chow Time by Samuel Schulman. Harry Hopkins,
Lieut. Gen. Marcus Clark, President Roosevelt and
Major Gen. George Patton, Jr., sit down to an Army
meal in the field during North African inspection





Close Finish by Anthony Camerano. James W. Smith of Southern California, right, wins to take 200-meter hurdle race championship at National A.A.U. games

■ **Three on a Horse** by Albert J. Carino.
Human interest scene caught in a Harlem toy shop



Police Problem by Charles R. Payne. Spot News shot of a determined Brooklyn woman who defies police to frustrate her attempted suicide



"Sorry, Bud" by Wilfred Morgan. "Nothing for you, Bud," the Army postal clerk tells a disappointed private in far-off Liberia, West Africa





A Queen's Reign Ends by John Lindsay.
The former liner Normandie lying helplessly on her side in the North River the morning after the fire

■ **Marine Shadows** by Arthur H. Sasse. Marines during a parade on Fifth Avenue, temporarily at ease



The Lion Roareth by Arthur H. Sasse. Baby lion cub at Bronx Zoo after being taken from mother

Monday Morning's Wash by Benjamin Greenhaus. Algora Sheila's Cinderella shows off her litter of four-weeks-old Irish setter puppies





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U. S. NAVY

Home Is th



KODACHROME BY LT. COMMANDER EDWARD STEICHE

Is the Sailor

KICHEN

Carroll's Corner



Coronets: To Richard Rodgers' score for *Oklahoma*, which is musical comedy music as is musical comedy music . . . To *Experiment Perilous* by Margaret Carpenter, a mystery story which is in all ways wonderful . . . To Drew Pearson, who gets a scoop a day, day in and day out . . . To Fred Allen, who knows what is funny and—this makes him unique—what is not . . . To Jack Smith, a groaner in Bing Crosby's class, and about time too . . . To *Fantastic Interim*, a book by Henry Morton Robinson which describes us as we were between this World War and the last, and if Mr. Robinson makes you chuckle at yourself he'll also make you blush for shame.

Thorns: To *Forever and a Day*, a bad movie motivated by a good purpose. One million dollars' worth of script writers and 10 cents' worth of script . . . To the so-called "Army humor" magazines which are cluttering the newsstands. If this is what our fighting men laugh at, the total collapse of Army morale is a matter of days.

I Confess: Marlene Dietrich: "I never show my legs except on the screen. My legs belong to my career."

Sonja Henie: "Every once in a while romance breaks out all over me like a rash."

Alice-Leone Moats: "I was brought up in a household where an ambas-

sador was something you invite when you need a fourteenth for dinner."

Monty Woolley: "The beard is an economic asset, and an historic trademark of genius."

Gracie Fields: "I have teeth that were made by some mechanic, and I wear glasses, and my legs—ee, lad! I'm darn glad I earn my money with my throat."

All Fronts: The French-Nazi newspaper *Gringoire* recently described the growth of the French underground movement. "For every head we chop," it moaned, "two spring up" . . . *Gringoire* is possibly aware of the fact that the Dutch word for the day of retribution against the Nazis is *Bijtjesdag*—"hatchet day" . . . Mussolini's *Popolo d'Italia* has changed its slogan from "We Shall Win" to "They Shall Not Win" . . . True, nobody knows the Russian army's size, but Russians admit that before the war 20 million Russian men had military training . . . When two Italian officers were captured along with some of Rommel's men in North Africa, they said, "This is an outrage. We were not fighting—we just came up to look!" . . . Want the cold shivers? Listen to Goebbels: "If the day should ever come when . . . we are forced to leave the scene of history, we will slam the door so hard the universe will shake and mankind will stand back in stupefaction . . ."

*The story of Engine 999—a real worker
on the railroad—and America's first
streamlined speed demon half a century ago*



Trailblazer for Streamliners

by WILLIAM F. McDERMOTT

THE SPORTING, STUNTING days of railroading have long been over, but sober superintendents and sedate safety-first specialists, along with enginemen and firemen, take delight in recalling that red-letter day of lightning express thrillers, May 10, 1893.

It was on that bright spring afternoon that the crack engineer of the New York Central System, Charley Hogan, under direct order from his superiors, "took off the bridle" of Engine 999, hauling the famous Empire State Express, to see what she could do. It was on a straightaway stretch of track just east of Buffalo that he opened wide the throttle—and hung up a world's record for speed that remained virtually unchallenged for 41 years' until Diesel-engined trains set a new high.

The setting was literally a dazzling one, for those were adventurous days in railroading. Already the nation was

in a flurry about the approaching Columbian Exposition, or World's Fair, at Chicago. Railroads were rivaling each other in building choice equipment for display at the Windy City. The New York Central boys, who in 1891 had broken U.S. and British speed records with a 52½ m.p.h. run between New York and Buffalo, went into a huddle.

"We'll make an engine that will astound the world," they determined; and their secret goal was 100 miles an hour. The job was turned over to "Bill" Buchanan, superintendent of motive power—originator of the interlocking system and builder of the first water scoop—who was with the road from 1849 to 1899.

Buchanan began the job in the West Albany shops. Engine 999 not only had special seven-feet high drivers to make a record but was the first to have brakes applied to the front

trucks. She had a newly patented Buchanan firebox; all her bands and pipes and trimmings glistened with polish; the cab was beautifully painted; and across the tender in goldleaf letters was emblazoned:

"THE EMPIRE STATE EXPRESS."

When the new locomotive was finally completed, it was run into the railroad yard for inspection. Veteran mechanics were all a-tremble as they saw the great engine roll out under her own steam for the first time. They had been let in on the 100-mile-an-hour secret. Some even cried for joy. And a delegation of students from the Albany Normal School, most of them girls, overran 999.

Meantime, the maintenance department was getting ready for the great test, smoothing off any rough spots in the track, laying more ballast and testing switches. The tunnel level under Sing Sing prison was dropped a foot to accommodate the larger type of engine, the cab of which, by the way, was curved to conform to the curved roof of the tunnel.

THE NEW PET of the Central was put into service pulling the Empire State Express to give her a thorough testing and at the same time condition her for the big moment to come. All her drivers babied her as she gave them an easy 80-mile-an-hour speed.

When the final test was in the offing, President Webb sent out a call for three veteran enginemen from as many divisions and asked each one if he felt he could make a record-breaking run. Two hesitated. A third,

Charley Hogan, who had bucked everything from snow to Indians, replied instantly, "I can do it!"

He was assigned the job; the run was made on the division between Syracuse and Buffalo. The train carried four coaches, with many railroad celebrities on board—also three men with stop-watches to check each other on time records. Switches had been locked and the line cleared for the race against time.

Hogan pulled along at a casual 80 miles an hour, slowing down for curves of course, until he had passed Rochester and reached Batavia. Here began the choice 36 miles of straight-away track where the most sensational speed record in the history of the rails was to be hung up. A few miles ran slightly upgrade, then there was a stretch of 14 miles on a dead level, and finally downgrade into Buffalo.

Out onto the 14-mile stretch the glistening train swung like a bird in flight. Eighty miles an hour seemed like drifting along. Charley opened the throttle a bit and 999 leaped to the fray. Ninety miles an hour for one mile, the stop-watchers clicked in unison; another mile at 95; another at 97; and finally, as speed-blurred fields and farm houses slipped by, the magic, longed-for, dreamed-of, 100-mile-an-hour mile was ripped off.

But Charley and his indomitable fireman, Al Elliott, didn't know it. Al stepped up the dizzy rhythm of feeding fuel to the monster until he was throwing three shovelfuls of coal, or 40 pounds, every 60 seconds into the roaring firebox! Each shovelful

had to be spotted unerringly, and with the engine hurtling along, pitching and tossing at 100 miles an hour, it was a job such as only Al could do.

All the engine crew did know was that 999 still had some more speed left in her and they intended to get it out. Another notch went the throttle, then the last one. Like a living thing inspired, 999 rose to the great occasion. Faster and faster raced those greatest drive-wheels in the world! Spectators couldn't count the coaches—they could barely glimpse them.

Would she hold the track? Charley Hogan's intuition, which had saved him from several wrecks, told him she would. Back in the coaches, men whose hearts were pounding and whose eyes told them the impossible was happening, were not so sure. Those who had the stop-watches could scarcely believe what was being recorded before them.

But after the slowdown, the triumphant arrival in Buffalo, carefully checked figures told the amazing truth. They had ridden, for the first time in the history of the world, at the dizzy pace of $112\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour!

The job was done. That record, to last for many years, went around the world. There was only one thing now—Charley had to take his famous 999 and the Empire State Express to Chicago to bask in the admiration of millions at the World's Fair.

In 1921, Old 999 was the star performer in a traveling pageant of railroading that played to millions over the lines of the Big Four and Michigan Central. When the Century of Progress Exposition of Chicago was staged in 1933 and 1934, engineer Hogan, now past 80, and the old engine were featured in the big railroad exhibit. They drew such crowds that New York planned to play them up in its World's Fair in 1939 and 1940. The famous locomotive was there, but without its engineer. Hogan had got the forward signal and had gone into the "clear"—passing away just before he was 90.

Today famous Old 999 rests at ease in quarters at West Albany. It is kept in the pink of condition and is ready—just in case—to do its bit any time by hauling four coaches at 70 miles an hour or better.

Answers to Cabinet Quiz on Gatefold

1. Frances Perkins	Secretary of Labor
2. Frank C. Walker	Postmaster General
3. Frank Knox	Secretary of Navy
4. Francis Biddle	Attorney General
5. Henry L. Stimson	Secretary of War
6. Henry Morgenthau Jr.	Secretary of the Treasury
7. Cordell Hull	Secretary of State
8. Jesse H. Jones	Secretary of Commerce
9. Claude R. Wickard	Secretary of Agriculture
10. Harold L. Ickes	Secretary of the Interior

Portfolio of Personalities

Heroes on the Home Front

WHEREVER WE'RE FIGHTING in this war, Americans in uniform are distinguishing themselves for valorous action beyond the call of duty. Already our heroes of the battle front are legion.

Meantime here at home, heroes of another kind are emerging. Men and women—and even children—who wear no uniforms. Although they do not fight with guns, they yet exhibit all the gallantry and leadership it takes to win a war. They have gone all-out, devoting every minute of their time to doing the thousand and one things that must be done on the home front for victories on the fighting fronts.

Celebrities? People of position, of power? Not one. These are ordinary folks in the ordinary sense. But extraordinary in the way they're living and working.

There are thousands of them throughout the nation. In the belief that they should be honored, Coronet has chosen this Portfolio to inaugurate a new award—the Certificate of National Merit. This month we present the five initial winners. Every issue hereafter, the Editors will award a similar certificate to the Home Front Hero of the Month whose picture and biography will appear within these pages.

This program is not a contest and awards will be made by a panel of editorial staff-judges, solely on the merits of the individual's contribution and its value to the war effort.



Muriel McMurtry

Out at Henry Kaiser's Richmond shipyards where they're breaking records for speed in shipbuilding, everyone bows to Muriel McMurtry. "If there's any delay in winning the war," they say, "it won't be her fault."

For fast-moving is the word for this 26-year-old mother of two. Six days a week, she reports in Yard One personnel training. Her occupation: hazard hound. She's one of the Safety Inspectors whose job is to search out possible hazards to life and limb, remove them, and educate workers in safe methods. That's an important enough job in a nation where, since Pearl Harbor, 64,500 workers have been killed and six million injured in

accidents. To do it, Muriel has, on her own time, learned shipfitting, blueprint reading, welding and burning. She knows her job because she actually knows workers' jobs.

But six days of work aren't enough to satisfy this girl. Two nights a week she goes to Stanford Hospital in San Francisco where she works from 6:30 to 9:30 p. m., without pay, as a Graduate Nurse's Aide. Then, just to keep busy, she has started classes in first aid on the ferry boat in the morning and afternoon between San Francisco and the shipyards. First aid coordinator in San Francisco before coming to Richmond, she's well qualified to teach, and her classes are packed.

Even all that doesn't end Muriel's activities. One of the big problems these days is the care of children of mothers doing war work. She knows about the problem—knows it personally in terms of her own two youngsters: a son, three, and a daughter, seven. And so, now, one night a week and on her day off, she's taking a course in Operation and Management of Nursery Schools. The betting among workers in the yards is that, come the finish of that course, fast-moving McMurtry will have a practical solution for them.

When informed that her story was going to be told in this portfolio, she sent Coronet a note. It read: "Although this work has not been done for personal publicity, if the information can be used in such a way that other women can realize the importance of ALL OUT WAR WORK, then I am deeply grateful."

Jerald Clemans

A few months ago, Jerry Clemans of Manhasset, Long Island, was like many another 12-year-old schoolboy, dreaming all the time of a uniform, of going to war. Then one day he got an idea. If he couldn't help by fighting, he could by selling War Bonds. Why not have a bond rally in school?

With the approval of teacher and principal, Jerry set to work. His goal: nine hundred dollars in bonds, enough to buy a jeep. He got his classmates to help. He persuaded the glee club to sing and the school orchestra to play at the rally. He arranged a quiz contest and other entertainment. Then he formed committees: one to make a stamp booth; another to get posters to display throughout the community; another

to sell stamps and bonds at the rally. To get use of the school building, he had to argue his case before the fuel rationing board; it took time but he won. He got the American Legion, then, to appear with a color guard. He hunted all over town until he found a friend who could advance the capital needed to buy the 10 cent war stamps which were to be tickets of admission. Then he got a radio announcer to auction off bonds.

Since the rally, Jerry has received honors galore. Henry Morgenthau, Secretary of the Treasury, sent him a plaque making him a full-fledged "Minute Man." He was made a member of the War Saving Staff of Greater New York. At Toledo, Ohio, he was guest of Willys-Overland, makers of jeeps, where he rode in one and was made honorary director of the Jeep Clubs of America.

For "Pistol Pete," as Jerry's father calls him, had done it. Instead of selling nine hundred dollars' worth of bonds and stamps, the rally ended by selling over 15 thousand worth—enough for 16 jeeps and some gas for each. In addition, the publicity it received gave War Bond sales a tremendous boost all over the country.

But Jerry and his mates accomplished something more, too. Said one parent after the rally: "The thing that impressed me most was the co-operation amongst these youngsters, their assurance, their sincerity. And if you have any idea that this country is going to hell, you should have seen these kids and you sure would have changed your mind."



Patrick Feeley

In 1899, Patrick Feeley enlisted for service in the Spanish-American War. He was one of those who volunteered when Dewey took Manila and President McKinley asked for men to go to the Philippines. He saw tough fighting under General Arthur MacArthur.

In 1900, during China's Boxer Rebellion, he was one of the first to scale the outer walls of Pekin and to engage in the fierce battle for the capture of the city.

Today, at 64, he's fighting in this war with the same indomitable spirit. He's in a wheelchair now, his legs and right side paralyzed, an affliction believed due to ordeals and injuries suffered in the Philippines and China.

But Pat's the kind of soldier who doesn't quit. He can't enlist or go to work in a war plant because he can't walk. He hasn't been able to leave his room for a couple of years during which his wife has been his faithful attendant. But Pat's working now—proud of the job he's doing for the Curtiss-Wright Corporation Airplane Division at Buffalo.

Cheerfully he puts in a full day, every day, working in his wheelchair in his upstairs bedroom, sorting countless rivets salvaged in the plants. They've built an adjustable table for him. He has an index of the various size rivets from which he works. Proudly, he catalogs and sorts, thus releasing a war worker for more physically strenuous tasks.

Patrick Feeley finds it tough to be down with his kind of disease—the



kind that Lou Gehrig died from. Tough, too, for his fighting heart to be unable to do anything more than sort rivets when there's a war going on. But he wastes no time feeling sorry for himself. He has a thought which he keeps turning over and over in his mind to cheer himself on.

"One of these rivets I sort here," he tells himself grimly, "may soon be helping some P-40 down a couple of Jap or Nazi ships."

And it's the truth.

Inez Boswell

When the Seattle papers got around to telling the story of Inez Boswell recently, they had to go out of the way to make their readers believe it. "It's the straight goods," they kept saying. "She really does it."

And no wonder the need for reassurance. For this dynamic, 30-odd year-old widow puts in a working day that might kill an ordinary man. For the past five years she has lived alone in her five room house at the edge of her five acre farm. She ran that farm all by herself; it gave her plenty to do. But came Pearl Harbor and Mrs. Boswell felt that she wasn't doing enough. She added on a job building Flying Fortresses in the Boeing Aircraft plant in Seattle.

Now, rising every morning at 2:00 a.m., she milks and cares for three cows, feeds 75 chickens and 25 ducks. She tends her orchards and works in her Victory garden. Then she loads her cantankerous '28 Ford with milk cans and delivers these to neighbors. It's a 50-mile ride from her farm in Snowomish to the Boeing plant. If the car behaves, she gets to the parking lot a little before 6:00 a.m., with time to get a hasty cup of coffee before getting to work. She's busy then until 3:30 attaching zippers, eyes, hooks, snaps and fasteners to tail wheel boots, blackout curtains, radio hatch covers and rear gun hoppers in the big ships. It's fine accurate work with awl and punch, pins and needles.

After an eight-hour shift, she starts back to the farm. Now, it's the ducks,

cows and chickens again; they must be fed, watered and bedded down. After which she chops kindling, builds fires and keeps busy until 8:00 when she prepares her own dinner. That brings her to putting her house in order, doing her washing and ironing—until bedtime at 9:30. Four and one-half hours of sleep then, and it's ready for another day.

Since taking the job at Boeing, Inez has missed just one day. That was when dirty weather set in last winter and her Ford couldn't push through the snow. In eight months, she lost 22 pounds. But is she exhausted? "I should say not," she tells you. "Work is good for me. I like it and I hope I'm helping."



Mary Starr

In Essex, Connecticut, beside a little white house on Novelty Lane, a flagpole flies a large white ensign like those used in battle by British ships. And on the door of the house, a brass plate says: "H.M.S. *Connecticut*." It's the home of Mrs. Mary Starr, a former schoolteacher and until recently, a quiet, small-town mother.

One day last December, on a visit to Boston, Mrs. Starr was asked for directions by a lonely, unhappy looking British sailor. Soon he was telling her his story. Away from home for a year . . . homesick . . . on leave now . . . with little money . . . and nothing to do but mope around in a strange city. That day Mrs. Starr took the sailor home with her and kept him there for his entire leave.

Ever since she has kept her home open for other British sailors. And after scouting among friends and neighbors in Essex and nearby towns, she has found one hundred other havens for men in from long duty at sea.

From the Union Jack Club in New York, a clearing house for Royal Navy men, her guests come up for a rest in the country that may last anywhere from a few days to three weeks. They get health-building home-cooked meals, sleep in clean white beds, and participate in all community activities, from church services to dances. And when trouble comes—Not long ago, for example, one boy needed an emergency operation for acute appendicitis. Mrs. Starr rushed him to the Naval hospital at New

London, holding his hand all the way.

Each haven bears all its expenses, and they're not inconsiderable. Mrs. Starr's telephone bill alone for a recent month, for example, was 40 dollars. But it's worth it. The British Admiralty has already paid official recognition. And as for the sailors themselves—

Several months ago, a small British warship sank in the Atlantic. When the rescued crew arrived in New York, almost to a man they wanted to spend survivor's leave at H.M.S. *Connecticut*. Mrs. Starr got a telephone call that day. Could she take 34 sailors for 18 days—within 24 hours? She said she could. Twenty-two homes—including her own—were waiting for the men when they arrived.



Meet Irving Klaw—the man who hitched his wagon to the stars and gave Hollywood a one-way ticket to America's heart



Pin-ups by the Mile

by BARBARA HEGGIE

SEVEN YEARS AGO a little dealer in second-hand books and magazines hunched disconsolately over his stool in his Eastside basement shop in New York. Business was bad. Those customers who did come in browsed about for hours and then, likely as not, went off without even buying one of the dog-eared volumes at the "Special, 10¢" counter. Idly he watched a shabby schoolgirl rummaging through a pile of old movie magazines. She had been in for the last two days and apparently seemed under the impression he was running a public library. The faint sound of paper tearing came to his ears and he saw her stuff something furtively into her coat pocket. Curious, the dealer examined the magazines and discovered that several pages had been neatly cut out by a razor blade. The next day he lay in wait for his light-fingered customer, and when she ap-

peared, he pounced. Threatened with the police, the girl burst into tears and confessed that she had been unable to resist pictures of Clark Gable. "I couldn't afford to buy the magazines," she wept. "I just wanted the pictures and I didn't think you'd sell them to me separately."

Today, as a result of this little incident, the dealer, Irving Klaw, is conducting a thriving business in movie stills in a shop directly above the basement, at 209 East 14th Street. Reasoning that the passion for Clark Gable photographs which had driven the school girl to steal them out of his magazines, must rage in similar bosoms for similar idols, he had purchased a batch of publicity photos from a motion picture company and set up a new department for them in his shop. The manner in which customers in search of these new wares charged in, stated their preference

and planked down cash, decided Mr. Klaw. From now on it would be movie stills and the books could go.

Surrounded by upward of two million photographs—the largest collection of movie stills in the world—Mr. Klaw opens at least three hundred mail orders each day and between letters deals with some 50 customers. He is aided by his sister, Pauline, and a youth who wraps packages in a back room. Every time Klaw gets up suddenly, or one of the customers waves an arm, a pile of pictures slides down on his head, for the shop is all of three feet wide and is really just a narrow aisle between two ceiling-high files of stills. These files are indexed by stars and their films, and Klaw keeps up his supply of photos by buying the surplus of publicity stills from the movie companies after a picture has made its run. Before priorities every A picture was heralded by two hundred to six hundred different shots, and even last year the industry spent a solid two million just on these prints.

IRVING KLaw's average assortment of customers is an odd mixture. Sailors on shore leave jostle high school girls who spend their lunch hours—and their lunch money—raptly fingering through folders of their latest hero. Theoretically the store opens at 10:00 and closes at 11:00 sharp, but steady customers from out of town will often arrive five minutes before closing time and keep Klaw up till after midnight. Cranks are an everyday occurrence. Once a worn looking spinster asked for a still of

Douglas Fairbanks, only to burst out crying when Mr. Klaw produced it. "He's the reason I never married," she sobbed, and Klaw ended up by lending her his shoulder and a hastily-produced handkerchief.

From time to time one of the Movie Great will walk into Klaw's little shop, to say a few kind words, and he feels rather embarrassed about the fact that he rarely recognizes them. A star who is about as used to being anonymous as he is to going unshaved, stood about, in full profile, for a good 10 minutes before Mr. Klaw got around to mildly asking him what he wanted, only to have his exalted visitor depart in a huff.

Since the war, Klaw's mail order business has boomed. Soldiers and sailors account for a third of it. When the government put a ban on mailing packages to servicemen overseas last winter, customers of Klaw's in Hawaii, Alaska, Iceland and the Canal Zone, set up a howl which only died away with the modifying of the rule to permit packages not over eight ounces to go first class.

Tops with servicemen just now are Betty Grable and Lana Turner, with Rita Hayworth pressing them hard. "At times," wrote one draftee in a burst of emotion to Mr. Klaw, "when the least doubt comes to my mind as to whether anything or anyone is worth fighting, or perhaps dying for, I have but to think of Lana, and all doubts vanish from my mind!"

Generally speaking, mail order customers fall into categories. Prisoners want action shots of Cagney, George

Raft or Humphrey Bogart, flouting the law—and getting away with it. Negroes want Paul Robeson and Ethel Waters; small towners want Western heroes on horseback, or sometimes just the horse; South Americans demand blondes in bathing suits; Chinese, Deanna Durbin, and old ladies are still faithful to child pictures of Shirley Temple.

Special request photos run up to a dollar or more, depending on the research involved. Ten cents is Mr. Klaw's price for action stills, and a quarter for cheesecake and star stills—pictures glamorizing featured players—which are currently "hot." Right now Alan Ladd, whom Klaw characterizes as "the sympathetic gangster type," is going over tremendously, as is Carole Landis, who recently completed a tour of personal appearances.

The easiest way a star can boost his or her popularity, according to Klaw, is to get within autograph range of the public as often as possible and wield an obliging pen. He points to Frank Sinatra, who, while in New York last spring, used to round up worshiping young girls and take them to the nearest Liggett's for a coke. Afterwards they poured into Klaw's shop in droves to buy Sinatra's picture, at the hastily jacked-up price of a quarter flat. Another excellent method of winning new fans is to join the Army. Studio shots of Richard Green (now in the RAF), Tyrone Power and Ronald Reagan are going like hot-cakes, although the publicizing of Clark Gable's age as 42 at the time of his induction into the Air Force did

damage to his popularity with the high school girls, whose idea of an old man is anyone over 35.

But if a star really wants to insure himself a wide and faithful following, Mr. Klaw suggests, all he has to do is just die—in as spectacular a manner as possible. Today six times as many fans write in for Jean Harlow stills as when she was alive, and Carole Lombard is mounting in demand every month. Buck Jones tripled in popularity after his death in the Boston fire, a lady from Mishawaka, Indiana, ordering one hundred dollars' worth of pictures the next day, because, she said, "she felt so bad about it." As a rule, the older a star is the more demand for his pictures. Klaw could sell an indefinite number of stills of Valentino, Wally Reid, and Pearl White—at one dollar each—but on the other hand, while Alice Terry, in *Three Passions*, is a long-standing favorite, there hasn't been a call in years for John Bunny, who executed the first kiss on the screen.

IRVING KLAW publishes his own catalogue every two months, in the manner of postage stamp dealers. It is now in its fourteenth edition, and has recently been embellished by a Department for Leg Art poses (sold only to adults over 21 years). His listing of Popular Movie Star Portraits is closely watched by motion picture companies, who consider that the inclusion of a name is a sure sign of a player's drawing power. An example of the influence Klaw thus has over the careers of movie actors is the story

of Bob Allen, who, after a rather unfortunate appearance with Grace Moore seven years ago in *I'll Take Romance*, dwindled to roles in Western "quickies," and finally to the man in the Mount Vernon Whiskey ads. Mr. Klaw, however, who had always rather liked Allen as an actor, continued to keep his name on his list, and recently Mr. Allen dropped in to thank him personally and to say that his kindness had resulted in several new offers for contracts.

Motion picture studios have also recognized that Klaw is a walking fund of profitable information, and often consult him. Among other nuggets, he has offered the inexplicable axiom that actresses with long hair last the longest (Dorothy Lamour,

Mary Pickford, Evelyn Venable and Veronica Lake are good examples), and the revelation that Lamour and Jon Hall are the most popular kissing team. As films have their first release in New York, Klaw can predict by the number of persons who come in to buy action shots of the picture, or stills of one of the players, whether it will be a success and if a new actor has scored. Thus he pointed out to 20th Century-Fox that they had something in Dana Andrews before even they realized it.

The most frequent question which is hurled at Mr. Klaw, as he crouches behind his pile of mail orders, at his corner desk, is: "Say, who's *your* favorite star?"

"None of them," Klaw always answers firmly.

Trio of Bafflers

¶ AS TWO PSYCHIATRISTS passed each other on the street, one greeted his friend with:

"You're fine. How am I?"

—PRIVATE BURTON B. HENDRICKS

¶ BOB HOPE WAS telling of the picture in which Madeleine Carroll was his leading lady. "Madeleine and I were like this," Hope announced—holding up three fingers pressed together.

"If you and Madeleine were like that," George Raft asked, "what's the third finger for?"

"That one in the middle," Hope explained, "represents the Hays office." —FROM *The Emancipator*

¶ PRESS CENSORSHIP in Russia was so extreme that correspondent Philip Jordan, after spending several months in the Soviet Union, went to Cairo where he telegraphed his paper, the *News Chronicle*:

"Now free from the intolerable burden of Soviet censorship, I can at last express my profound conviction that the Soviet Union will win the war." —JOHN SCOTT, *Duel for Europe* (Houghton, Mifflin)



Meet England's "Alex"—a general of the Old School who once wanted to be a waiter. Rommel may well wish that he had been

Alexander of Tunisia

by WALTER DURANTY

THE PROJECT of invading Europe has focused public attention upon General Alexander, the brilliant second to General Eisenhower in the Battle of Africa. It was Alexander's daring maneuver—similar to that of Foch in the first battle of the Marne—which broke German resistance so suddenly in Tunisia, when he "contained" von Arnim's crack troops with the Eighth Army, then shifted part of it in a terrific night march to join the First Army and strike unexpectedly at the German flank.

I first met "Alex," as everyone calls him, at the British Political Mission in Riga, Latvia, in the winter of 1919-20. A slim young man with bright blue eyes and very white teeth, brown hair and clipped moustache. He was then commanding an anti-Bolshevik corps of Baltic Germans, which a few months later was the spearhead of the Lettish attack to recover the province of

Lettgalen from the Bolsheviks. Incidentally, this was the only successful campaign in the Allied intervention against Soviet Russia.

Unlike his doughty opponent Marshal Rommel, whose origin was humble, Harold Rupert Leofric George Alexander, D.S.O., etc., is a typical specimen of that much-maligned institution known as the "Old School Tie." His father was an Irish earl, his mother an earl's daughter and his wife is also daughter of an earl. He commanded the Guards Division at Aldershot—is Irish Guards himself—and was aide-de-camp to the King of England. But he told me one day that what he really would like to be was a waiter in a restaurant, because he thought it would be so interesting to catch scraps of conversation and wonder about the rest.

He began the first World War at Mons, a few months after graduating

from Sandhurst, the English West Point, and went through it all without a scratch. In the Battle of the Somme in 1916, his battalion was engaged at a point called the Bois de Delville, which the English called "Devil's Wood." After five days the remnant of the battalion was withdrawn, only 83 living men, of whom about 40 were wounded, and Alex was the sole surviving officer. They were to be relieved by the Second Battalion of the Irish Guards, but this was not long after the bloodily repressed "Easter Rebellion" in Ireland. Perhaps for this reason, the Second Battalion said bluntly that it would not go to the trenches. Its officers stormed and pleaded and threatened condign penalties. The men said, "All right, you can call it mutiny, but the rule for that is you shoot one man out of 10; whereas the First Battalion went up with 12 hundred men, and we have seen what's left."

Then Alexander said, "You can't do a thing like this. Of course it was rather bad, but I'm willing to go back with you." One of his sergeants joined in, "If the lieutenant goes I'll go too," and some of the soldiers added, "You can count on us as well, if the lieutenant goes."

With that the troops began to change their minds, "All right, we'll go, and you don't have to come, sir, nor any of the others." And by the fortune of war, or a shift in the battle line, they were two weeks there in "Devil's Wood" and only had 30 or 40 casualties. That earned Alexander his D.S.O. (Distinguished Service

Order) and a month's extra leave back home in England.

The head of the British Political Mission in Riga was Sir Stephen Tallents, who went to the aristocratic English school, Harrow, as did Alexander. He too was in the Irish Guards, and told me once, "Alex is the bravest man I ever met; he actually seems to enjoy the most appalling danger. In fact, I wouldn't mind saying that if there's another war in the next 20 years, Alex may end up as Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, because he has the three things which matter most: personal courage, a first-class tactical brain, and the gift of leading men to follow him through hell." Those were prophetic words.

YET ALEXANDER is one of the few officers who can say that he was shot in the back by one of his own soldiers and lived to tell the tale. A cold night in December, 1919, he went out on patrol with two of his officers in No Man's Land, a mile-wide frozen marsh between his and the Bolshevik lines. They rejoined their own position at a point some distance from where they had started, and either a sentry was nervous or they failed to hear his challenge. At any rate, he loosed off a machine-gun burst, and one of the bullets caught Alex in the rear, a nice clean harmless flesh wound, so that when he came to Riga for Christmas he had to take his dinner off the mantelpiece. The British are simple-minded, and threw at him schoolboy jokes about birch rods and floggings, which still prevail at Harrow. Their

fun-making didn't faze him a jot.

He was not only content to go out on night patrol. One day shortly before his unfortunate accident, his men brought in a Red soldier who had been wounded in No Man's Land. "What's the good of sending the poor chap to the rear as a prisoner?" said Alexander. "Bandage him and put him on a sleigh."

Then with an aide he rode over to the Russian lines in broad daylight, dragging the sleigh to which a white flag had been tied. He had removed his badges of rank, and his aide, I may say, talked Russian. They stayed there nearly an hour and fraternized with the Reds over tea and vodka. Alexander told me afterwards, "Of course there was nothing to see; their position was just like ours, no regular trenches but a few strong points. They seemed pretty decent fellows, although their discipline was sloppy. That is a mistake; you must have discipline."

"Why is it so important?" I asked.

He looked at me in surprise. "Don't you know that disciplined troops who have learned to polish their buttons even during a battle, and hold up their heads and march smartly even when exhausted—don't you know that troops like that react automatically and do what they're told when they're told it? Such men you can trust to the hilt; their discipline is stronger than they are."

To me personally it is a matter of pride and joy that "even during a battle," during the Battle of Africa, on April 7th to be exact, I received a letter from the War Department in Washington saying, "We have a message to you from General Alexander through General Eisenhower's headquarters: 'Greetings to an old friend whom I had hoped to find with me here. With all good wishes, Alex.'"

Doesn't that help to explain why his sergeant and the other men were willing to follow him back to the hell of Devil's Wood?

Stranger Than Fiction

THE YEAR WAS 1865. Dr. Derendinger of Vienna boarded a train and settled himself into his compartment. In his pocket was his highly valued tortoise-shell wallet decorated with a large and distinctive silver monogram. At the end of his journey he was horrified to find the treasured wallet and all its contents missing.

A little over a year later he was called to a hospital to attend a man who had been struck by lightning. In the course of the medical examination, the doctor suddenly demanded the patient's clothes. From the right hand trousers' pocket, he produced a tortoise-shell wallet with his own monogram. He explained to astonished bystanders that one of the burns on the victim's right hip faithfully reproduced the lettering on his wallet. With the aid of the hot metal, lightning had unmistakably branded this man a thief.—HELEN FURNAS

Cairo Letter

—Cairo (By Cable)

THIBAR IS A small town in Tunisia—a small town like any small town in America. It smells fresh and clean, which is a change from the small towns of Egypt, and the hills which make a ring around it are tall and green and are held together by good New England Pine.

In the valley where Thibar lies, olive groves have grown up about the stone-walled buildings of a monastery and against the hillsides lie the vineyards which support the monastery—vineyards closely pruned when I was there, pruned down to about the size of stubble.

From the vineyards comes the wine of the country—a sweetish red wine with a faint taste of turpentine, a little like the taste of a mango. One of the Fathers told me it is the minerals in the mountain soil that give the wine that taste.

I STOOD ON the steps of a house in Thibar, looking at the lilac hedge which grows between the house and the smooth, paved street, and wondering when it was that I had last seen lilacs. It was the time of day when the evening was beginning to have its way with the tall green hills, and an officer of the RAF came out of the house and handed me a telegram. He was a fattish, dull-looking officer who wore the DFC with bar.

"Pilkington asked me to give you this," he said. "Have a drink?"

He produced a bottle of the monastery wine and we poured some into the tin cups everybody uses because most of the glasses in Africa were broken long ago.

We stopped there, sipping our wine and looking at the evening.

"Looks like my home," he said, staring at the hills in front of us.

"Where is home?" I asked.

"Lake country," he said. "Open your telegram, man. Let's see what's in it." The message was on the ingenious Rube Goldberg sheet of paper which the *Postes Telegraphes République Française* uses to annoy its customers. It is a sheet of paper turned in upon itself and glued together in such a fashion that I never have learned to open one without mutilating the message typed on the inside.

This one had come a long way and had been read by many people along the way. It said: "Desire thousand word monthly color background filed direct Coronet magazine."

We digested that, the RAF fellow and I, and later Pilkington joined us, and in the end we all went off to bed in the dark of the night, and all the time I was thinking . . .

Color and background. How can I tell them about Barney? Barney is color and background, but how to you tell them about that without

sounding soft? I wonder if Barney was soft. But how can they know what people are like unless they know about Barney?

WHEN I FIRST knew Barney he was a pink little man who had just come out to drive a truck in the Western desert. He got brown later in the sun and he told me how he was going to start a Fish-and-Chips place in Knightsbridge when the war is over—but with a difference, because his wife could make the best spaghetti you ever tasted. She would make the spaghetti in this Knightsbridge place, and Barney would run the rest of the business. He was a good plain cook. He would have money enough to get the business started, because he was sending his pay home regularly.

And one day the Major—the kind, vague old Major who was sent home himself sometime later—told me Barney had come to him asking for compassionate leave. Compassionate leave is what a soldier asks for when he has got family trouble and wants to go home and fix it up.

Barney's wife, the Major told me, had written blandly that she was going to have a baby. Barney had been in the Army, away from home, three years.

So the Major talked Barney out of it, and Barney kept on driving his truck. And one day he drove over a stretch of road which had been cleared of mines, and it blew up on a mine.

People do get killed like that. As senselessly, as uselessly, but not often so conveniently as that. And sometimes it seems to be that the killing part—the dying part—has become the "color and background" of this overwritten war, and that only the "next of kin," memorizing the terse message from the War Department, realize that the background of war is a frightening thing, that its color is not a color at all, but absence of color. Its color is black.

Its color is black and its background is frightening. One day I saw a U.S. magazine which had gone to a lot of trouble and expense to print, in colors, drawings of what the battleships of the future will look like. Battleships to be used, presumably, in the war after this one—the war for which this one is a background.

Today, which happens to be "United Nations Day," I watched a parade in Cairo, and when the parade ended, I was talking about it with a soldier.

It had struck us both that we never had seen such spotless vehicles, such shining guns, such unmarred tanks, such virgin tires.

"Why do people who organize parades always have to have things so clean and polished?" my friend asked. "Real things are not like that."

"That," said I, thinking of this piece which was then unwritten, "that is color and background."

—CHESTER MORRISON
Chicago Sun Correspondent



Use the present to invest in the future and redeem the past. *Buy War Bonds!*

This town pioneers in home cabinets to dry out vegetables. Stored away, the shriveled Victory plants will bloom again in the future



Dry Your Own Vegetables

by LAWRENCE N. GALTON

HUNDREDS OF CITIZENS up in Danbury, Connecticut are looking forward to a "Jack and the Beanstalk" sort of great time this summer and fall. Besides holding the promise of fun, their exploit will mark them as pioneers and patriots—for it's a natural "newborn" for conservation.

They're going to take about 25 pounds of juicy, succulent-looking vegetables at a time from their Victory gardens. Then they'll put this produce into a little cabinet containing some shelves and a row of electric lamps at the bottom.

And overnight something will happen that's as elementary as a, b, c but which never stops looking like a miracle. For the following day, instead of the full-blooded, lusciously appetizing vegetables which they put into the cabinet, they'll find dried-out, shriveled up "things."

Next, without fuss or bother, with-

out worry about tin cans, metal jar closures, rubber jar rings and sugar—they'll put their "things" into cellophane bags or paper containers and store them away in very little space.

Days, weeks or months later, they'll take the dehydrated vegetables out, put them in water, and watch another "miracle" happen. Once again, they'll have the same delicious-looking vegetables that came out of the garden in the beginning. But more than that, these vegetables will not only look the same, they'll have the taste of the original—the same fresh taste as if they had been picked just a few hours before. And they'll be the original—full of the same vitamin and nutritive values, healthy and wholesome.

Now when preserving food is so vital and yet so complicated by shortages of equipment, Danbury-ites have the answer to a Victory gardener's prayer. Not just dehydration—for

everyone has known about that. But a family-size home dehydrator that everyone has been looking for—a unit that makes home-drying a simple, economical and fascinating pastime.

THEY DESIGNED it themselves. They got together and built it in the town. They sell it to themselves. Its non-profit price is 12 dollars and 75 cents. Its operating cost is just one cent in electric current for each pound of vegetables. New York department stores have seen the unit and then gone down on their knees to beg Danbury to build thousands for them to sell to their patrons.

If you're intrigued by the possibility that you might dehydrate your vegetables, you'll want to know more about this. But even if you're not, here's an outstanding example of democracy in action—of a group of people who, with all kinds of obstacles in their way, went ahead and did a vital job.

It all began very innocently.

One day last fall, George Howell, a retired actor and now head of the Danbury Defense Council, sat down with Fred Carley, customer service manager of a local utility and chairman of the Food for Victory Committee. And between them, they hatched up what they thought was a very good idea.

Hadn't they, in their official capacities, been encouraging people to grow food? And wasn't it a fact that, with all the wartime shortages, it wasn't going to be easy to preserve that food? Then why not find a way—dehydration—that would solve the problem?

And, in particular, find a family dehydrator? Wonderful idea, they thought. And then, they searched for months and couldn't find a single dehydrator on the market adaptable for home use.

They even went to a dozen and more universities and farm bureaus and met the worst disappointment of all. The research men *were* working on plans for home-type units, but they called for fans and other equipment that would not be readily available on the market.

But finally at the University of Nebraska, Howell and Carley made a strike—a plan for a unit that would require no fans, that would use natural draft to get the circulation of air that dehydration requires. It was just a plan and nothing more—no units had been built for the market. But the two men went to consult Ralph Griffing, who was Danbury's prominent real estate man, and, fortunately, a wood-working enthusiast with a complete home workshop.

Yes, said Griffing, he'd build one.

It looked simple at first, but it wasn't. There was the problem of food drying out and shrinking and falling through the wire trays. There was the matter of natural draft—no easy thing to get working right. There were endless experiments with different vegetables and fruits.

But they solved the problems and finally had a unit that worked—and worked well.

Now to find out how people would take to the idea, Howell and Carley got their committees together and went

out and gave public talks. They spoke before 11 hundred men and women workers in one war plant. One hundred orders were dumped into their startled laps. They went to nearby Newtown and spoke before the Rotary Club. Another hundred orders came in. They addressed the Ridgefield Chapter of the American Red Cross and still another hundred orders rolled in.

At this point, Howell and Carley hauled themselves up short. Who was going to make the units? They approached lumber dealers. Impossible, the latter said, there was no manpower available to assemble the driers. Then Herbert Terry came forward with a proposition. His lumber yard in Bethel would cut the boards for the cabinet. And on a non-profit basis. But somebody else would have to put the unit together and wire it.

This fine offer was of little help until the State Trade School located in Danbury was brought into the picture. Its job was to train young boys in carpentry, electricity and other vocations by practice on actual jobs.

Howell and Carley went to Robert Dobbs, head of the school, and told him their idea. He was delighted. Production was soon under way. Thirty-six boys in the school take over when the lumber company delivers the cut boards. They assemble and wire the units. They've already turned out close to 500 dehydrators.

That doesn't begin to catch up with the demand. Not long ago the unit was approved by the Fairfield County Farm Board. Then the University of

Connecticut became intensely interested. After that, Henry Mosle, Director of Food Conservation for Connecticut, wrote in to ask if Danbury would supply units for the whole state. And, meantime, as the news trickled out, inquiries began to pour in from all over the country.

Actually, the Danbury dehydrator is a simple unit that practically anybody who can use a saw and a hammer can build. The frame is made with short pieces of pine or other scrap lumber usually found around any home workshop. Inside the cabinet, at the bottom, go nine Mazda lamps which furnish the heat. Above the lamps go six trays on which the units of food are placed.

Not only is building the dehydrator easy, but so is the whole process.

You use your best quality fruits and vegetables. They should be just ripe enough for eating. If you dehydrate green or over-ripe fruits, they'll lack flavor and be unattractive. Immature vegetables, too, will lack flavor and overmature ones will often be tough and fibrous.

When it comes to prepared vegetables except onions and garlic, it's wise to blanch or cook them in steam before drying. This reduces the number of spoilage organisms and helps preserve natural color. It also helps avoid tough tissues, loss of flavors, sugars and other nutritive substances.

When you dehydrate, just remember this simple principle. Dry, warm air rises and absorbs moisture. And your job is to make the temperature

and air movement within the cabinet such as to evaporate water from the surface of fruits and vegetables at about the same rate that water diffuses from inside to the surface. If evaporation is faster than diffusion, the surface becomes hardened, and drying therefore is retarded.

Time for dehydration will vary—from eight to twelve hours or more. To store the dried food, damp-proof, dust-proof and insect-proof containers should be used. Whatever containers are used, they should be filled so that as much air as possible is displaced. And dried food is stored in small packages, since it takes only one pound of dried vegetables or fruit to equal in nutritive value eight to ten pounds of fresh vegetables.

When you're ready to use your dehydrated food, you merely soak it in

water, allowing plenty of time. Vegetables like carrots and potatoes, which are made up of large quantities of water, take a little longer. Others like spinach and broccoli take less time because they're thinner and more porous and so can absorb water readily. You'll find that it will take as long to rehydrate as it took to dehydrate.

Dehydration can provide you with many a tasty, tempting meal this fall and winter which otherwise you might not have. And there'll be fun in it too—watching your full-sized garden dry out and shrivel up inside the dehydrator this summer only to blossom forth again and again in the cold months to come.

They're doing it in Danbury. And, from the looks of the quantity of inquiries coming into Danbury, it will soon be the vogue of the nation.

Gag Answers

WHEN NICHOLAS BIDDLE was president of the United States Bank, he occasionally stopped for a word with an old negro retainer on the premises. One day he asked the old man his name.

"Harry, sir—ole Harry," replied the other, touching his shabby hat.

"Old Harry?" repeated Biddle. "Why that's the name they give to the devil, isn't it?"

"Yes sir," grinned the negro. "Sometimes ole Harry and sometimes ole Nick!"

—E. WINSLOW

GROUCHO MARX'S reputation for having a gag answer to every question was bolstered recently when a group of friends collared him after a broadcast and dragged him along with them to a séance. As the spiritualist answered questions about the mysteries of life and the Great Beyond, Groucho sat quietly, tongue in cheek. Suddenly the spiritualist turned to him.

"And you," asked the medium. "Is there anything you would like to know?"

"Yes," replied Marx. "What is the capital of North Dakota?"

—ED REYNOLDS

Your Other Life

• • • In 1872 Edward Livingston Trudeau developed tuberculosis, and his disease made such rapid progress he was expected to die within the year.

However, his health gradually returned and he moved to Lake Saranac, New York. One day when he was out in the woods he fell asleep and dreamed of a settlement of houses built "inside out" with their occupants living, eating and sleeping in the open air. People entering the houses were racked with coughing; yet those who came out were perfectly healthy.

At this time, cold air upon the lungs was considered extremely injurious, but Trudeau stubbornly took his dream to mean that a home similar to the one he had seen should be provided for tuberculosis sufferers.

So, on the site of his dream, he built the first of his "inside out" houses, which later grew to be the famous Tuberculosis Sanitarium at Saranac Lake. Among the many men and women who benefited from the new "fresh-air cure" was Robert Louis Stevenson.

—*Mrs. John O. Sprinkle
Manchester, Vermont*

• • • In 1925 when I lived in Regina, Saskatchewan, I had a terribly vivid dream one morning about my brother, who lived on the home farm 200 miles away.

I saw him leading his team to the well. The horses stopped by the watering trough, and as my brother went

to step up on the well cribbing top to pump water, he noticed a small hole beside the crib, as if a gopher had been digging there. He kicked it, and the whole top crust of earth around the well sank, carrying my brother and the horses down. I saw them struggling, and wakened with a premonition of awful impending danger.

Rising immediately, I called home by long distance telephone to tell my mother about my dream. She didn't believe anything was wrong with the well, but promised to warn my brother.

Later in the day he returned my call. My brother had led the team to the trough, she said, and if he hadn't been warned about the little hole beside the well would never have noticed it. But to his surprise, there it was. He took a long stick and cautiously reached over to prod at it. Even then, he had to jump back to safety as the top crust dropped with a roar. The horses also started back as the trough before them dropped into the hole.

Had I not warned my brother of my dream-inspired premonition, he might not now be living.

—*Mrs. A. C. McKenzie
Winnipeg, Manitoba*

Readers are invited to contribute letters about dreams to this department. For each item accepted, \$5 will be paid. Address "Your Other Life," Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Although they cannot be returned, all contributions received will be given careful consideration.

Fiction Feature:

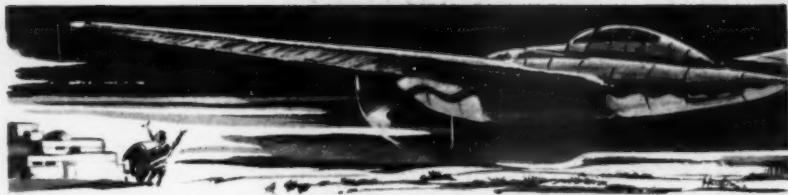


Like a Baby Carriage

by ARCH WHITEHOUSE

ILLUSTRATION BY HAL HOOPES

This is the tale of one man's heroic performance against tremendous odds—a story which could have come out of any one of this war's missions. Sparling said the P-38 was too hot to handle, but after the trip to Tunis he agreed she was the smoothest thing on wings.



Like a Baby Carriage

"**Y**OU SHOULD REALLY get her over on her back," Captain Moffatt was saying. "That's the surest way of clearing. Otherwise you're likely to get clipped by the tail. Remember Ransome at LaCalle."

Donny Sparling rubbed his cheeks but the fine wire mesh beneath his skin lost none of its stress. There was a coldness in the hollows under his fingertips. He looked out the window.

Trucks and jeeps were jammed about in mud-stained confusion. Smoke from a few small fires dragged weary streaks over what was considered a roadway. A few shelter-halves provided notched frames for unkempt figures huddling over comfortless mess-kits. A mangy dog hunched and trembled before a paratrooper who pumped furiously at a small gasoline stove.

He was trying to forget that accident of Chubby Ransome's. It was the day Sparling arrived in North Africa and learned that they were flying Lightnings in 169 Squadron. Chubby had been on a mission somewhere between Bizerte and Tunis and had floundered back with a P-38 that was tossing away its parts in the order of assembly. Something to do with a beat-up with four Italian Reggiane

2001s which he had mistaken for Spitfires. It's very easy to do.

The port engine fire had virtually burned one of the tail booms away before Chubby took to the silk. The tail of the plane caught him and he dumped in with his left thigh smashed.

At the moment Sparling was getting out of a scout car. A corporal who had been dishing the dope on No. 169 all the way from Bone was handing his neat blue duck, tan leather-trimmed luggage over the side. They both looked up just in time to see Chubby get the smackeroo that spun him like a tennis ball.

"That was my first glimpse of Sparling, when he was trying to get Chubby out of his harness," said Moffatt. "I wondered who the devil he was."

"Poor Sparling had just arrived, all duked out in his Fifth Avenue pinks. He must have thought he was on the wrong side of the line," said Chip Clymer. "Chubby didn't recognize him. When I got there Chubby was trying to talk Italian . . . or German to him. That was funny."

It wasn't funny to Sparling. He got up and went to the window, looking at the mud in the welts of his smart buckled shoes. He had figured on a



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few days at least of leave in London and reunions at the American Eagle Club. But he had been snatched from Pilots' Pool and hurriedly dropped in the mire and disorder of Souk El Arba.

Donny felt like a prep-school boy who had suddenly been transferred from Taft or Hotchkiss to a third-rate reform school. The muck and mire were provided for his personal discomfort. He wondered what it was like in Alaska.

WHEN HE APPEARED at Donny's tent just before noon, Captain Moffatt looked more like a Gloucester fisherman than like a flight commander. He wore rubber boots, a pair of brown tweed trousers which he dubbed "Tunisia Tropics", a wild red plaid woodsman's shirt with his rank bars on the collar and a dilapidated canvas porkpie hat.

Sparling felt the reptile prudence of caution knot his chest as the Captain squatted on a bomb crate pilfered for a settee.

"Like to take part in a little show this afternoon?" Moffatt inquired pleasantly, as if inviting him to a round of golf. "Just an escort job as far as Tunis," said Moffatt blandly. "We're taking a squadron of Bostons over on a special mission. A swell chance to get the feel of this area."

There were chalky patches below Sparling's eyes as he answered. "I'd like it . . . I think," and went on scraping mud from his shoes. "I suppose I'm ready to go now," Donny continued. "I've had 45 minutes and three landings on the P-38. I suppose

three landings should be enough?"

Captain Moffatt studied the neat lettering on Sparling's kit-bag. "Forty-five minutes and only three landings?" he inquired with slight concern. "Only three landings?"

"That's all I had time for," Donny protested lamely. "There's a lot to catch up with when you shift from Warhawks to a two-engined fighter."

"You always putting in for transfers?" the Captain asked with no particular emphasis or challenge. "What's wrong? Too much swift on the Lightning for you?"

Sparling spilled as much as he dared. "I don't like to fly Lightnings, Captain. There's too much airplane there for one man. I . . . I don't think I'm capable of it."

"Frog dust! You're flying the best job of its type in any man's Air Force. You can't get a better fighter—if you want to fly fighters." Captain Moffatt rubbed his chin thoughtfully and added, "Look, Sparling, is there any one thing you don't like, or that you don't understand about them? I'd be glad to help out if I can." Moffatt got up and did a knee-bend to loosen his joints. "Of course if you feel you don't fit, after this trick this afternoon, I'll be glad to put my name on the recommendation for a transfer."

"Thanks," Donny managed. "We'll give it a whirl, anyhow. I'm set."

Moffatt led the way across the slop and mud to a command tent. It was some time before Sparling segregated the various ranks. Even the Colonel looked like something from the wrong end of a scavenger hunt. Donny

straightened his tie. He winced at the number of breast pocket flaps that were unbuttoned.

"Oh, there you are, Moffatt. All your men here?" The Colonel removed a particularly soggy cigar.

"All here, sir. This is Lieutenant Sparling, my No. 3 this afternoon."

"Sparling," the Colonel said, ignoring Donny's shaggy salute. "*This is Sparling?*" he inquired with a quick glance at Major Breed. The Major just nodded. The Colonel stared at Donny again and produced a gesture which practically said, "Well, it takes all kinds to make an Air Force, I suppose."

Moffatt pointed to a space on a long bench and they both sat down. A grey-haired Intelligence Major, puffing and portly, handed out a few aerial photographs.

"What this amounts to is this," the Colonel began, after taking time to light his cigar again. "These photos were taken yesterday for this particular mission. They show a section of road and railroad a few miles northeast of Tunis. At the point marked with a white cross you see a space where the road and railroad run parallel."

The Colonel gave them seconds to identify the spot. "At that point you will notice a typical African signal standard. A short distance away is a small building—practically a hut. At 14:45 we are to send a light bomber down there to pick up a man. He'll be in native desert costume, as we know it, and he must be brought out. I can say he's an Intelligence man.

Sparling screwed his face up trying

to piece all this together. "On the whole," the Colonel continued, "this mission should be simple. A routine bombing attack will be made on the railroad junction—marked by an arrow. There naturally will be defensive opposition. Once the final run-over is made from southeast to northwest, one of the bombers will feign trouble. You can always make an engine smoke a little and settle in a series of sloppy S-turns."

How easy these Colonels make it sound, Donny reflected. Just make one engine smoke a little and S-turn down. To smoke an engine you had to choke her something fierce! Suppose that bomber pilot overdid it, low down?

Donny stared at the glossy photo. There wasn't any too much chance to get in, even with a light bomber. It would have to be timed perfectly to leave space to get off again. He wondered if anyone had considered the wind. "Isn't there some chance of a . . . a mistake?" he heard himself suggest. The others recoiled as if he had shouted something profane. Breed, hunched up in a canvas back chair, came upright but subsided again when the Colonel explained. "No. There can't be any mistake. We've painted the wingtips of the pickup plane bright red."

It was as simple as that. A splash of red paint over the wingtips of a Boston bomber assured success.

"What are you stewing about?" Captain Moffatt asked as they slopped through the mud from the Operations tent. "All you have to do is stay with

me quiet-like. Picking up this guy is the bombers' job."

Lunch was served at one end of a long building that was like something hurriedly constructed of cardboard. Small square windows were covered with crinkled sheets of Pliofilm. Chip Clymer shoved in beside him and reached for the bread. Clymer had to sit on a special cushion under his parachute pack when he flew a Lightning. He was a small bundle of steel springs and rawhide. "First time off the deck for you, hey, Donny?" Chip rattled. "Darn lucky. We're really going to see something, kid."

"Look," Sparling began in an effort to pin Clymer down. "Do you really like these P-38s?"

"Me? Sure I do. You know of a better job?"

"No. I mean don't you have any trouble with them at all?"

"I like 'em. They got everything. Plenty swift, guns and power. Look at the way you can throw 'em about. Boy, wait until you get a Junkers troop-carrier in your sights and let him have it with those big babies up front. What worries you, kid? You got *two* engines. You got a flock of guns and she handles like a baby carriage. What does the Warhawk have that the Lightning hasn't got?"

Sparling accepted a dish the mess corporal called custard. Donny was certain that Major Breed had blown his top to the Colonel about that application for a transfer. Made Donny look as if he were trying to duck out of a tough spot. This mission now; it was evidently important. The man

would be wearing desert clothes. He'd be nailed cold and shot as a spy if he were caught. The bomber pilot could choke that motor and freeze it stiff. Would he be able to start it again without a booster battery? Donny doubted that a bomber could take off in the space available—not on one engine. He winced at the possibility of the pilot pulling a sloppy setdown. The Boston handled like a baby carriage too. The pilot could wrench a wheel off—and they'd all be shoved up against a wall.

". . . and then we'll go down with him and shoot hell out of everything in the area," Moffatt was saying to Clymer. "We'll give them everything we have and try to clip a couple of locomotives as a chaser."

"Boy! That'll be swell," Clymer was happy.

"When the pickup plane starts down," Moffatt continued, "we'll slip into line-astern and rake the track both ways. I'll go in first and we'll let Sparling ride as No. 2. If he gets a chance to poop off a burst or two, all well and good. He'll be safe there and you can watch him from behind."

"Yeh, we gotter watch out for him. He might do something screwy—his first time over."

Donny Sparling shoved the dish away. He had all he wanted to eat.

THE THREE LOCKHEED Lightnings moved grotesquely out of their sandbagged dispersal areas and stood at their unnatural angle. The retch of starters grated against Donny Sparling's fears as he went through the

tangle of trucks, scout cars and the shapeless piles of crated equipment.

An aviation mechanic came to help Donny buckle his light flying jacket and parachute harness. "She's in good shape, sir. You won't have no trouble at all with her."

"I'll try to bring her back Okay," Donny said with little assurance.

He climbed up the block and onto the wing root and dropped through the folded-over hatch cover. He wriggled his 'chute pack into place, snapped the straps and tried to adjust his normal flight instincts to the strange position the Lightning assumed on her tricycle landing gear.

A shadow fell on him. Moffatt had climbed up for a final word. He lifted Donny's ear flap and shouted, "You're going to be all right now." The words were the same as an order. "You're not to worry. We're picking the bombers up at about 12 thousand over Beja . . . that's just up the pike a little way. You stick tight and don't lose your head. This will be a pushover. Keep your tail up."

"That's just the trouble," Donny started to explain, but Moffatt was swinging the hatch cover over.

Sparling plugged in his phone-jack and tested his set. Clymer answered from D-5: "Don't try to win the war all by yourself, first time over, Donny," Clip advised. "Your signal is coming through good. There's the Control officer. Answer him, will you?"

"Sparling, D-2 testing," Donny said over his Kellog mike. "D-2 to Control . . . Take it."

The Control officer cleared him.

Donny heard Moffatt check his set and then all three Lightnings ran up their engines for the final test.

Moffatt led the way, slithering through the mud and ruts of the field until he came to the end of what was loosely termed the runway. Donny followed, still quaking to his depths. They rammed away together and swept into the sky with all six Allisons roaring their challenge.

"No. 1 Flight to Control," spoke Moffatt. "No. 1 Flight Cutlass Squadron airborne . . . Take it."

"No. 1 Flight airborne," the Control officer checked. "Rendezvous as planned. Jupiter Squadron already airborne."

The terms Cutlass and Jupiter were used for this particular mission to distinguish between the Boston Bombers and the Lightnings.

Moffatt took them off to the northeast to get their altitude and they soon saw the Bostons climbing up from LaCalle field near the coast. They were coming through in a wide V formation.

Donny was absorbed in the task of balancing his instruments against the forces of nature. It was no trouble to fly the Lightning and keep his position. All that came natural. He brought his twin-engined fighter around beautifully without losing his relative position off Moffatt's tail when the Skipper banked over the Bostons and sat over them all the way back to Beja. Everything seemed to move with liquid grace. It was only when Donny lashed himself with the realization that someone had to make a landing in

enemy territory that the comfort went out of his safety belt. "It will be very simple," Donny reflected. "The pickup plane will have red wingtips. All he has to do . . ."

THE ENEMY flak spat at them but it left no impression on Donny Sparling. He saw the four Vs of bombers swing and sway as the leader changed course. The three Lightnings started their zig-zag back and forth above the trim formation. Moffatt was taking no chances on Focke-Wulfs or Reggianes getting into the sun on his left. The Boston leader was talking to his pilots about taking the target from the east side.

Donny was trying to absorb it all while Moffatt gave the Bostons a chance to swing into position. The flak beat up from all sides forcing the bombers to back-track into an echelon to the right. They moved again as though a string had been pulled and taking up their in-line attack formation, tilted their bodies for the smoke-garlanded town of Tunis.

That was all Donny Sparling remembered of the preliminary details. There was a distorted cry of: "Look out for that Hun, Donny!" and he was projectile into the war.

The Focke-Wulfs were there in numbers, moving in and out with shuttle regularity. They dragged thin veils of engine vapor across the sky and raged at the green and silver bombers pinned in decorative dabs against the quilted overlay of Tunisia below.

He tilted at a Focke-Wulf, set it in the pinkish glow of his reflector sight

and pressed the button. The Lightning vibrated with the heavy recoil of the guns. He watched the splintered flame spatter against the whale body and something pinged pleasantly within him as he sat stiff and slammed the Lightning through the great blob of smoke that marked where the Focke-Wulf had been.

Donny hopped the P-38 around when Moffatt's voice clattered through his headphones: "That's enough, Sparling. How many do you want? Return to formation!"

The bombers were weaving their way through cotton tufts of flak smoke. The other Lightnings were more than a mile ahead and he had to goose the throttle to catch up.

"Nice going, Donny!" Moffatt was saying, "but don't sweep out of formation again—or I'll damn well kick your teeth in!"

The roar of power bundled it all up into a fantastic discord of action. The Bostons were linked out now, roaring along the bomb-pocked railroad bed and streaking for the tangle of skeleton steel that had been the marshalling yards. They appeared to be moving slowly over the eruptions along the tracks. The three Lightnings held their V formation over the Bostons and rat-raced through the columns of smoke. They bounced wildly through the concussions and then Donny suddenly remembered the business of the red wingtips.

"Where's the pickup plane?" Donny caught himself yelling. "Where's the blasted red guy?"

Moffatt shouted, "Stay in forma-

tion, Sparling!" but Donny went down hell-for-leather, whipping in and out, a set of red wingtips windmilling through his mind. It was time that guy was pulling his act.

"You can always make one engine smoke a little and settle in a series of sloppy S-turns," the Colonel had explained it neatly.

Well, there she was and she sure had red wingtips. The pickup bomber was shooting out of line, weaving in and out; but there were no sloppy S-turns. One engine was smoking—and how! Red wingtips? The whole wing was aflame! Smoke, hell! This sure was the real thing!

The bomber with the red wingtips rolled over on her back, gushed a jagged cerecloth of smoke and went smacko into a white-walled building.

"One bomber will feign trouble," the Colonel had explained. "You can always make one engine smoke a little and . . ."

A HAILSTORM of metal rattled off Donny's port outrigger and a Lightning with D-1 painted on its nose roared over him pounding .30 caliber stuff into the mud-streaked belly of a Focke-Wulf. Donny tried to remember who would be flying D-1. Moffatt's voice was bellowing at him again but that didn't matter now. What did matter, as the Colonel said, was that a man must be picked up.

"He'll be dressed in desert costume," Donny repeated as he reached down for the flap-adjustment handle. "There ought to be room. These jobs handle like a baby carriage. You have

a tricycle landing gear. Go in level—just forget the old three-point stuff. Just keep your tail *up!*"

The Lightning reared slightly as the flaps were depressed. The air-speed indicator dropped back a few notches as the wheels went down and the light on his dash changed from red to green. It wouldn't matter now whether he had red wingtips or not. The guy ought to be smart about this and jump at anything.

Moffatt was raging at him from somewhere above but Donny was too busy contour-chasing along the Tunis-Mateur road. He shot into widening open ground, dragged the throttles back and let her balloon uncertainly against her flaps. The spindly telegraph posts flicked by like fluff but there *was* a shack ahead. It could, of course, shelter an Ack-Ack battery.

"Now keep your tail *up!*" Donny ordered. "You're flying a Lightning and they handle like a baby carriage. Just let her float in, you dope!"

The P-38 touched once and bounced. Donny kept her at it and pushed her spike nose down again. The shack was only a few hundred yards away now. They handle like a baby carriage.

She dabbed down again and the olio buffers screamed against the outrage. Donny rammed her back into position and muttered, "My fourth landings are always my best, anyway."

The fourth bounce was her last and she tried to groundloop in defiance. Sparling jockeyed her back into position with the rudder and let her rumble on toward the shack. A figure in a

jubbah and *tarboosh* ran out of the dark shadow.

"Come on! You'll have to ride behind me here!" Donny was yelling as he swung the hatch-cover over. "Squirm in there and hang on."

Lightning D-2 returned to Souk El Arba with Moffatt and Clymer practically sitting on her wingtips. The letdown Donny Sparling pulled on the runway was one for the book.

"It wouldn't have rippled a Mar-

tini," boasted Chip Clymer later.

"I still can't get over it," said Major Breed in the Operations tent. "Only this morning you put in an application for a transfer, offering the excuse that you were scared to death about landing a Lightning. Then, out of nowhere, you go down on that tank-testing ground and pick up our man."

"Nothing to it. She handles like a baby carriage," said Donny with a wave of his hand.

More Than Meets the Eye

CANNY Cardinal Richelieu addressed this evident letter of recommendation to the French Ambassador at Rome, trusting the official would detect his little subterfuge.

Sir,—M. Compigne, a Savoyard by birth, a Friar of the Order of Saint Benedict, is the man who will present to you as his passport to your protection, this letter. He is one of the most discreet, the wisest and the least meddling persons that I have ever known or had the pleasure to converse with. He has long earnestly solicited me to write to you in his favor, and to give him a suitable character, together with a letter of credence; which I have accordingly granted to his real merit, rather I say, than to his importunity; for, believe me, Sir, his modesty is only exceeded by worth. I should be sorry that you should be wanting in serving him because of being misinformed of his real character; I should be much afflicted if you were as some other gentlemen have been, misled on that score, who now esteem him and those among the best of my friends; wherefore, and from no other motive I think it surely my duty to advise you that you are most particularly desired to give full attention to all he does, to show him all the respect imaginable, nor venture to say anything before him that may either offend or displease him in any sort; for I truly say there is no man I love so much as M. Compigne, none whom I should more regret to see neglected as no one is more worthy to be received and trusted in decent society. Base, ergo, would it be to injure him. And I well know that, as soon as you are made sensible of his virtues and shall become well acquainted with him, you will love him as I do; and then you will thank me for this my advice. The assurance I so entertain of your Courtesy obliges me now to desist from urging this matter to you further, or saying anything more on this subject. Believe me, Sir &c

RICHELIEU

*To find the hidden message, fold the page along the line of the black pointers
and read the first column.*

—E. WINSLOW

Mosquito hunters move ahead of our troops to weed out the killer-insects with their vicious malaria and yellow fever sidearms



Mosquito Patrol

by TERENCE A. BOILEAU

MAYBE YOU THINK the first thing the American Army does when it moves into a new site is to pitch tents, assign patrols, line up for chow—and, when necessary, blaze away.

If this were the case a whole division could be wiped out without a shot being fired by anyone, Yank or Nipponese. The pill-size mosquito, carrying sidearms of malaria or yellow fever, is the guy who can do it.

It would take only one bite from an infected mosquito to kill a general—and in the tropics where so much of our fighting is being done, there are plenty of mosquitoes to take care of the rest of the Army—that is, if the Army were unprotected. No one knows the deadliness of malaria like the Japs—medical kits found on dead and captured Nipponese always contain devices to fight malarial mosquitoes, and not a pill or a poultice for wounds.

Even in peacetime millions of dol-

lars are spent every year in the battle against mosquitoes. Then cleaning out the mosquitoes and the diseases they carry is the first step towards colonizing new territory. The same thing is true (and a good deal more urgent) in wartime. Our Armies must advance into all kinds of mosquito country, from the Arctic Circle to the deep equatorial forests. Some of the mosquitoes are harmless, some malarial, some carry yellow fever and others carry diseases that are as unpleasant as they are obscure. The job of the microscope patrol of the U.S. Medical Corps is to collect all the facts about the mosquitoes of a given area before the doughboys move in. On the accuracy of their highly specialized work, the safety of a whole American Army may depend.

"Our work," I should say. I have been mosquito hunting for 15 years. I've camped all night in the top of a

huge cotton tree which was full of holes and had several different kinds of diseased mosquitoes breeding in its branches. I've spent weeks in dark caves examining the water under the overhanging edges of little pools in the rock. With other members of the Corps I have been arrested for removing tins full of water from public rubbish dumps and have been chased out of natives' houses at the point of guns, assegais and brooms for crawling under the occupants' beds with little butterfly nets. For weeks on end I have slept in a hammock suspended over a swamp, and cooked my food on a tressel while I stood knee-deep in murky water.

When the rainy season reaches its height, the microscope patrol moves into some pestilential swamp or other, carrying several small cases filled with bottles, microscopes and a tent to sleep in. The tent is pitched on "dry" ground and the little bottles are half filled with water and placed under bushes, by streams, in trees, in the tent. From these jars and from every rotten piece of bamboo, from old tins and flower cups and refuse, we collect the eggs, larvae or pupae of mosquitoes. Each lot is put in a separate jar and carefully labeled as to where and when it was found.

From here on in, every larvae and every jerking little pupa is treated like a spoiled child with the colic. Each jar is watched day and night. Its temperature is taken regularly. Every day at least one specimen is removed and preserved so that day-to-day life histories can be written later. The

exact time at which the eggs hatch or the larvae change to pupae or the pupae finally split and release the mosquito, must also be dutifully and accurately recorded.

But we don't always wait to get the perfect insect from the breeding trays. One of the first jobs is to stand in the forest at night without a shirt on, while a colleague shines a flashlight on one's back and chest and slaps a little glass tube over the mosquitoes that come to indulge. This may sound a little like tasting a toadstool to see if it's a mushroom—but we have been immunized to yellow fever, there is prophylactic treatment against malaria, and most of us have been collecting mosquitoes so long that their bites don't even raise welts on our skins. It just happens that this bare-chest method is the best way to collect rare mosquitoes.

CELEBRATION DAY for the microscope patrol is the day the pupa in the jar finally splits and an insect climbs out. It is sodden and soft and its thin legs often bend under its weight. It must be provided with a stick—it struggles up an inch or so above the water and rests, sometimes for hours, while its skeleton dries and hardens. When it is fully dried, but before it has battered itself against the sides of the jar, it must be transferred to a killing bottle. The best way to kill the mosquitoes is to confine them in a small glass tube, blow in tobacco smoke and then clamp on a cork. But in every process—in the hatching, drying and killing—a hundred things can go wrong

and destroy all your work. It is especially hard to follow the triple-A rules when you are living in the middle of a malarial swamp and the air is so damp one deep breath of it will drown you.

Not only do you preserve the mosquito, but the malarial parasites found on the mosquito. This job requires a completely different routine as long as a transcontinental railroad ticket.

Finally, the specimens are shipped to the institutions where they are identified and studied. Packing them is the most difficult job of all, for the mosquito is a fragile creature in life. And dead, it becomes hard and brittle. A strong current of air can break off its legs or wings. It may be destroyed by mould. It may be eaten by small beetles. To combat these dangers, cellulocotton, naphthalene flakes, aerated tins and the passionate devotion of the Medical Corps is mustered up.

Collections are shipped by airplane, and often are carried by special mes-

sengers. At the research institute only mosquito experts open the packages. They are examined, compared with previous collections, and named. And then comes the big question—what danger is there for troops disembarking at that locality?

If the microscope patrol has sent in a dangerous type, a whole army of medical men may descend upon the tiny locality and for weeks parties will search the countryside spotting the mosquitoes' breeding places. Perhaps the harmful mosquitoes are few and easily controlled. If not, numerous and widespread special squads may swoop down and begin a wholesale "flitting" and spraying and pouring oil on the swamp waters. The whole area will be made safe for troops in record time.

But of course the mosquito hunters have long since moved on—to some new, less civilized area. And always, the more pestilential, the better.

Yesterday's Shoe Laws

¶IN THE EARLY 16th century, English fashion favored square-shaped, broad-toed shoes—until King Henry VIII quizzically passed a law prohibiting excessive width.

¶UNDER EDWARD IV, London cobblers were forbidden to make shoes, galoshes, boots or clogs more than two inches beyond normal foot length.

¶IN FRANCE, Philip the Fair decreed that shoes were to be no longer than an added half foot for the common people, one foot for the middle classes, and two feet for princes.

¶PURITANS in colonial America ruled that shoes must be plain and inexpensive, especially for people with little money or position. In 1652 one frill-loving man was haled into court at Salem, Massachusetts, "for excess of boots, ribands, gould and silver laces."

—CHARLOTTE PAUL

Game Book Section:



Fun in the Family Size

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Answers	160

Introduction, Please!



WHAT DOETH IT profit a man to know a name if it eludes him when making an introduction? We've all suffered these embarrassing blackouts that are really a form of social stagefright.

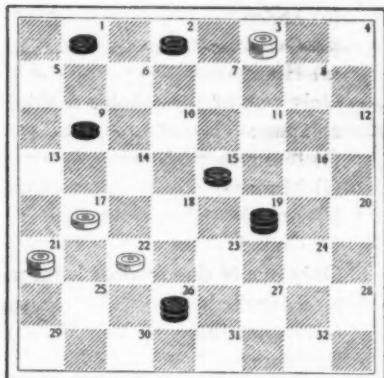
Here's a brief quiz that provides an amusing exercise in recalling elusive names. You aren't acquainted with these individuals personally, but you should know their last names well enough to remember them after glancing at the first and middle names. For example—to make it too easy—if "Franklin Delano" were one of the questions, the answer would be "Roosevelt."

Count two points for each correct answer. A score of 66 or below and you'd better bone up on your last names; anything over 76 is good; and 88 or more means you'll never be caught mumbling a monicker. Answers on page 160.

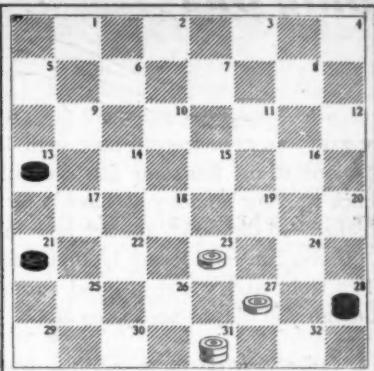
1. Charles Dana
2. George Bernard
3. William Makepeace
4. Mary Baker
5. Oliver Wendell
6. Allan Roy
7. Thomas Stearns
8. Johann Sebastian
9. Alfred Emanuel
10. Aimee Semple
11. Ignace Jan
12. John Paul
13. Mary Miles
14. Mary Roberts
15. Ulysses Simpson
16. Percy Bysshe
17. Harry Emerson
18. John Davison
19. Thomas Alva
20. Charles Evans
21. William Howard
22. Peter Ilytch
23. John Philip
24. Booker Taliaferro
25. Dangerous Dan
26. Robert Louis
27. Paul Vories
28. Louisa May
29. Richard Evelyn
30. Gaius Julius
31. Huey Pierce
32. James Fenimore
33. Cyrus Hall
34. Wolfgang Amadeus
35. John Quincy
36. James Matthew
37. Harriet Beecher
38. John Greenleaf
39. Thomas Woodrow
40. Wendell Lewis
41. John Singer
42. Francis Scott
43. Carrie Chapman
44. John Wilkes
45. Louis Dembitz
46. Samuel Langhorne
47. James McNeill
48. Douglas Arthur
49. Arthur Conan
50. Henry Wadsworth

Checker Brainteasers

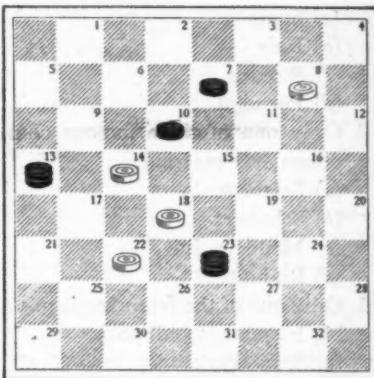
NOTHING works for sharpening up the old wits like trying to beat yourself in a snappy game of checkers—so here's your opportunity to try. We've dished up for your private improvement three situations from which you, as White, can extricate yourself if you're on your toes. In the first one, your maximum allowance is five moves; in the second, four are required; and in the last, three will do it. It's White's turn first, and he moves up. Are you game? Answers on page 160.



2. The "One-Two"



1. A Barnum Fooler



3. The Houdini Escape

Fun with Numbers

1. A marine, a sailor, a soldier and a coastguardsman are on the same train. Their names (not necessarily in order) are Will, Jim, Ben and Mike. Will and the sailor had never met Ben before. Jim and the coastguardsman are friends. Ben and the soldier get off next. The marine has met Mike and the coastguardsman before. From these statements, can you tell to which service each man belongs?

2. Joey loves to collect and arrange marbles in different numerical groupings. Sometimes he places his collection in pairs, sometimes in groups of three, in groups of five or six. By arranging them any of these ways, he always has one left over. But when arranging them in groups of seven, none remain. How many marbles does Joey have?

Answers to both on page 160.

Only One



YOU ARE CONFRONTED here with 15 sets of quartets, but in each case only one of the foursome fills the bill. Your job is to pick the winner. Way back in your mind you have a far greater store of information than you realize—so dig down and see how those odds and ends of knowledge add up.

If you correctly locate 12 that ring the gong, you're in the upper brackets. Ten right and you're a good strong average; below eight and it looks as though you played hooky too often. Answers will be found on page 160.

1. Only one of these nations was neither conquered by Napoleon nor under his domination:
(a) Spain
(b) Italy
(c) Sweden
(d) Portugal
2. Only one of these famous composers ever married:
(a) Beethoven
(b) Schubert
(c) Mendelssohn
(d) Brahms
3. Only one of the following is not a big league baseball park:
(a) Shibe Park
(b) Crosley Field
(c) Soldiers Field
(d) Fenway Park
4. Only one of these states does not have a city named Springfield:
(a) Illinois
(b) Missouri
(c) Massachusetts
(d) Pennsylvania
5. Only one of these is not a color:
(a) Ocarina
(b) Chrome
(c) Magenta
(d) Cerise
6. Only one of these animals is not a cud-chewer:
(a) Deer
(b) Sheep
(c) Ox
(d) Horse
7. Only one of these holds a ship's compass:
(a) Binnacle
(b) Manacle
(c) Auricle
(d) Coracle
8. Only one of these words is incorrectly spelled:
(a) Pantomime
(b) Innure
(c) Picnicking
(d) Inoculate
9. Only one of these did not sign the Declaration of Independence:
(a) Benjamin Franklin
(b) Alexander Hamilton
(c) John Hancock
(d) Robert Morris
10. Only one of these is not an article of clothing:
(a) Surplice
(b) Burnoose
(c) Redingote
(d) Howdah

11. Only one of these does not indicate great size:
 (a) Gargantuan
 (b) Specious
 (c) Cyclopean
 (d) Brobdingnagian

12. Only one of these is not found in the human body:
 (a) Scapula
 (b) Ventricle
 (c) Sphincter
 (d) Reticule

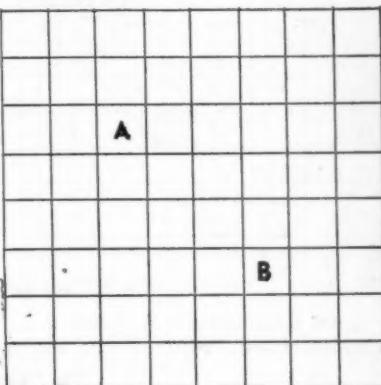
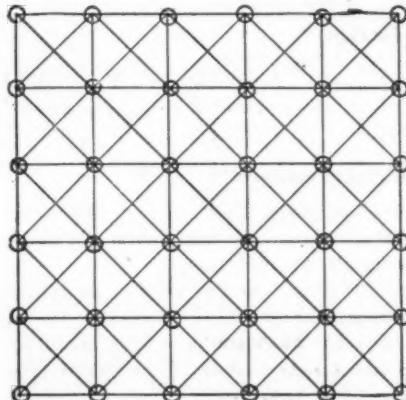
13. Only one of these is not an insect:
 (a) Scarab
 (b) Katydid

14. Only one of these statements is attributed to John Paul Jones:
 (a) We have met the enemy and they are ours
 (b) Don't give up the ship
 (c) You may fire when ready
 (d) I have not yet begun to fight

15. Only one of these explorers never landed in the Americas:
 (a) Balboa
 (b) da Gama
 (c) Cabot
 (d) Cabeza de Vaca

Puzzles on the Square

A PILOT is sent on a reconnaissance flight to photograph the checkered area shown, right. To obtain the best pictures, he must go through the center of each square, but to avoid duplication of photos he can pass through the squares only once. He takes off at point A and is to land at point B. Can you plot the shortest course which meets all the requirements? Answer on page 160.



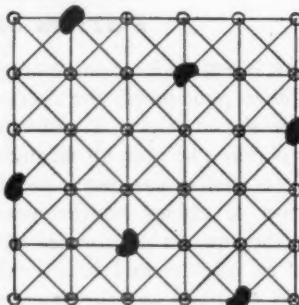
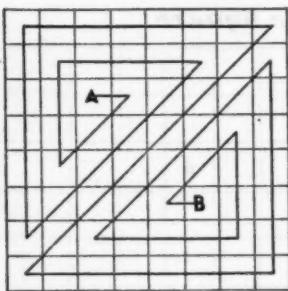
DON'T LET the intricate square on the left discourage you. It's the criss-cross lines that make this puzzle fun. First secure six small beans. Place them on any of the 36 circles so that (and here's what keeps the beans jumping) no two are on the same line—vertically, horizontally or diagonally. Shift the beans around till you've succeeded before checking with the answer on page 160.

Answers . . .

To "Introduction, Please!"

1. Gibson	11. Paderewski	21. Taft	31. Long	41. Sargent
2. Shaw	12. Jones	22. Tchaikovsky	32. Cooper	42. Key
3. Thackeray	13. Minter	23. Sousa	33. McCormick	43. Catt
4. Eddy	14. Rinehart	24. Washington	34. Mozart	44. Booth
5. Holmes	15. Grant	25. McGrew	35. Adams	45. Brandeis
6. Dafoe	16. Shelley	26. Stevenson	36. Barrie	46. Clemens
7. Eliot	17. Fosdick	27. McNutt	37. Stowe	47. Whistler
8. Bach	18. Rockefeller	28. Alcott	38. Whittier	48. MacArthur
9. Smith	19. Edison	29. Byrd	39. Wilson	49. Doyle
10. McPherson	20. Hughes	30. Caesar	40. Willkie	50. Longfellow

To "Puzzles on the Square"



To "Fun with Numbers"

1. Of the four servicemen, Ben is the coastguardsman, Mike is the sailor, Jim is the marine and Will is the soldier.
2. 301 marbles.

To "Only One"

1. (c)	4. (d)	7. (a)	10. (d)	13. (d)
2. (c)	5. (a)	8. (b)	11. (b)	14. (d)
3. (c)	6. (d)	9. (b)	12. (d)	15. (b)

To "Checker Brainteasers"

1. A Barnum Fooler: White moves 27 to 24, allowing Black's king to jump from 28 to 26. White then jumps 31 to 22 to capture a king. The final moves are: 21-25, 22-29, 13-17, 29-25, 17-21, 25-22, and Black's goose is cooked.
2. The "One-Two": White moves 3 to 7; Black jumps 2 to 11. The moves are then: 17-13, 26-17, 13-6, 1-10, 21-23 (by way of 14, 7 and 16) and the battle is over.
3. The Houdini Escape: White moves 22 to 17. Black jumps with his king from 13 to 15; then White plays 8 to 3. After Black jumps 10 to 17, the White king jumps from 3 to 26 (by way of 10 and 19) and blocks 17 to win.



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Booklette:

Kramer



SO HELP ME

by
**GEORG
JESSEL**

George Jessel's career memories embalmed today in bright "white heat" with its scars that have registered through his three decades in show business. Here is no soft-line story gumming his checkered career the way of most of the great and witty Israelites in a condominium.



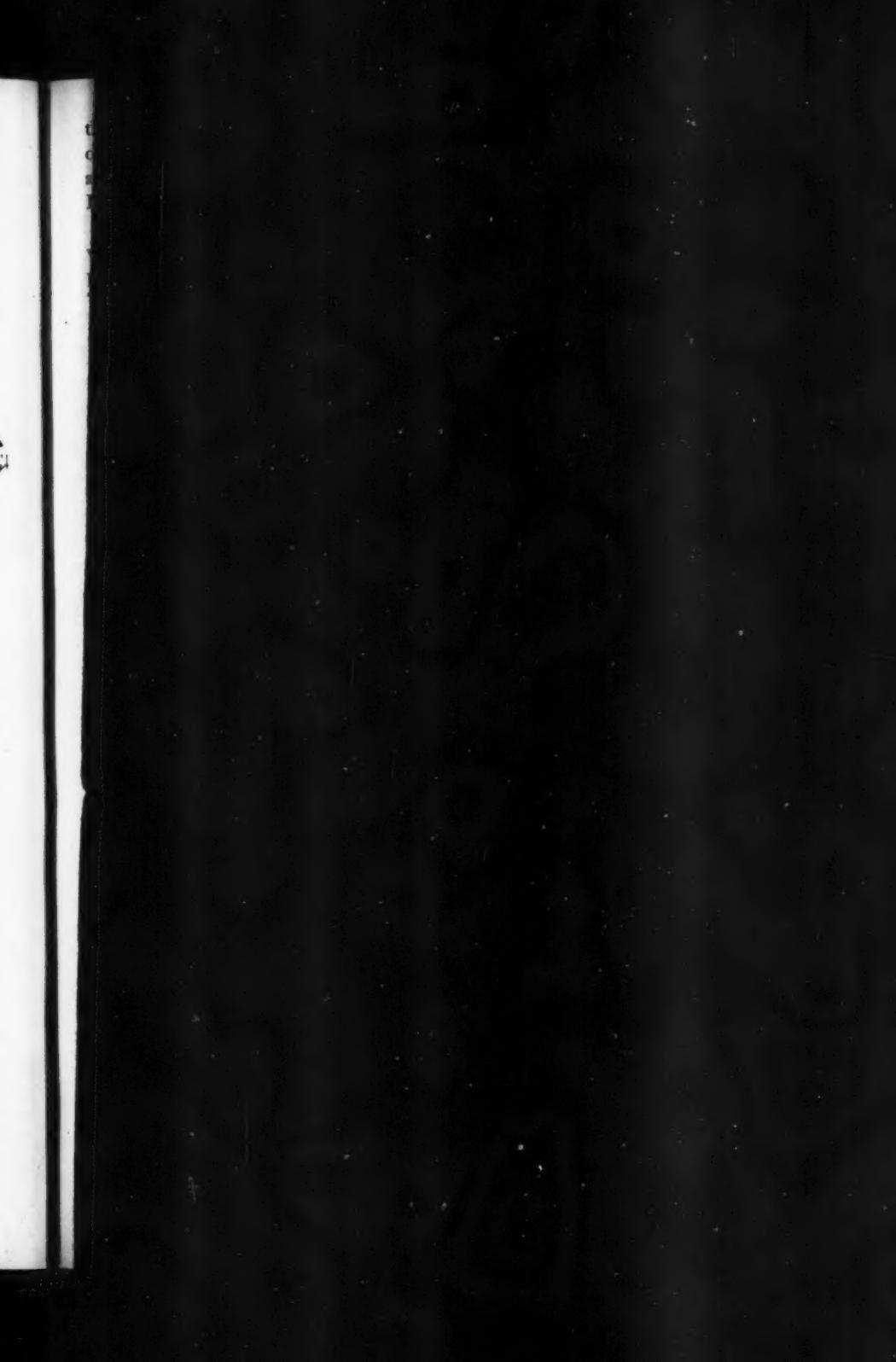
So Help Me

I WAS NAMED after a second cousin of my father's, Sir George Jessel, Master of the Rolls of Great Britain and Solicitor General; the first and only man of his religious belief, up to that time, to hold such an exalted office. None but Disraeli and Lord Reading has been so honored.

When my father became very ill early in 1907, my mother, my little brother and I went to live with my grandparents. They lived on 118th street in Harlem. My grandfather was a tailor, but his chief source of income was mending and pressing clothes. Pants were pressed for 10 cents. "Pants uncalled for will be kept no later than 30 days"—this was the sign in the window. When a customer came in to have his pants pressed, he very often took them off in the shop, sat down and covered himself with his coat. For going through this discomfort, my grandfather always arranged to have grandmother give him a cup of coffee and a piece of cake or a sandwich, or

a piece of fish. Sometimes I would be asked to sing a song while the pressing was going on.

Encouraged by my success with an audience of one (without pants), in my grandfather's workroom, I once went with him to his lodge meeting. The president announced that Simon Schwartz had brought his grandson to sing and "tance" for the members. Before I could begin, one of the lodge members rose and spoke. "Mr. President, while it is very nice for Simon Schwartz to bring his grandson to entertain us, let us not forget that one of our members, Ignatz Baumgarten, has passed away and has left a wife and three children, with no money and no food, and while it is a fine thing that we shall enjoy ourselves listening to this little boy sing, let us first think of poor Mrs. Baumgarten and her three children and give them three cheers." After the cheering, I sang *I'm Afraid To Go Home in the Dark and School Days*. Most of



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the members of the lodge were hard of hearing, and two card games had started during my second number. I was still undaunted.

I left the meeting to see my mother who was the ticket seller at a motion picture house called the Imperial Theatre at 116th Street. I was determined that she arrange for the boss of the Imperial to hear me sing. In those days every little motion picture house had song pluggers who would sing their latest numbers accompanied by illustrated slides thrown on the screen. For example, perhaps the song was *In Sunny Italy*—then they flashed upon the screen a picture of an Italian with a great moustache, selling bananas through the streets. Very often the picture operator would get mixed up and the bananas would be shown for *I Dreamed In the Gloaming*.

The man who owned the theatre was Clarence McKibben. He said he was thinking of putting vaudeville into the theatre for two or three days a week and would open with 10 acts to try out on Friday, possibly keeping three for Saturday and Sunday. He liked my singing and as only the day before he had hired two other boys, a bit older than I, he thought perhaps we could get together and he would call us the Imperial Trio.

The other two boys were immediately sent for. One was an alto singer, the other a tenor. The tenor was Jack Wiener, who is now a Hollywood artists' representative. The alto was Walter Winchell, a handsome little guy with a fairly good voice and the heartthrob of 116th Street. The first

thing we did, even before rehearsing a song, was to decide on a stage name. In those days, no matter what your right name was, you called yourself something else. So Wiener, Winchell and Jessel became Leonard, Lawrence and McKinley, the Imperial Trio. Because we were under 16, the Gerry Society forbade our singing on the stage. Instead we sang in the little piano pit, to the accompaniment of Harry Carroll—and, later, Phil Baker.

The popular songs of that time were *Pony Boy*, *Carrie*, *Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland*, and my solo was a song of the racetrack called *I'd Rather Be the Lobster Than the Wise Guy*. We did pretty well in the afternoons, but the night audience resented our act because the lights were put on, thus interrupting a great deal of spooning and sparking, which was the main reason for going to a picture show in those days. Very often during our songs a flying pickle came swishing through the air at the screen. To stop the disturbance, the management engaged a bouncer, later known as "Gyp the Blood," who was very quietly bounced off himself some years later as one of the assassins of Herman Rosenthal, the Metropole Hotel gambler. During one of our performances, Winchell, who was the lead singer, was missing. Gyp, the bouncer, started his customary duties of bouncing the lovie-dovies out of the balcony. The first couple he came to were Winchell and a girl called Eva; they were in a clinch. I peached on him to McKibben and the trio was fired. I was kept on alone at



five dollars flat a week, with my first billing in the front of the theatre, which read: "It's worth five cents alone to hear Georgie Jessel sing."

Thirty years later Winchell wrote, "And it still goes."

I found myself in Gus Edwards', the producer's, waiting room with a young man I had met before. He had appeared often at the Imperial, doing imitations one week, a monologue in Yiddish the next, and another week a blackface act. I thought he was about the nerviest fellow I had ever seen. When the door opened, my versatile friend, his eyes almost knocking Edwards down, introduced himself. "Mr. Edwards, I am Eddie Cantor. This little fellow can tell you about me. I would like to get in one of your new acts." "What do you do?" asked the producer. Cantor answered, "What do I do? Such a question! I imitate Judie McCraw, Walter Thompson, Walter C. Kelly, Eddie Leonard." "That's good," said Mr. Edwards, "but I intend producing an act called *Benches in the Park* and I don't need any imitations. I am looking for a man to play a tramp." "For Heaven's sake," screamed Cantor, "a tramp! I was brought up with tramps. I played the darndest tramp you ever saw in your life," etc. P.S., we got the job.

A few days after the meeting with Cantor in Gus Edwards' office, I was engaged to appear in a vaudeville act

called *School Boys and Girls*. After 10 days' rehearsal we opened at the New Brighton Casino in Brighton Beach. This beach theatre resembled the same locale today about as much as my aunt looks like Hedy Lamarr.

The Gus Edwards act consisted of 10 people, five girls and four boys on the stage, and the manager. Later I was taken out of this act and put in the largest, most spectacular vaudeville act ever produced up to that time, *Gus Edwards Song Revue*, in 10 scenes, with 30 people. My part was as a member of the newsboys' sextette, which included Walter Winchell as the lead singer. We broke in this tremendously big act at the Hudson Theatre in Union Hill, New Jersey. One of the scenes was a song number called *Look Out for Jimmy Valentine*, a song satire on the play *Alias Jimmy Valentine*. In the song, Gus Edwards would open a big safe, and a dozen girls, ranging from little ones up to show girls, would step out. The show girls were members of the troupe, but the little ones were engaged weekly in various towns. En route to the theatre for early morning rehearsal, Edwards and Georgie Price, who was the star of the show, and I passed a small hotel. Through the window of its lobby we saw a child playing with a cat. She was about three years of age and her dark hair hung to the floor. Mr. Edwards walked into the hotel, talked to the child's father and mother, and that afternoon when he opened the safe, the first little one to come out was this child. Cuddles, Gus Edwards named her. She and

Price were famous as the child team of Cuddles & Georgie.

The lyricist of the Gus Edwards songs, with whom he had written *School Days* and many other hits, was Will D. Cobb. When the parody chorus of *If I Was a Millionaire* was to be written, Cobb was out getting mad at Schopenhauer or Nietzsche with Haig and Haig. Fortunately, there was a young fellow hanging around with a million lyrics in his pockets. Edwards had him write the parody. That young man was Earl Carroll.

Gus Edwards' song revue was a sensation in Union Hill and was immediately booked the following week at Hammerstein's Victoria Theatre on 42nd Street, the most glamorous vaudeville theatre in all the world. No other variety theatre ever presented such a range of performances as did the great impresario, Oscar Hammerstein, the first, and his Barnum-like son, Willie. Any name that found itself on the front pages would be seen in person at Hammerstein's on the stage. For example, two young ladies charged with murder of the millionaire, E. D. Stokes, were set free on bail and were immediately booked into Hammerstein's, billed as the Shooting Stars. Added to this, Hammerstein's always gave 15 real star acts. Our engagement at Hammerstein's was, therefore, of major importance. This was the show window for the theatrical business. Only a day or two before our opening there, the Gerry Society, which specialized in keeping children off the stage, notified Gus Edwards that young

children under 16 could not appear in New York. This was a real tragedy for the act, since it meant that Georgie Price, Cuddles and I would not be allowed to appear. Winchell had grown a great deal and could get by.

A Broadway wise guy advised me to procure the birth certificate of an older boy. If the authorities questioned me, the false birth certificate, added to my unusually low voice, my long trousers, and my Edwin Booth-like appearance would help me get away with it. Some considerate soul gave me the certificate of a 20-year-old by the name of Imroe Kazarni. I thought I could get by with it, but I was wrong.

After the Gus Edwards act had played at Hammerstein's and had been a great success, even without the kids, it made the rounds of the other Percy Williams vaudeville theatres, and I was sneaked back into the show.

At the closing of the season we played in Atlantic City at the Savoy Theatre. Oh, what an Atlantic City it was in those days! Nothing perhaps but the promenade at Cannes had its style. On the same bill at the theatre appeared Bedini & Arthur, assisted by Eddie Cantor, who had become an important part of their act. One night Gus Edwards took most of the kids to a party at a yacht club. It was a stag affair. Gus didn't bring the girls. He just took the Newsboys Sextette, and I asked couldn't please my friend, Eddie Cantor, come along, and he did. When we arrived at the club the men had

been drinking, and they were not a receptive audience for the sentimental songs that Gus Edwards was singing: *By the Light of the Silvery Moon*, *Sunbonnet Sue*, etc. The men became uncontrollably noisy. Eddie Cantor hopped out and saved the evening. He told two or three smoking-room stories and then, announced as Murphy and Sweeney, he and I did an imitation of the popular vaudevillians, Smith and Dale. It was a big hit and before the week was over, Edwards signed Cantor to a contract, and immediately put into preparation the *Kid Kabaret*, featuring Eddie Cantor and Georgie Jessel. Cantor played a blackface butler and did imitations of Eddie Leonard and Al Jolson. I did comedy bits with Eddie and then powdered my hair to do my imitation of David Warfield in *The Music Master*. We toured the country with this act. On one of the bills, the headliner was Madame Sarah Bernhardt, on another bill, the famous Lily Langtry, assisted by a handsome young English actor, Lionel Atwill.

The most important vaudeville circuit of the world was called *The Orpheum Circuit*. This tour began in Chicago, covered all the large cities from there to the Pacific Coast, including Winnipeg, Edmonton and Vancouver in Canada. Our act, *The Kid Kabaret*, began a tour of this circuit in Winnipeg. One of the other attractions on the bill was Helen Trix, who sang gentle songs with a decided British accent. At the finish of her act she appeared as a boy, her very feminine figure even more impressive

in pants. It was through her that I started reading poetry. When the Orpheum Circuit ended I knew most of the *Indian Love Lyrics* by heart. Helen used to read them to me on the long sleeper jumps through the tour.

I was 14 and terribly in love with her, and she was very sweet to me. One morning as we were arriving in San Francisco she held my hand and told me she would not be seeing me from now on for in Frisco was waiting her man, Jimmy Britt, former light-weight champion of the world. This news was a knockout for me.

I was lovesick—carried the torch as they say today—for the next few days. The older and wiser Cantor told me, "Forget about such things; only your career is worthwhile. In our work you will meet the most beautiful women in the world. We must think only of getting an act by ourselves that will get us in a Broadway show. We must watch this fellow who is on the bill with us, Will Rogers. Look at the advances he has made. Only two years ago he was doing a roping act with a trained horse and now (1913) all he does is talk, chew gum, and make tricks with a rope and he's getting a thousand a week."

Cantor and I immediately attached ourselves to the great Will. Being together for 10 weeks, we had a baseball team of which Rogers was the captain. One day we presented him with a little silver cup on the stage, for that afternoon we had beaten the stagehands. Rogers made a speech of thanks with that same tender hesitancy that later made him one of the

most beloved figures in America. The show split up in Denver and Rogers kissed Eddie and me goodbye.

The *Kid Kabaret* was finished. Cantor found a partner called Kessler who had arranged a booking in London. The day before they sailed Cantor married his childhood sweetheart, Ida (of whom you hear over the radio till you're nearly crazy). They sailed on the Aquitania for their honeymoon. I said goodbye sadly at the pier—our hopes of becoming a famous team seemed over.

I was still growing, shaving, and cutting myself to pieces. Grandfather was lengthening my sleeves and pants daily, and I liked girls more than ever, only they didn't like me so much. I had a three day job in a motion picture—a two-reeler called *The Widow at the Races* in which I played Alphonse of Alphonse and Gaston. Alphonse and Gaston were two bogus Frenchmen with high hats, mustaches and goatees. The first day's shooting of the picture was to be a sequence off Sheepshead Bay in a rowboat which was to be turned over. I had been asked when I came for the job whether I could swim. I answered "Yes," which was a very big lie. Then, when the boat turned over, I lost my whiskers and was almost drowned besides. My salary was five dollars a day.

I had become pally with another Gus Edwards actor named Lou Edwards. He couldn't talk much but he could dance like anything, and we rehearsed and put on an act called *Two Patches from a Crazy Quilt*.

We broke in this act, in theatres akin to comfort stations and had a tough time. We appeared in the circuit called *The Sheedy Time*. It consisted of theatres through upper New England and Nova Scotia.

We opened in Gloucester, Massachusetts in the wintertime, at a little theatre out on a pier. There was even water in the dressing rooms, so that we had to put boards and boxes on the floor to make-up and dress. I opened my little suitcase one day, and a fish jumped out. This was a tough place to play theatre.

On the bill was an act called *Too Much Mustard*, the leading lady of which was a girl called Mabel. Mabel had been in burlesque and appeared in tights at the end of the act. She had long black hair, and eyes that made me freshen up on the poetry. I gave out with *Indian Love Lyrics* in abundance, and there was a great romance between us. We were leaving Gloucester for Boston, and Mabel told me there would be no further meetings between us because the guy who owned her act was stuck on her and was coming up that night. I made quite a scene but she consoled me—if I was a good boy and kept quiet, she would have this fellow book my partner and me in London. Her friend was quite an important manager over there, and it would make no difference whether or not he liked our act—she would put it over. She did. Jessel and Edwards jumped from the Beacon Theatre in Boston—a 10-cent vaudeville theatre — to the Victoria Palace in London with eight weeks'

bookings at 250 dollars a week. And the man who booked us had never seen our act! That will give you an idea what a gal that Mabel was.

Edwards and I arrived in England in June 1916. World War No. 1 was in its second year. The great city of London was in darkness. The Zeppelin raids had begun. We arrived at 4:30 in the morning, carried our own trunks out of the baggage car and had tea and marmalade in a room at the station hotel.

The first Yankees we bumped into (you hear—"Yankees"! I was already an Englishman in two days) were members of an act called *The Fruit Packers*. They were appearing in one of the music halls, packing oranges, grapefruit and lemons into boxes with amazing rapidity. They were a big hit over there, the English being pretty slow in such things. Being Americans they did their best to show us the ropes.

The city was completely blacked out. The sky was lit by searchlights, and Leicester Square and Piccadilly Circus were crowded with people watching the fight in the air. These raids were not new to London, and only a small percentage of the English people ran to cover in the underground (subway) or the cellars. Suddenly I saw the Zep. It ducked in and out behind the clouds like a great silver cigar, then—bang! Tommy Atkins had hit it. It burst into flames and came down at Enfield, a few miles from London, amid cheers.

The following day we walked all around the town. The theatre in Lon-

don was, as usual, prospering. And Jessel and Edwards' *Two Patches from a Crazy Quilt* did fairly well at the Victoria Palace. After London we were booked in Leeds, where we flopped miserably, and then to Newcastle where we perished altogether. Only cosmopolitan London would have us at all. We played two or three engagements in the smaller music halls in London. One of them was called *The Shoreditch Empire*. This little theatre was in a district similar to the Bowery in New York. I was singing a Yiddish dialect song called *Nathan* which particularly pleased this audience. After the second performance, all they wanted was *Nathan*, and they would sing the chorus with me. On the strength of that we were booked the following week in Dublin.

We landed in Dublin on a very grim morning. Irish Rebellion Number 386 had started, and some of the lads had playfully blown up the post office. We went to a hotel called the Granville House. We were being shown our room and I noticed the curtains on the windows were full of holes. I asked the landlady whether they had mosquitoes. "No," she replied, very seriously, "there was some English officers staying in here only yesterday. They stuck their heads out of the window and some boys in the street started shooting at them. But it's all right now; they have moved to a room in the back of the house." Dublin was the finish of Jessel and Edwards' *Two Patches from a Crazy Quilt*.

My partner's American sweetheart,

Betty Washington, a fine violinist, arrived in London and opened in one of the theatres there, making 'quite a success. My partner received an offer to do his dance in one of the editions of the musical play, *The Bing Boys*, which was a great success in London and so Edwards and I parted.

That day I walked around London, trying to figure out a way to get back home to America, flat broke. My first try for a touch was backstage at the Queens Theatre, where *Potash and Perlmutter in Society* was playing with almost a full American cast. I visited Lee Kohlmar and found him in an extremely happy mood. It was his son's ninth birthday and thanks to little Freddy's birthday, I left Liverpool two days later, on the *Baltic*, a camouflaged English ship. It had made three starts that week and had turned back because of submarines. Upon boarding the ship I was immediately summoned upstairs by the purser and given a life preserver. Then we were asked to draw lots as to who would be in charge of the crackers and water, if we were compelled to take to the lifeboats. I chose the lucky number. This made me boss of the refreshments, should we be torpedoed. I never had a chance to discover what would happen if one of the giant Welsh seamen had asked me for a cracker and I would have said "No." At the end of 17 and a half days we arrived at the 14th Street pier in New York and late that night at the home of my grandparents we had beer and fried oyster sandwiches. All through that night I

told my folks about my experiences abroad, and could hardly wait to get down to Broadway in the morning.

On April 6, 1917, war was declared on Germany. Since I had just returned from "over there" my conversation interested managers. The actual mood of America at the time of the declaration of war was hard to estimate. There was no radio. The fast plane was many years in the future. Reaction to our entering the war was as varied as the many types of faces that we see on Broadway.

While one songwriter wrote *Good-bye, Broadway, Hello, France*, with its title page showing a Yankee doughboy kissing his sweetheart good-bye, just as big a hit was the song, *I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier*, its title page showing a mother singing the lyric. After we really did get in the fight around the time of the battles of the Argonne, Ypres, and Verdun, Broadway began to sing *Hinky Dinky Parlez Vous*, *K-K-K-Katie*, and the sentimental boys wrote *A Baby's Prayer at Twilight for Her Daddy Over There*. You can always feel the pulse of the public by the songs that it sings. Sergeant Irving Berlin had written a song late in 1917 for his show, *Yip Yip Yaphank*, but never put it in. It was too much like asking for applause, waving the flag, and, as they would say now—too corny. That little ditty, if you please, was *God Bless America*, which today brings millions to their feet. Then when the news of the many casualties hit home, Broadway and the rest of the country realized the seriousness of the war and the

master showman, George M. Cohan, wrote *Over There*.

The night of the Armistice I was in a small delicatessen on 72nd Street and Broadway. I had come to get some sandwiches to bring back to Fanny Brice's apartment. The owner of the shop did all the work himself and, since Miss Brice's order was quite large, I helped him prepare the sandwiches. His name was Arnold Reuben. I remember the shouting on the street that night. Reuben and I embraced each other. He was so happy that he gave me two extra pickles.

A gang of us went down to Reisenweber's on Eighth Avenue, and I got a little job that night to write a column for a roaring-forties gazette called *Broadway Brevities*. I took cracks at too many people I didn't like in my first column and was let out.

On another night at Reisenweber's I was to see a girl who became the first real love of my life. During the course of the evening, a short circuit threw the place into entire darkness, but I could still see her eyes. She was Florence Courtney, of the Courtney Sisters, who sang popular songs in harmony and were a great attraction in vaudeville theatres. We were to meet a few days later on tour in Pittsburgh.

All the next week I was in a daze. I could think of nothing else but Florence. I consoled myself with the thought that soon I would be booked in the Bushwick Theatre in Brooklyn and from there — if I were asked to visit Florence — I could be at her home within half an hour. The follow-

ing night found me standing under a tree telling Florence how much I loved her, aided by all the kind elements of a June night. I didn't use the *Love Lyrics*. They seemed phony in this honest-to-goodness romance. Florence liked me a lot. "Now you go make something of yourself," she said, "and we'll see what happens." The next morning I was more full of ambition than ever before. The week after, I played at the Bushwick and was a big hit. Then followed Keith's-Boston and other real big-time theatres. Lewis, star of the Shubert's show *Gaieties*, was ill and even though the Shuberts had never



seen me, they would take a chance on me in the re-opening of the *Gaieties* at the 44th Street Theatre. My act would consist of talking to my mother and

singing my own songs. I was to do this in two separate spots of the show and also play in an opening scene until I could get up in the whole part. My stuff was mostly ad lib about not knowing anything about the show, and I made an exit to terrific applause.

The following day I was given a five-year contract by the Messrs. Shubert, and the morning after that I was married to Florence Courtney.

I started to work on a musical revue called *Jessel's Troubles of 1919*. It opened in New York and was a big success. The great George Cohan came to see me. I met him after the perform-

ance and when he told me how much he liked me, I immediately said that I hoped that some day he would put me in a show of his. "Oh, no, young fellow, I wouldn't do that," he said. "You're the kind of little guy that I was. You will have to be your own author, or at least be in charge of what you have to say or do on the stage. You wouldn't want to read the lines I'd write for you."

George Jessel's Troubles of 1919 was immediately booked for a tour from New York to the coast and back. Florence and I were not getting along so well. I was so filled with the importance of being around stars like Raymond Hitchcock and Sam Bernard that Florence's lovely eyes did not seem as important as electric lights and pats on the back. After this tour I was out of work for some time.

Florence came back to New York, but we weren't happy together and we decided to separate. And so I moved out of our apartment. For the first time I carried the torch; in other words, I was heartbroken. I lived at the Friars' Club which had a special floor for men whose wives had left them or vice versa. After a couple of weeks of sitting up with four or five fellows comparing troubles, we all began trying to get our wives on the phone.

I played in New York and all over the country and in the summer of 1925, I was engaged to appear in an ultra-smart night club, Cafe de Paris on 54th Street between Broadway and Eighth Avenue. This was to be a big show: Isham Jones and his famous Chicago dance band, myself as Mas-

ter of Ceremonies, and the featured attraction was the celebrated Ziegfeld shimmy and song star, Bea Palmer, that "lady Al Jolson."

Sitting in the corner on opening night was a young, good-looking fellow whom I only knew by name. He had been a songwriter, lawyer, then an assemblyman and a New York State senator. At twelve o'clock the show was scheduled to begin and Miss Palmer had not arrived. Time went on and still no Bea. Eddie Cantor carried on for 15 or 20 moments and finally in desperation I called on the good-looking young man in the corner. I ordered a fanfare from the trumpet player and a cymbal crash from the drummer, then, with great dignity, I said: "Ladies and Gentlemen, I give you a young man who may be the next mayor of this great city of New York, former Senator James J. Walker." Mr. Walker whom I had never met before, walked over toward me on the dance floor, and whispered, "Where did you ever get that idea, young fellow?" He turned to the audience and held them fascinated for a full half hour.

About 10 days later Walker called me up and said, "Son, you're either a fortune teller or else you've got a pipeline to Tammany Hall. I've just received the nomination to run for mayor."

In the late summer of 1925, Lewis and Gordon sent for me. They had interests in several Broadway plays, in association with Sam H. Harris. Lewis had on his desk a manuscript

called *The Day of Atonement*. The author, Lewis and I, set to work, and six weeks later *The Day of Atonement* opened in Stamford, Connecticut, under the title of *The Jazz Singer*. It was a great success there, and it came to New York shortly afterward.

It is the story of a boy who ran away from a religious household. This boy, who came from a family whose father's fathers were all synagogue cantors, becomes a successful black-faced jazz singer. Yet on the eve of his opportunity to become a great star he returns to his dying father's bedside. He takes the old man's place in the synagogue, with the solemn vow never to leave again. This tragic story of the young Jewish boy, his simple mother, her neighbors and his father, who believed that songs should be only chanted in praise of God, had a universal appeal. I played one performance for a thousand priests.

My next thought was to do *The Jazz Singer* as a picture. However I was scheduled to make a picture with Warner Bros. called *Private Izzy Murphy*. I left for Hollywood and arrived late in June, renting a cottage at the Beverly Hills Hotel.

The following day I made the rounds and met ever so many old friends, who could not wait until I came to dinner. This is the usual thing out there. The first day you are around, if you are anybody, they can't wait until you come to their house for dinner and you must spend Sunday with them at their swimming pool. After you are there about three weeks, if you are not a howling success, you

can't get near the house or the swimming pool, unless it happened to be leaking and you were the only plumber left in America.

Private Izzy Murphy was in the hands of a former Keystone comedy director. "Pathe," they called him. He had never seen me on the stage, had no idea what I did and for four or five weeks kept me sitting on the sidelines while he played mechanical-device scenes with several comedians. We were making one scene at five o'clock in the morning which he made me do over and over again, insisting that I was not sparkling enough. Whereupon, I told him that I did not know I had been engaged to be a bottle of Canada Dry. Pathe became ill and an assistant director, Lloyd Bacon, son of the famous actor, Frank Bacon, was given his job. He immediately took out all the slapstick stuff and played the picture for its melodramatic value. To undo what had been done in the picture necessitated working 48 hours at a stretch and were abetted by many bottles of Coca-Cola, spiked with gin.

I left for New York in my make-up, at the completion of the picture, because the last scenes were photographed 10 minutes before the train left. All in all, it had been fun. The following season I went on tour with *The Jazz Singer*. A few months later, *Private Izzy Murphy* was released very successfully, and it was agreed that I was to do *The Jazz Singer* with sound in the summer. My first look at the motion-picture scenario, *The Jazz Singer*, threw me into a fit. In-

stead of the boy's leaving the theatre and following the traditions of his father by singing in the synagogue, as in the play, the picture scenario had him return to the Winter Garden as a blackface comedian, with his mother applauding in the box. I raised hell. Money or no money, I would not do this. The next morning I read in the newspaper that Al Jolson was to do *The Jazz Singer*. I saw Norma Talmadge during my stay.

Hollywood and Broadway kept me busy until the calendar said March 27th, and I sailed for London. I spent most of the time in and out of the Old Bailey (London courthouse) gazing at the bust of Sir George Jessel, running over to The Cheshire Cheese, drinking ale from the same mugs that had been lifted by Dickens, Dr. Samuel Johnson and his Boswell. And in Paris the place I enjoyed the most for dining was Tour d'Argent, famous for its pressed duck. Its medieval wine cellar contains treasures, some of which are dried to powder. An old concierge would take you through the cellar, telling you all about the wine, and how Henry IV liked this one and Robespierre always drank that one, etc. He and I became great pals and sometimes, when groups of Americans on a Cook's tour would come in, I would borrow the concierge's hat and chaperone them myself, speaking broken, phony French.



I left Paris for Berlin, which was wonderful in those days. The people were gemütlich, gentle and kind. The first evening I went to the Staats Opera House. They played *Tosca* in German. After the opera I stayed down in the bar at the hotel. It was easy for me to get into conversation, since my German is as good as my English. I met a rather stoutish man called Hugo, and we talked about the war, and what it had done to the flower of German youth. He was one of the greatest aviators of that country —Goering is his name.

On the second day in Venice I received a cable from Billy Rose, who was not yet the "Little Napoleon of Broadway." Would I be interested in going into a musical revue as a co-star with his then current wife, Fannie Brice? I was.

This Billy Rose was not as smart nor as nice as he is today. He is one of the few men who has been made less egotistical by success. Billy was preparing a very elaborate revue. It was to be called *Billy Rose's Corned Beef and Roses*. Actually, it was all being prepared under the hand of Jed Harris. After much rehearsing the show finally opened in Philadelphia. The Philadelphia papers panned the daylights out of the show. We called a meeting of the authors and composers, took out all the "artistic" numbers, replaced them by vaudeville specialties and retitled the show *Sweet and Low*. When it opened in New York two weeks later, it was a big success.

A few nights later I learned that

Norma Talmadge was in the audience. After the show we had supper and talked until the wee small hours of the morning. A day or two later Norma left for the coast and I went to the station to say good-bye to her.

The Billy Rose show was to go on tour. Because I wanted to go back to vaudeville, I left the cast and played two weeks at the Palace Theatre. After this I was booked for two weeks on the road. With me on the bill were George (Nat) Burns and Gracie Allen, a little song and dance team. Little Miss Allen had been playing serious parts in vaudeville sketches. Burns had been a hoofer. They had met, fallen in love, married and were doing an act which had some possibilities. I spent every evening in their apartment. Despite the fact that Burns was timid, frightened and anything but sure of himself on the stage, he was one of the funniest men, off-stage, I ever met. I did everything to build up his self-confidence, and to foster it I kept bringing people over to the Burns' apartment in New York. Jimmy Walker, Pola Negri, George M. Cohan, Irving Berlin, Sam Harris and every celebrity who came to town would find himself screaming with laughter at Burns' antics.

Then Cantor came on from Hollywood. He had just made a picture and was planning to spend the rest of the year in New York. He conceived the idea of arranging our own show for the Palace. We would play two weeks and, if it was good, have a lot of fun. I went to his home in Great Neck to plan our show. Eddie

and I had been working hard all day on skits, gags, etc. when an urgent call came from our friend, Harry Cooper. He said there was a dinner being given that night by the leaders of the fur industry at the Pennsylvania Hotel, New York, and if Cantor and Jessel would appear and give him a boost, he would sell enough insurance to set him up for life.

We agreed and came to the Pennsylvania Hotel, ice cold from our trip in and in a disagreeable mood. The elevator boy took us right down to the grill room. There was a party of about 150 people, more like a family group than businessmen. As we walked in someone announced, "Surprise, here's Cantor and Jessel." We immediately did a little stunt. Then speaking for both of us I said, "We want you gentlemen of the fur industry to know we are here only because our dear friend, Harry Cooper, asked us to come. For, just as you gentlemen have captured the fur-bearing animals of the world, Harry Cooper has captured, with kindness, the hearts of everyone in the show business. So here's to our friend, Harry Cooper. Good night." We then rushed out and went home.

The phone rang about one o'clock in the morning. It was Cooper. "Boys," he said, "if you didn't intend to come, why didn't you say so in first place?" We learned later that his affair had been in the ballroom. We had walked into a wedding celebration, and later some of the guests had been heard to say: "Weren't those awful fur jokes that

Cantor and Jessel told? I guess they were drunk."

Eddie and I laid out a show and immediately had a prominent place in it for Burns and Allen. We encountered some difficulty with the booking office. Burns and Allen, we were told, were cute, but for such a dynamic show we would need something stronger. I told the booking office they had a new act. When we finally opened, Burns had incorporated ever so many of his offstage cracks. They were a riotous hit. A short time after the Palace show—which, incidentally, lasted three months instead of the hoped-for two weeks—Burns and Allen had their own air time.

One night Norma came to the theatre with a party, and Cantor and I introduced her from the stage and she invited me to join her and her friends at the Central Park Casino. At the Casino we sat and talked as if we had just met for the first time. That night marked the end of my chasing around with girls for a full 10 years. The next two weeks I spent every spare moment away from the theatre with Norma. She intended to retire from the screen and spend the rest of the winter in Palm Beach.

Soon I was on my way to Palm Beach under the most romantic circumstances of my life. If ever a man rode on clouds, it was I, on that bouncing, jerking, Dixie-bound train. Norma met me at the station and I held her hands tightly. I had intended to spend two weeks in Palm Beach. I stayed only 10 days,



but those 10 days were the closest I will ever come to Heaven, I am sure. On the ninth day of my stay I received a telephone call from New York. It was a request for me to come back to pinch-hit for Cantor on the Chase and Sanborn radio hour. Florence granted me a divorce.

I then made an eight-week tour with Eddie Cantor, playing one-night stands. Finally Norma and I were married in Atlantic City. I began my radio program for Columbia Broadcasting Company and Norma opened the Palm Beach house. This meant that I would fly down there immediately after my broadcast and come back in time for the next one. Three days a week of basking in the Florida sun, added to the happiest home atmosphere imaginable, made life worthwhile. After the radio show I started taking banquet speaking jobs. I made little at this and then things grew worse. Back we went to Hollywood. Ashamed of my failure, I wasn't quite so funny or sweet around the house. Norma and I weren't as close as we had been. And finally we agreed on a divorce. It took me some time to get over this.

Finally I was whole again. I sang in the bathtub and my valet Schwartz

was heard to say, "He is either in love again or he's gone crazy altogether."

He was right about me. I had a new interest in life. It was Lois. I had never met such a person before. She was at once a grown woman, a little girl, a native of a small town in California and a girl who had lived on Broadway all her life.

The newspaper columns had often talked about this Lois being 16 years old. I never brought the subject up because I didn't believe it. Lois wanted to get married and have a home and a child. All the tinsel and glamour meant nothing to her, she said. I thought this was very lovely, but answered that it wasn't possible for her to know what she wanted so early in life. Although I was very fond of her, I didn't think we should be so serious. It got around that we were engaged and our pictures were in all the papers. I was notified that my radio engagement would not be extended. Even though my bosses did not come out with it definitely, I knew by innuendoes that some publicity about my possible marriage to this very young girl irked my sponsors. I was out of a job again.

Lois and I, accompanied by some friends, went to Detroit where I had a theatrical engagement. We were married five days later, and were soon in California.

I arranged a vaudeville tour with a company of picture names. Even in towns where I had not played before there was great interest in me and my company. Since my marriage every comedian in radio used Lois and

me as the subject of their jokes. Cantor would say, "George Jessel was to be here, but he couldn't come because his wife is teething." Since Lois shared the butt of the jokes with me I thought I would add her to the show as an extra star attraction. I engaged her, coached her in a few lines of dialogue, and insisted that she sing three songs. She came through and made such a lovely picture on the stage that when she made her exit, with her pert little head held high, the audience was well satisfied. This helped to make the picture much prettier than the one the people had heard over the radio—that she was walking around with a lollipop in her mouth and I was at least 85.

One morning Lois gave me a bit of news—she was going to have a baby. And she jumped around with the gaiety of a child on Christmas morning. Here was a new responsibility I had not foreseen.

The 22nd of October, my mother-in-law called me from California to announce the birth of my little daughter, Jerilynn. During the New York run of *High Kickers* Lois came East with the baby, and everyone made a big fuss about her. We were having breakfast and playing with Jerilynn on the afternoon of December 7th when a horrified America heard the news about Pearl Harbor. The following morning I applied for a commission in the Navy. Even at this writing I am still hopeful it will come through. While waiting, I acted as master of ceremonies for the Navy Relief Show at Madison Square Gar-

den, which in one performance grossed 200 thousand dollars.

We opened with *Show Time* in Los Angeles and the first night was one of the greatest demonstrations of audience approval I have ever known. The newspapers were extravagant in their praises. And every picture company in Hollywood wanted to make a test of Lois. It was soon arranged for her to appear at Twentieth Century-Fox, after which they immediately engaged her.

One night, while riding home, she

said quite calmly, "Honey, you know I don't love you. When are you going to move out?"

A few days later, I moved to the Biltmore Hotel—my pride, more than my heart, terribly blitzed. Some time has elapsed now. My debts are paid. I can earn three times as much as the Government will allow me. My mind and health are good. If I do get a tiny bit lonely at night, I light a cigar, pour myself a glass of sherry and think how beautiful all my wives are.

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**May
Round Table
Roundup**

Maurice Hindus used a Russian yardstick to measure "How Far Is 'All-Out'?"—then asked you to decide whether America is waging total war.

Compared to the Russians we're but ankle-deep in the fight for national existence, most of you agreed, though each day since Pearl Harbor has seen us further geared to an all-out effort.

"Russia is fighting an invader on her own soil," said one typical letter. "America is fighting a foe thousands of miles from her shores. Civilians can never know the full horrors of war

until they hear the terrifying whistle of falling bombs or see their country despoiled by the enemy."

Unanimous in the opinion that our boys in the services know well the definition of "All-Out," contributors suggested that American civilians now learn its meaning by—working longer hours, eating plainer foods, subordinating all other interests to the winning of the war; by cutting budgets to the bone, buying War Bonds with every extra penny, stamping out the greed which breeds black markets, accepting the little privation we've had to endure so far without grumbling.

WINNERS IN THE CORONET ROUND TABLE FOR MAY

For the best letters on the question "How Far Is 'All-Out'?" first prize of \$25 has been awarded to Eugene J. Touschner of Los Angeles, California; second prize of \$15 to R. W. Crosman of San Francisco, California; third prize of \$5 to John D. McKee of Raton, New Mexico.

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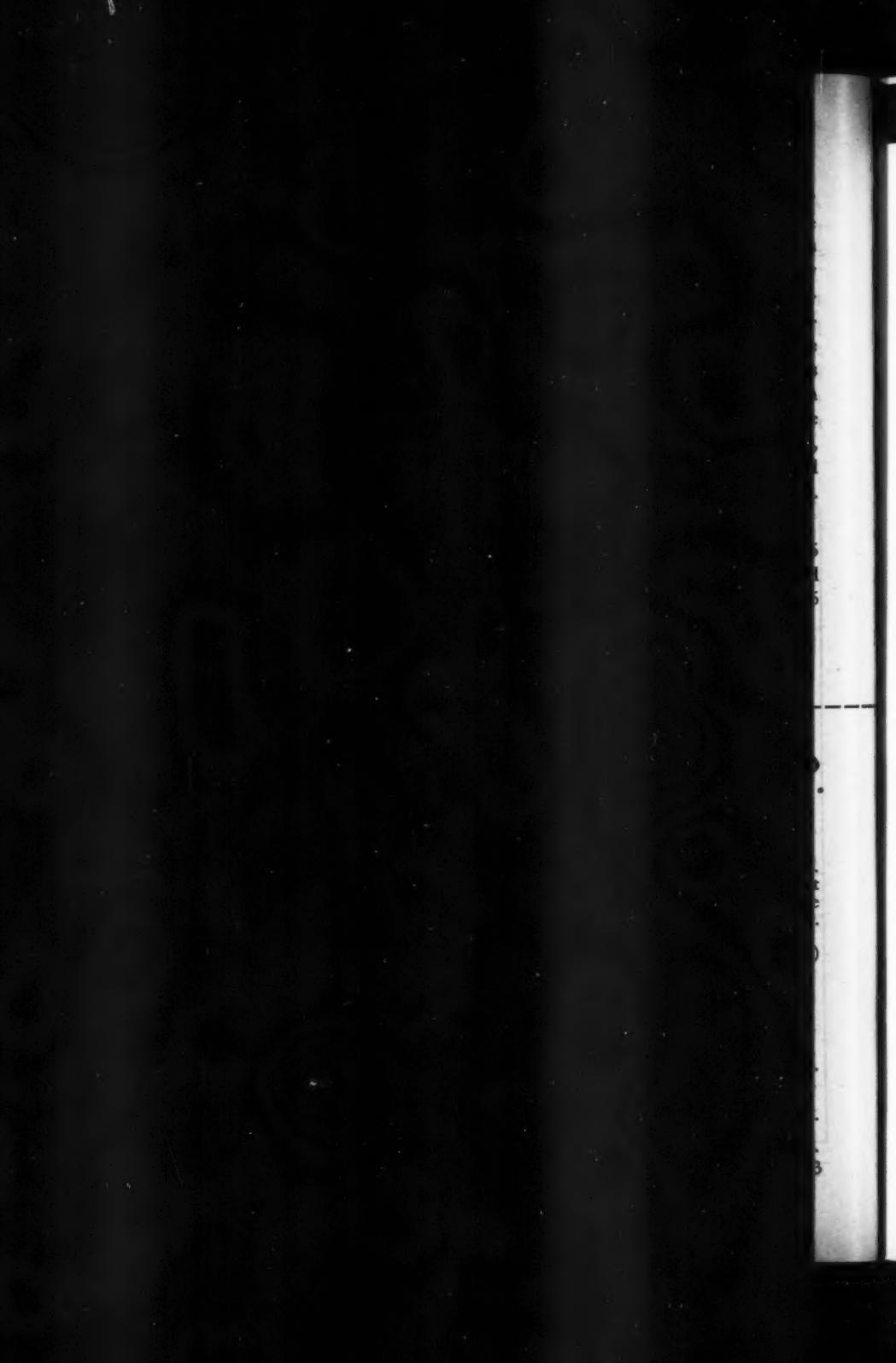
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May
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The Coronet Round Table

What Shall We Do With the Japs?

(A personal opinion by Cecil Brown, author of *Suez To Singapore* and popular CBS news analyst.

WE WILL NEVER ROLL back the Japanese—we can only plow them under as we move forward.

Under the Nipponeese code, Japan cannot accept the terms of "Unconditional Surrender." To the Jap, the word defeat does not exist. To him, death becomes the individual form of victory. Therefore, every male Jap wearing a uniform will have to be exterminated or will commit hara-kiri before we win in the Far East.

What shall we do then with what remains of the Japanese people? Re-educate them? You cannot uproot in one decade centuries of fanaticism. Restore them to power among nations?



That would be suicide!

There are several ways out. First, every Jap still remaining alive who had a hand in Japanese atrocities dating back to 1931 should be condemned to death.

Those factories and power plants not already destroyed by our bombings of Japan should be wrecked and removed. In fact, the industrial civilization of Japan should be eradicated and Japan restored to the primitive agricultural society from which we once emancipated her.

But, because even then I would not trust the Japs, for decades to come Japan should be under the military control of the United Nations.

200 Dollars for the Best Letters on This Subject!

That Japan is diametrically opposed to everything democratic, and that her national life is a rebuttal of every civilized principle, is recognized by all men and women who work and fight for victory. But after victory comes, what place shall Japan have in the new world? Cecil Brown believes that she should be restored to an impotent, primitive society. Do you agree or disagree? For the best letter of 200 words or less, Coronet will pay 100 dollars; for the second best letter, 50 dollars; for the third best, 25 dollars; and for the five next best, five dollars each. Send your letter by August 25th to Coronet Round Table, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

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Harold L. Ickes (p. 3)



Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr. (p. 41)



George Jessel (p. 161)



Fletcher Pratt (p. 55)

Between Those Covers

• • • Harold L. Ickes, as Secretary of the Interior, has maintained his pungent sense of humor despite the heavy responsibilities of his office . . . The youthful senator from Massachusetts, Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., writes of war and what it means to the soldier from actual experience on the battle front . . . A born showman, George Jessel captures the blithe spirit of his famous after-dinner speeches in his sparkling autobiography . . . During the last war Fletcher Pratt served with the War Library Service. He is a member of the U. S. Naval Institute and a recognized authority in naval affairs.

